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The Roof Tree*

AN EPIC OF THE FEUD COUNTRY

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ILLUSTRATED BY LEE CONREY

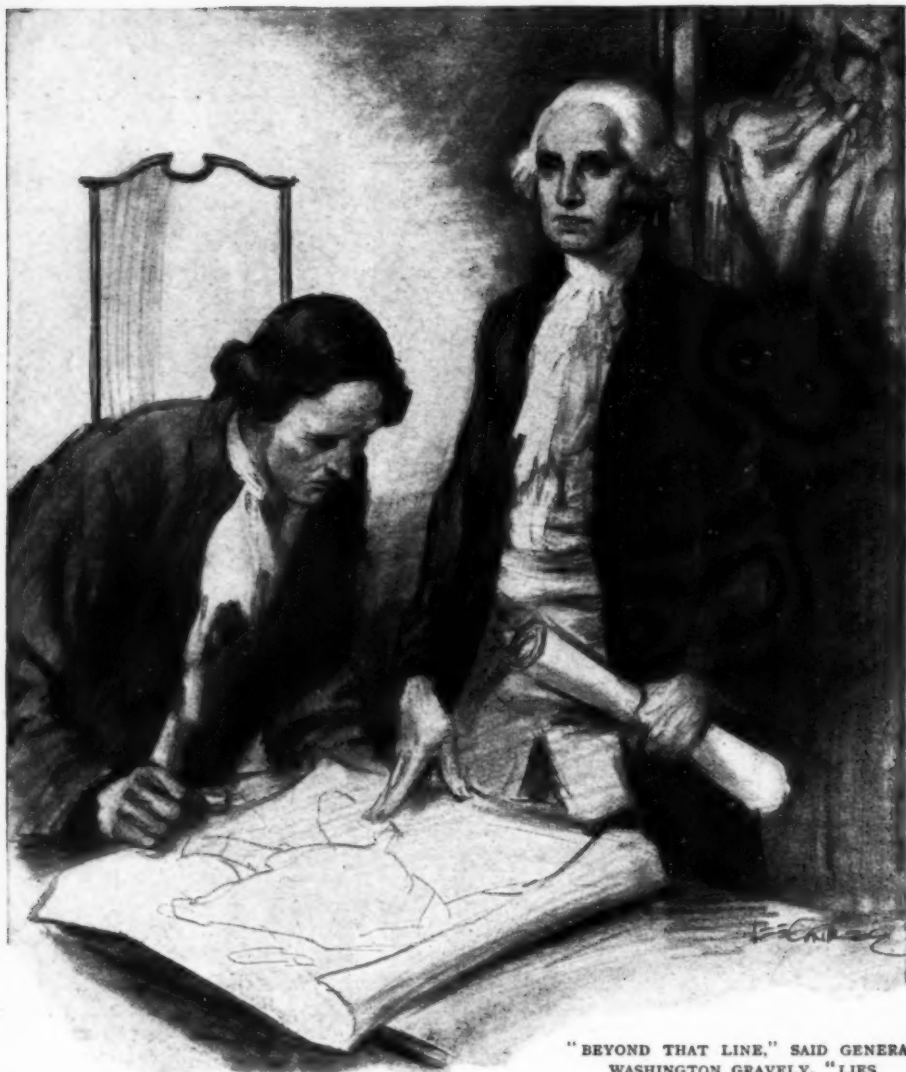
BETWEEN the smoke-darkened walls of the mountain cabin there still murmured the last echoes of the pistol's bellowing. To the shock-sickened nerves of those within, it seemed as if the ominous sound would never cease. First it had thundered with the deafening exaggeration of confined space; then its echo had beaten against the clay-chinked wall timbers and rolled upward to the rafters. Now, dwindled to a ghostly whisper, it lingered and persisted; but the house stood isolated, and outside the laured forests and cavernous cliffs soaked up the dissonance as a blotter soaks ink.

The picture seen through the open door, had there been any one to see, was almost as motionless as a tableau. It was a starkly grim one, with murky shadows against a

fitful light. A ray of the setting sun forced its inquisitive way inward upon the semi-darkness of the interior. A red wavering from the open hearth, where supper preparations had been going forward, threw outward unsteady patches of fiery reflection. In the pervading smell of dead smoke from a blackened chimney hung the more pungent sharpness of freshly burned gunpowder. Near the door stood a man who gazed downward with a dazed stare at the floor by his feet, where lay the pistol that gave forth that acrid stench.

Across from him in the dead silence—dead save for the lingering of the echo's ghost—stood a woman, her hands clutched to her thin bosom, her eyes stunned and dilated, her body wavering on legs about to buckle in collapse.

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"BEYOND THAT LINE," SAID GENERAL
WASHINGTON GRAVELLY, "LIES
THE FUTURE"

On the puncheon floor between them stretched the woman's husband. The echo had outlasted his life, and he sprawled there in a dark welter that was still spreading. His face was turned downward, and his posture was so uncouth and grotesque as to filch from death its rightful dignity.

The interminability of the tableau existed only in the unfocused minds of the two living beings, to whom the consequence of this moment was not measurable in time. Then from the woman's parted lips came a long, strangling moan that mounted to something like a muffled shriek. She re-

mained a moment rocking on her feet, then wheeled and stumbled toward the four-poster bed in one dark corner of the cabin. Into its feather billows she flung herself, and lay with her finger-nails digging into her temples and her body racked with the incoherencies of hysteria.

The man stooped to pick up the pistol and walked slowly over to the rough table, where he laid it down noiselessly, as if he wished to offset the murderous roaring with which it had just spoken. He looked down at the lifeless figure with burning eyes, entirely devoid of pity. Then, with a sound-

less tread, in spite of his heavy-soled boots, he stepped to the bed and spoke softly to the woman—who was his sister.

"Ye've got ter quit weepin' fer a spell, honey," he announced with a tense authority which sought to recall her to herself. "I'm obleeged ter take flight right speedily, now, an' afore I goes thar's things ter be studied out an' sotted betwixt us."

The half-stifled moan that came from the feather bed was a voice of collapse and chaos, to which speech was impossible; so the brother lifted her in arms that remained unshaken, and sat on the edge of the bed, looking into her eyes with an almost hypnotic forcefulness.

"Ef ye don't harken ter me now, I'm bound ter tarry till ye does," he reminded her; "an' I'm in right tormentin' haste. Hit means life and death ter me."

As if groping her tortured way back from pits of madness, the woman strove to focus her senses; but her wild eyes encountered the dark and crumpled mass on the floor, and again a low shriek broke from her. She turned her horrified face away and surrendered to a fresh paroxysm; but at length she stammered, between gasps that wrenched her tightened throat:

"Kiver him up, first, Ken. Kiver him up! I kain't endure ter look at him thet-away!"

Although the moments were priceless valuable, the man straightened the contorted limbs of the dead body and covered it decently with a quilt. Then he stood again by the bed.

"Ef I'd got hyar a minute sooner, Sally," he said slowly, and there was a trace of self-accusation in his voice, "hit moutn't hev happened. I war jest a mite too tardy—but I knows ye hed ter kill him. I knows ye acted in self-defense."

From the bed there came again the half-insane response of hysterical moaning. The young mountaineer straightened his broad shoulders.

"His folks," he said in a level voice, "won't skeercely listen ter no reason. They'll be hell-bent on makin' somebody pay—an' hit kain't be *you*."

The woman only shuddered and twisted spasmodically as she lay there. Her brother went doggedly on:

"Hit kain't be *you*—with yore baby ter be borned, Sally. Hit's been punishment enough fer ye ter endure him this long—ter hev been wedded with a damn brute—

but the child's got its life ter live, an' it kain't be borned in no jail-house!"

"I reckon"—the response came weakly from the heaped up covers—"I reckon it's got ter be thetaway, Ken."

"By God, no! Hit's got ter w'ar a bad man's name, but hit 'll hev a good woman's blood in hits veins! They'll 'low I kilt him, Sally. Let 'em b'lieve hit. I hain't got no woman nor no child of my own ter think erbout. I kin git away an' start fresh in some other place. I loves ye, Sally; but even more 'n thet, I'm thinkin' of thet child thet hain't borned yit—a child thet hain't accountable fer none of this."

That had been yesterday.

Now, Kenneth Thornton, though that was not to be his name any longer, stood alone near the top of a divide. The mists of early morning lay thick below him. They obliterated, under their dispiriting gray, the valleys and lower forest reaches; and his face, which was young and resolutely featured, held a kindred mood of shadowing depression.

Something stretched along the hidden river-bed that meant more to this man, who had slipped the pack from his wearied shoulders, than did the stream itself or the parklike woods that hedged it. There ran the border-line between the State of Virginia and the State of Kentucky.

So the river became a Rubicon to him. On the other side he would leave behind him his old name of Kenneth Thornton and take up the new and less damning one of Cal Maggard.

He had the heels of his pursuers, and, once across the State line, he would be beyond their grasp until the sheriff's huntmen had whistled in their pack and gone grumbling back to conform with the law's intricate requirements. Beyond the stream the man-hunt fell into another jurisdiction, and to get extradition papers would involve correspondence between a Governor at Richmond and a Governor at Frankfort. During such an interlude the fugitive confidently hoped to lose himself in a taciturn and apathetic wilderness of peak-broken land, where his discovery would be as haphazard an undertaking as the accurate aiming of a lightning bolt.

But mere escape from courts and prisons does not assure full measure of content. He had heard all his life that this border-line separated the sheep of his own nativity

from the goats of a meaner race, and to this narrow tenet he had given unquestioning belief.

"I disgusts Kaintuck!" exclaimed the refugee, half aloud, as his strong hands clenched themselves, one hanging free and the other still grasping the rifle which as yet he had no intent of laying aside. "I plumb disgusts Kaintuck!"

The sun was climbing now, and its pallid disk was slowly flushing to the wakefulness of fiery rose. The sky overhead was livening to turquoise light, and here and there along the upper slopes were gossamer flashes of opal and amethyst, but the beauty of unveiling turrets and gold-touched crests was lost on eyes in which dwelt a nightmare from which there was no hope of awakening.

To-day the sparsely settled countryside that he had put behind him would buzz with a wrath like that of swarming bees. A posse would be out; but the man it sought would be far over in Kentucky.

"I mout hev tarried thar an' fronted hit out," he bitterly reflected; "fer God in heaven knows he needed killin'!" But there he broke off into a bitter laugh. "God in heaven knows hit, I knows hit, an' *she* knows hit—but nairy another soul don't know, an' ef they did hit wouldn't skeercely make no differ."

He threw back his head and sought to review the situation through the eyes of others, and to analyze it all as an outsider would analyze it. To his simple mind there came no thought that the assuming of a guilt not his own was doing a generous or a heroic thing.

His sister's pride had silenced her lips as to the brutality of her husband, whose friends in that neighborhood were like little czars. Her suffering under an endless reign of terror was a well-kept secret which only her brother shared. The big, crudely handsome brute had been jovial and suave of manner among his fellows, and was held in favorable esteem.

Only a day or two ago, when the brother had remonstrated in a low voice against some recent cruelty, the husband's wrath had blazed out. Witnesses to that wordy encounter had seen Thornton go white with rage, then bite off his unspoken retort and turn away. Those witnesses had not heard what was first said, and had learned only what was revealed in the indignant husband's raised voice at the end.

"Don't aim ter threaten me, Ken! I don't suffer no man ter do thet—an' don't never darken my door henceforward!"

Now it must seem that Thornton had not only threatened but executed. No one would suspect the wife.

He saw in his mind's eye the court that would try the slayer of John Turk—a court dominated by the dead man's friends, where witnesses and jurors would be terror-blinded against the defendant, and where a judicial farce would be staged, a predestined sacrifice offered up.

There had been in that log house three persons. One of them was dead, and his death would speak for him with an eloquence louder than any living tongue. There were also the woman and Thornton himself. Between them must lie the responsibility. Conscientiously the fugitive summarized the circumstances as the prosecution would marshal and present them.

A man had been shot. On the table lay a pistol with one empty "hull" in its chamber. The woman was the dead man's wife, not long since a bride, and shortly to become the mother of his child. If she had been the murdered man's deadly enemy, why had she not left him? Why had she not complained? But the brother had been heard to threaten the husband only a day or two since. He was in the dead man's house, after being forbidden to shadow its threshold.

"Hell!" cried Thornton aloud. "Ef I stayed; she'd hev ter come inter co'te an' sw'ar either fer me or ergin me—an' like es not, she'd break down an' confess. Anyhow, ef they put her in the jail-house I reckon the child would hev hits bornin' thar. Hell, no!"

Thornton turned once more to gaze on the vague cone of a mountain that stood uplifted above its fellows far behind him. He had started his journey at its base. Then he looked westward, where ridge after ridge, emerging now into full summer greenery, went off in endless billows to the sky. Then he went down the slope toward the river, on the far side of which he was to become another man. He was deliberately undertaking one of the bitterest sacrifices a man can make, but to him it seemed a matter of course.

II

THE portrait of the typical Cumberland mountaineer is a grotesque picturing unless

one views it against its proper background of tragic shipwreck and marooning on the shoals of isolation. To do him justice, one must recognize him as retarded and unchanged from his pioneer origin; the same child of the solitudes as was his "fore-parent," who debated possession with wild beast and savage, who took the West with the ax and held it with the rifle.

Kenneth Thornton was pushing his way West, the quarry of a man-hunt; but long before him another Kenneth Thornton had come from Virginia to Kentucky, an ancestor so far lost in the mists of antiquity that his descendant had never heard of him.

In those far off days there had stood in Virginia a manor house built of brick brought oversea from England. Its owner died during the troubled and stirring days of the nation's painful birth, and soon thereafter his younger son, Caleb Parish, journeyed to Mount Vernon to place his services at the disposal of General Washington, who needed reliable men for service in Kentucky.

Kentucky! Until the fever of war with Great Britain heated man's blood to the exclusion of all else, Virginia had rung with that name.

La Salle had ventured there in the century before, seeking a mythical river running west to China. Boone and the Long Hunters had trod the trails of mystery and



"UNTIL HE COME YOU SEEMED TO LIKE ME," DOANE BURST OUT PASSIONATELY

brought back corroborative tales of wonder and often of richness.

What Peru had been to Pizarro, the uncharted vastness of the West was to young America. And to that West adventure was trickling eagerly through two channels—by the water gateway of the Kanawha and the Ohio, and through the forbidding mountain walls broken only at Cumberland Gap.

Of these things, General Washington and Captain Caleb Parish were talking on a

day when the summer afternoon held its breath in hot and fragrant stillness over the house at Mount Vernon.

On a map the general indicated the southward-running ranges of the Alleghanies and the hinterland of wilderness.

"Beyond that line," he said gravely, "lies the future! Those who have already dared the Western trails and struck their roots into the soil must not be deserted, sir. They are fiercely self-reliant and liberty-loving; but if they be not sustained, we risk their loyalty, and our back doors will be thrown open to defeat."

"And I, sir," questioned Parish, "am to stand guard in these forests?"

George Washington swept out his hand in a gesture of reluctant affirmation.

So Captain Caleb Parish journeyed to Kentucky with his wife and his daughter Dorothy, and took up his task of protecting the settlers from the depredations of hostile Indians. In the course of time his wife died, and a suitor named Peter Doane paid court to Dorothy.

Then there arrived, bearing a message from General Washington, an engaging young man named Kenneth Thornton—the now long-forgotten ancestor of the twentieth-century Kenneth Thornton with whom our narrative deals. Soon young Thornton became a favorite in the little settlement; soon, also, did he become a rival of Peter Doane for the hand of fair Dorothy Parish.

One day the girl led Kenneth Thornton and Peter Doane to a place where, beside a huge boulder, a "spring branch" gushed into a natural basin of stone. The ferns grew thick there and the moss lay deep and green, but over the spot, with branches spreading nobly and its head high-reared, stood an ancient walnut-tree. In the narrow circle of open ground at its base, there grew a seedling perhaps three feet tall.

"I want to move that baby tree," said Dorothy, and now her voice became vibrant, "to a place where, when it has grown tall, it can stand as a monument over my mother's grave. There's a walnut-tree in front of the house at home that she loved like a human friend, and this big one might be its twin, they are so like. I'm going to transplant the little shoot; and if this country ever comes to be civilized, folk will point to it in after years and say it was planted there when things were still young hereabouts."

She paused, and the two men offered no comment. Each was watching the glow in her eyes and feeling that, to her, this ceremony meant something more than the mere setting out of a random tree.

"It will stand guard over our home," she went on, and her eyes took on an almost dreamy far-awayness. "It will be shade in summer and a reminder of coming spring in winter. It will look down on people as they live and die—and are born. At last," she concluded, "when I come to die myself, I want to be buried under it, too."

Kenneth Thornton struck the spade into the earth, and went down into the dark soil until the sweat of exertion stood out on his forehead.

When the young walnut had been lifted clear and its roots packed with some of its own native earth, so that, in the words of the girl, "it wouldn't ever know it had been moved," Kenneth started away, carrying it in advance, while Dorothy and Peter followed. But before they came to the open space, young Doane stopped on the path and barred the girl's way.

"Dorothy," he began awkwardly and with painful embarrassment, "I've got something that must needs be said—an' I don't rightly know how to say it."

She looked up into his set face and smiled.

"Can I help you say it?" she inquired.

"Until *he* come you seemed to like me," Doane burst out passionately. "Now you don't think of nobody else but jest him—an' I hates him!"

"If it's hatred you want to talk about," she said reproachfully, "I don't think I can help you, after all."

"Hatred of *him*," Doane hastened to explain. "I've done lived in the woods, an' I ain't never learned pretty graces; but I can't live without you, an' if he comes betwixt us—"

The girl raised a hand.

"Peter," she said slowly, "we've been good friends, you and I. I want to go on being good friends with you; but that's all I can say."

"And *him*," demanded the young man, with white cheeks and passion-shaken voice, "what of *him*?"

"He asked me an hour ago," the girl answered frankly. "We are going to be married."

The face of the backwoodsman worked

spasmodically for a moment with an agitation against which his stoic training was no defense. Then he said briefly:

"I wishes ye joy of him—damn him!"

Then he wheeled and disappeared in the tangle.

Dorothy, with a mist of tears in her eyes, explained to Kenneth, and the two went on where the three had begun, continuing their work until the tiny walnut-tree stood erect in its new lodgment.

"I'm sorry, dearest," said the young man as his arms slipped tenderly about her, "that I've cost you a friend, but I'm proud beyond telling that this tree was planted on the day that you declared for me. To me, too, it's a monument now."

That night the moon was clouded until late, but broke through its shrouding before Dorothy went to bed, when she went out to look at the young shoot, and perhaps to think of the man who had taken her in his arms there.

But as she approached she saw no standing shape, and when she reached the spot she found that the freshly placed earth had been dug up. The tree had been spitefully dragged from its place, and left lying with its roots extending upward instead of its branches. Plainly it was an act of mean vandalism and, Dorothy feared, an emblem of deeper threat as well.

Already in the girl's thought this newly planted monument had become a sacred thing. To let it be so soon destroyed would be an evil augury and submission to a desecration. To tell Kenneth Thornton would kindle his resentment and provoke a dangerous quarrel. She herself must remedy the matter. So Dorothy Parish went for her spade, and late into the night she labored at that second transplanting.

The roots had not had time to dry or burn, because they had been upturned so short a time, and before the girl went to her bed the task was finished. That night there came to her dreams of birds nesting in broad branches, and other home-making thoughts more intimate, but she also had a vague presentiment of dangers and grudge-bearings.

The next morning her face blanched when her father roused her before dawn.

"Kenneth Thornton was waylaid and shot last night," he said. "They fear he's dying. He's been asking for you."

About the door of Thornton's cabin, in the gray freshness of that summer dawn,

stood a group of silent men, in whose indignant eyes burned a somber light which boded no good for the would-be murderer if he were found. As the girl came up, with her face pale and grief-stricken, they drew back on either side, opening a passageway for her, and Dorothy went directly to the bed.

Caleb, though, halted at the threshold in response to a hand laid detainingly on his fringed sleeve.

"We hates to accuse a white man of a deed like this," said Jake Rowlett, a time-gnawed old Indian fighter, "but Thornton made a statement to us under oath. He recognized Peter Doane. He says Peter would have scalped him as well as shot him, only he heard somebody rustlin' the brush an' hurried away."

"Peter Doane!" Caleb Parish pressed a shaken hand to his bewildered forehead. "Peter Doane—but I can't credit that! Peter has set by my hearth night after night. Peter has eaten my salt. Peter has been our stanchest reliance!"

Caleb's glance traveled searchingly about the circle of faces, and read there unanimous conviction and grim determination.

"Peter has done growed to be half Injin hisself," came the decided answer. "Thornton didn't swear to no lie when he knew he mout be dyin'. Peter was bending over him with his scalp-knife, and Kenneth couldn't make his voice heard to cry out. Then he lost his senses an' lay thar till my gal found him, just after sunrise, when she went to milk the cow. To-day, Peter ain't here."

Caleb straightened, and his eyes blazed in spurts of wrath.

"Go after him, then!" he ordered. "It won't do to let him get away."

Here, where no court of law held assizes, there stood in its stead a rude substitute of justice swift and unquailing of operation. None of the law's delays enervated these brief investigations, and when the verdict was reached no appeal opened the way of escape from the short shrift of rope and tree-limb.

The pursuit parties that spread out into the woods, searching for a trail, traveled fast and carefully, yet with little hope of success. No man would recognize more fully than Doane himself his desperate plight. If he had "gone bad," there was but one road for his feet, and the security of the colony depended upon his capture.



Pioneer chronicles crowned with anathema unspeakable a small but infamous roster of white renegades, headed by the hated name of Samuel Girty—renegades and outlaws who had fled in a hydrophobia of hate from their own race and had thrown in their lots with the redskins. That was the refuge of the white criminal to whom no other road lay open, to whom no return was possible; and when such a man "painted his face and went to the Indians," he took his place among the unforgivably damned.

"MAD DOG
DOANE WANTED
HIS BOY RAISED
TO BE A WHITE
BRAVE. HE'S HALF
WHITE, OF COURSE"

At the council-fires of Yellow Jacket, or even at the war-lodge of Dragging Canoe himself, the voluntary coming of Peter Doane would mean feasting and jubilation and a promise of future atrocities.



Inside, Dorothy bent over the bed and saw the eyes of her lover open slowly and painfully. His lips parted in a ghost of his old flashing smile.

"Is the tree safe?" he whispered.

The girl stooped and slipped an arm under the man's shoulders. The masses of her night-dark hair fell, brushing his face in a fragrant cascade, and her deep eyes were wide, unmasking to his gaze all the candid fears and intensities of her love. Then, as her lips met his in the first kiss she had ever given him unasked, it seemed to him that a current of exaltation and vi-

talidity swept into him that death could not overcome.

"I'm going to get well!" he told her. "Life is too full; and, without you, heaven would be empty!"

The next pack-train did not arrive; but several weeks later a single half-famished survivor stumbled into the fort. His hands were bound, his tongue swollen from thirst, and about his shoulders dangled a hideous necklace of white scalps. When he had

"I'LL FETCH HIM A WHITE
CHILD'S CLOTHES,"
SHE SAID

been restored to speech, he delivered the message for which his life had been spared.

"This is what's left of your pack-train," was the insolent word that Peter Doane—now calling himself Chief Mad Dog—had sent back to his former comrades. "The rest has gone on to Yellow Jacket, but some day I will come back for Thornton's scalp and my squaw!"

As the summer waned, the young walnut-tree sent down its roots in fertile soil and imperceptibly lifted its crest. Its leaves did not wither, but gained in greenness and luster; and as it flourished so did Kenneth Thornton also grow strong, until, when the season of corn-shucking came again, he and Dorothy stood beside it, and Caleb, who had received his credentials as a justice of the peace, read for them the ritual of marriage.

At the adz-smoothed table of a house which, for all its pioneer crudity, reflected the spirit of tradition-loving inhabitants, sat a young woman whose dark hair was softly knotted in old-fashioned style, and whose dark eyes looked up from time to time in thoughtful reminiscence.

She was writing with a goose-quill which she dipped into an inkhorn. As she nibbled at the end of her pen, one might have seen that whatever she was setting down lay close to her heart. These were the words she wrote:

Since I cannot tell whether or not I shall survive the coming of that new life upon which all my thoughts are sett, and should such judgement be His Wille, I want that my deare child shall have this record of the days its father and I spent here in these forest hills so remote from the sea and the rivers of our deare Virginia, and the gentle refinements we put behind us to become pioneers. This wish leads me to the writing of a journall.

A shadow in the doorway cut the shaft of sunlight, and the woman at the writing-table turned. On the threshold stood Kenneth Thornton, and by the hand he held a savage-visaged child, clad in breech-clout and moccasins but otherwise naked. Its eyes held the beady sharpness of the Indian, and, though hardly past babyhood, it stood haughtily rigid and expressionless.

The face of the man was not flashing its smile now, but was deeply grave; and as his wife's gaze questioned him, he spoke slowly.

"This is Peter Doane's boy," he said briefly.

Dorothy Thornton shrank back with a gesture of repulsion.

"A squaw with a traveling party of friendly Indians brought him in," the man went on. "Mad Dog Doane is dead. His life ended in a drunken brawl in an Otari village. Before he died, he asked that the child should be brought back."

"Why?"

"Because," Thornton spoke seriously, "blood can't be silenced when death comes. The squaw said Chief Mad Dog wanted his boy raised to be a white brave. He's half white, of course."

"And *he* ventured to ask favors of *us*!"

The woman's ordinarily gentle voice hardened. Her husband led the child over and laid his own hand on her shoulder.

"The child is not to blame," he reminded her. "He's the fruit of madness—but he has a human soul."

Dorothy rose, inclining her head in reluctant assent.

"I'll fetch him a white child's clothes," she said.

Thus was planted a walnut-tree that was destined to become a roof tree indeed, and to influence, for good and evil, succeeding generations even unto the present day.

Thus, also, was there written a journal that was destined to influence the life of another Dorothy, who lived in the twentieth century, but who, like the Dorothy of pioneer days, was confronted with the age-old problems of life and love.

III

As the mill-wheel rots when the race runs dry, so the land and the life that had guarded the gateways to the West fell under the blight of stagnation.

The barriers of those mountain chains balked all travel save by pack-trains, and mankind had disdainfully outgrown such journeying. The self-willed and solitary spirit of the pioneer had elsewhere merged into the more progressive genius of the nation; but here in the wild uplands, where the storms and the rivers had birth, the breath of fierceness came with the air, and the isolated inhabitants grew not less, but more, intolerant of governmental restraint.

The century that brought and stranded those first immigrants lingered on for them like an unchanging twilight, failing to pass and blend into a newer régime. Yet, since there is no standing still, and these folks

could not go forward, they drifted backward. To the vitalizing fever of transition they remained torpidly immune.

The hill men continued to talk in the quaint phraseology of the first Englishmen who came to America. Upon their own history they lost all hold save that which had filtered meagerly down, through word of mouth, in legends recited about smoky hearths.

Lamentable forms of lawlessness supplanted law. The bane of the feud became an institution. Contempt for courts took root in heredity. Illiteracy waxed and stultified civilization.

No male issue had survived the first Caleb to carry down the name of Parish, and among the Thorntons and the Harpers, with whom his stock soon blended its blood, strains degenerated by intermarriage cropped out. Nevertheless, there were some fine and straight stalks like old Caleb Harper, who still lived, and in whom mingled a strange paradox of rudeness and dignity, bigotry and nobility.

His house stood on the rising ground above the river, a substantial structure grown by additions from the nucleus that Caleb Parish had founded. It marked a contrast with its less provident neighbors. Many cabins scattered along these slopes were dismal and makeshift abodes, which seemed to proclaim the despair and squalor of their builders and occupants.

Just now a young girl stood in the large unfurnished room that served the house as an attic. She held a folded paper in her hand.

She had drawn from a dusty corner a small and quaintly shaped horse-hide trunk, upon which, in spots, the hair still adhered. The storage-room that could furnish forth its mate must be one whose proprietors held inviolate relics of long-gone days, for its like has not been made since the life of America was slenderly strung along the Atlantic seaboard, and the bison ranged about his salt licks east of the Mississippi.

Into the lock the girl fitted a cumbersome brass key, and then for a long minute she stood there, breathing the morning air that eddied in currents of fresh warmth. The June sunlight came, too, in a golden flood, and the soft radiance of it played upon her hair and cheeks.

Outside, almost brushing the eaves with the plumes of its farthest-flung branches,

stood a gigantic walnut-tree, whose fresh leafage filtered a mottling of light and shadow upon the age-tempered walls.

The girl herself, in her red dress, was slender and colorful and dewy-fresh enough to endure the searching illumination of the June sunshine. Dark hair crowned the head that she threw back to gaze upward into the venerable branches of the tree, and her eyes were as dark as her hair and as deep as a soft night sky.

Over beetling summits and sunlit valley the girl's glance went lightly and contentedly; but when it came back to nearer distances it dwelt with an absorbed tenderness on the gnarled veteran of storm-tested generations that stood there before the house—the walnut which the people of her family had always called the "roof tree" because some fanciful grandmother had so named it in the long ago.

"I reckon ye're safe, now, old roof-tree," she murmured.

To her the tree was human enough to deserve actual address, and as she spoke she sighed as one sighs who is relieved of an old anxiety. Then, recalled to the mission that had brought her here, she thought of the folded paper that she held in her hand.

She drew the ancient trunk nearer to the window and lifted its cover. It was full of things so old that she paused reverently before handling them.

Once the grandmother who had died when she was still a small child had allowed her to glimpse some of its contents, but memory was vague as to that. Both father and mother were shadowy and half-mythical beings of hearsay to her, because just before her birth her father had been murdered from ambush. The mother had survived him only long enough to bring her baby into the world, and then had died broken-hearted because it was not a boy whom she might suckle from the hatred in her own breast and rear as a zealot dedicated to avenging his father.

The chest had always held for this girl intriguing possibilities of exploration which had never been satisfied. The gentle grandfather had withheld the key until she should be old enough to treat with respect those sentimental odds and ends which his women-folk had held sacred; and when the girl herself had grown up—she was eighteen now—some whimsy of holding to the illusions and delights of anticipation had

stayed her. Once opened, the old trunk would no longer beckon with its mystery, and in this isolated life mysteries must not be lightly wasted.

But this morning old Caleb Harper had prosaically settled the question for her. He had put that paper into her hand before he went over the ridge to the cornfield with his mule and plow.

"Thet thar paper's right p'intedly valuable, leetle gal," he had told her. "I wants ye ter put hit away safe somewhars." He had paused there, and then added reflectively: "I reckon the handiest place would be in the old horse-hide chist thet our foreparents fatched over the mountings from Virginny."

She had asked no questions about the paper itself, because, to her, the opening of the trunk was more important; but she heard the old man explaining, unasked:

"I've done paid off what I owes Bas Rowlett, an' thet paper's a full receipt. I knows full well he's my trusty friend, an' hit's my notion thet he's got his hopes of bein' even more 'n thet ter *you*; but still a debt sets mighty heavy on me, be hit ter friend or foe, an' hit pleasures me thet hit's settled."

The girl passed diplomatically over the allusion to herself, and the elder's expression of favor for a particular suitor, but she had made the unspoken mental reservation:

"Bas Rowlett's brash and uppety enough withouten us bein' beholden ter him fer no money debt. Like as not he'll be more humble like atter this when he comes a sparkin'."

Now she sat on a heavy cross-beam and looked down upon the packed contents, while into her nostrils crept subtly the odor of old herbs and spicy defenses against moth and mold which had been renewed from time to time through the lagging decades until her own day.

First, there came out a soft package wrapped in an old shawl and carefully bound with home-twisted twine. This she deposited on her knees and began to unfasten with trembling fingers of expectancy. When she had opened it, she rose eagerly and shook out a gown that was as brittle and sere as a leaf in autumn, and that rustled frigidly as the stiffened folds straightened.

"I'll wager, now, hit war a weddin'-dress!" she exclaimed, as she held it ex-

citedly up to the light and appraised the fineness of the ancient silk with eyes more accustomed to homespun.

Then came something flat that fell rustling to the floor and spread into a sheaf of paper bound between home-made covers of cloth. When the girl opened the improvised book, with the presentiment that it would carry some message out of the past that would explain the rest, she knitted her brows and sat studying it in perplexed engrossment.

The ink had rusted, in its six-score years and more, to a reddish faintness which shrank dimly and without contrast into the darkened background; yet difficulties only whetted the discoverer's interest, so that when, after an hour, she had studied out the beginning of the document, she was deep in a world of romance-freighted history.

That part which she was now reading seemed to be a sort of preamble to the rest. Before the girl had progressed far, she found a passage which, for her, infused a sense of life and the warmth of personal intimacy into the document. The record began thus:

It may be that God in His goodnesse will call me to His house which is in heaven before I have fully written the matters which I would sett downe in this jourmall. Since I cannot tell whether or not I shall survive the coming of that new life upon which all my thoughts are sett, and should such judgement be His Wille, I want that my deare child shall have this record of the days its father and I spent here in these forest hills so remote from the sea and the rivers of our deare Virginia, and the gentle refinements we put behind us to become pioneers.

There was something else there that she could not make out because of its blurring, and she wondered if the blotted pages had been moistened by tears as well as ink; but soon she deciphered this rather unusual statement:

Much will be founde in this jourmall, touching this tree which I planted in the first dayes, and which we have named the roof tree after a fancy of my owne. I have strong faithe that whilst that tree stands and grows stronge and weathers the thunder and wind and is revered, the stem and branches of our family also will waxe stronge and robust, but that when it falls, likewise will disaster fall upon our house.

One thing became at once outstandingly certain to the unsophisticated reader. This place, in the days of its founding, had been an abode of love unshaken by perils, for of the man who had been its head she found

such a portrait as love alone could have painted. He was described in detail as to the modeling of his features, the light and expression of his eye; the way his dark hair fell over his "broad browe"—even the cleft of his chin was mentioned.

That fondly inspired pen paused in its narrative of incredible adventures and more than Spartan hardship to assure the future reader that—

The peale of his laugh is as clear and tuneful as the fox-horn with which our Virginia gentry were wont to go afield with horse and hound.

There had possibly been a touch of wistfulness in that mention of a renounced life of greater affluence and pleasure, for hard upon it followed the observation:

Here, where our faces are graven with anxieties that besette our waking and sleeping, it seemeth that most men have forgotten the very fashion of laughter. Joy seems killed out of them, as by a bitter frost, yet he hath ever kept the clear peale of merriment in his voice, and its flash in his eye, and the smile that shows his white teeth.

Somehow the girl seemed to see that face as if it had a more direct presentment before her eyes than this faded portraiture of words, penned by a hand dead long ago. He must have been, she romantically reflected, a handsome figure of a man. Then naively the writer had passed on to a second description.

If I have any favor of comeliness it can matter naught to me save as it giveth pleasure to my deare husbände, yet I shall endeavor to settle downe truly my own appearance alsoe.



AFTER AN HOUR
SHE WAS DEEP
IN A WORLD OF
ROMANCE-FREIGHTED
HISTORY

The girl read and reread the description of this ancestress, then gasped.

"Why, hit mout be *me* she was a writin' erbout," she murmured, "save only I hain't purty!"

In that demure assertion she failed of justice to herself, but her eyes were sparkling. She knew that hereabout, in this rude society, her people were accounted both godly and worthy of respect; but, after all, it was a drab and poverty-ridden world. Here she found, in indisputable proof, the record of her "foreparents." Once they had been ladies and gentlemen who knew the elegant ways of the world and the feel of silken garments. Henceforth, when she boasted that hers were "the best folk in the world," she would speak not in empty defiance, but in full confidence.

But as she rose at length from her reverie she wondered if, after all, she had not been actually dreaming, because a sound had come to her ears that was unfamiliar, and yet it seemed to be of a piece with her reading. It was the laugh of a man, and its peal was as clear and as merry as the note of a fox-horn.

The girl was speedily at the window, looking out; and there by the roadside stood her grandfather in conversation with a stranger.

He was a tall young man, and, though plainly a mountaineer, there was a declaration of something distinctive in the character of his clothing and the easy grace of his bearing. Instead of the jeans, overalls, and coatless shoulders to which she was accustomed, she saw a white shirt and a dark coat, dust-stained and travel-soiled, yet proclaiming a certain predilection toward personal neatness.

The traveler had taken off his black felt hat as he talked, and his black hair fell in a long lock over his broad, low forehead. He was smiling, too, and she caught the flash of white teeth and even the deep cleft of his firm chin.

Framed there at the window, the girl caught her hands to her breast and exclaimed in a stifled whisper:

"Land o' Canaan, he's jest walked spang outen them written pages! He's the very spittin' image of that man my dead and gone great-great-great-gran'mammy married!"

It was at that instant that the man looked up, and for a moment their eyes

met. The young stranger's words halted midway in their utterance, and his lips remained for a moment parted; then he recovered his conversational balance and carried forward his wayside talk with the graybeard.

The girl drew back into the shadow, but she stood watching until he had gone and the bend in the road hid him. Then she placed the receipt that had brought her to the attic in the old manuscript, marking the place where her reading had been interrupted, and, after locking the trunk, ran lightly down the stairs.

"Grandpap," she breathlessly demanded, "I seed ye a talkin' with a stranger out thar. Did ye find out who is he?"

"He gave the name of Cal Maggard," answered the old man casually, as he crumbled leaf tobacco into his pipe. "He 'lows he's goin' ter dwell in the old Burrell Thornton house over on the nigh spur of Defeated Creek."

That night, while the patriarch dozed in his hickory-withed chair, with his pipe drooping from his wrinkled lips, his granddaughter slipped quietly out of the house and went over to the tree.

Out there, magic was making under an early summer moon that clothed the peaks in silvery softness and painted shadows of cobalt in the hollows. The river flashed its response and crooned its lullaby, and, like children answering the maternal voice, the frogs gave chorus and the whippoorwills called plaintively from the woods.

The branches of the great walnut were etched against a sky that would have been bright with stars were it not that the moon paled them; and she gazed up with a hand resting lightly on the broad-girthed bole of the stalwart veteran. Often she wondered why she loved this particular tree so much. It had always seemed to her a companion, a guardian, a personality, while its innumerable fellows in the forest were nothing but trees.

Now she knew. She had only failed to understand the language with which it had spoken to her from childhood. All the while, when the wind had made every leaf a whispering tongue, it had been trying to tell her many ancient stories.

"I knows now, old roof tree!" she murmured. "I've done found out erbout ye;" and her hand patted the close-knit bark.

Then, in the subtle influence of the moonlight and the night that awoke all the

young fires of dreaming, she half closed her eyes and seemed to see a woman who resembled herself looking up into the eyes of a man whose hair was dark, and whose chin was cleft, and whose smile flashed upon white teeth. Only, as the dream took hold upon her, its spirit changed. The other woman seemed to be herself, and the man seemed to be the one whom she had glimpsed to-day.

Then her reveries were broken. In the shallow water of the ford down at the river splashed a horse's hoofs, and she heard a voice singing, in the weird falsetto of mountain minstrelsy, an old ballad which, like much else of the life there, was a heritage from other times.

So the girl brushed an impatient hand over rudely awakened eyes and turned back to the door, knowing that Bas Rowlett had come sparking.

IV

THE old Thornton house on Defeated Creek had for almost two decades stood vacant save for an occasional and temporary tenant.

A long time ago, a formal truce had been declared in the feud that had split in sharp and bitter cleavage the family connections of the Harpers and the Doanes. Back into the limbo of tradition and vagueness went the origin of that "war." The one unclouded certainty was that the hatred had grown until, even in this land of the vendetta, its levy of violent deaths had been appalling beyond those of other feuds.

Paradoxically enough, the Harpers in the later feud stages had followed a man named Thornton, while the Doanes had fought at the behest of a Rowlett. Now smoke rose from the chimney of the long empty house, and a stranger, whose right of possession no one questioned, was to be its occupant.

He sat now, in the moonlight, on the broken mill-stone that served his house as a door-step. As yet, he had not spent a night under the rotting roof. About him was a door-yard gone to a weed-jungle, and a farm that must be reclaimed from utter wildness. His square jaw was grimly set, and the hands that rested on his knees were tensely clenched. His eyes held a far-away and haunted fixity, for they were seeing again the cabin he had left in Virginia, with its ugly picture of sudden and violent death and the body of a man he hated ly-

ing on the blood-stained floor. The hysteria-shaken figure of the woman he had left alone with that grisly companionship refused to soften the troubling vividness of its remembered misery.

He himself had not escaped his pursuers by too wide a margin, but he had escaped. He had come by a circuitous course to this place, where he hoped to find quiet under his assumed name of Maggard. Nor was his choice of refuge haphazard.

A distantly related branch of his own family had once lived here, and the property had passed down to him; but the Thornton who had first owned the place he had never known. The Kentucky history of his blood was as unfamiliar to him as the genealogy of the inhabitants of Mars.

While the night voices sounded in tempered cadences about him, and the hills stood up in their spectral majesty of moonlight, he sat with a drawn brow. Yet, because the vitality of his youth was strong and resilient, other and less grim influences gradually stole over him, and after a while he rose with the scowl clearing from his face.

Into the field of his thoughts, like sunlight into a stormy sky, came a new image—the image of a girl in a red dress looking at him from an attic window. The tight lips loosened, softened, and parted in a smile.

"Afore God," he declared in a low voice, "she war a comely gal!"

Kenneth Thornton—now self-rechristened Cal Maggard—was up and his coffee-pot was steaming on the live coals long before the next morning's sun had thrust its shafts into the gray opaqueness that cloaked the valleys. He squatted on his heels before the fire, honing the ancient blade of the scythe that he had found in the cock-loft. The sharpened blade was swinging against the stubborn resistance of weed and brier-trailer before the drench of the dew had begun to dry.

He did not stop often to rest; and before noon he straightened and stood, breathing deep but rhythmically, to survey a leveled space where he had encountered an impenetrable thicket.

Then Cal Maggard leaned his scythe and ax against a young hickory and went over to the corner of the yard, where a spring poured a crystal flow into a natural

basin under the gnarled roots of a sycamore. Kneeling there, stripped to the waist, he began laving his chest and shoulders and dipping his face deep into the cold water.

So intent was he that he failed to hear the light thud of hoofs along the sand-cushioned and half-obliterated road which skirted his dilapidated fence-line. At length he straightened up, to see a horseman who had drawn rein there, and who now sat sidewise gazing at him with one leg thrown across his pommel.

The horseman, tall and knit for tremendous strength, was clad in overalls of jeans and a blue cotton shirt. His unshaven face was swarthy and high of cheek-bone, and his black hat, though shapeless and weather-stained, sat on his head with a jauntiness that seemed almost a challenge. His eyes, both shrewd and determined, gave the impression of missing nothing; but his voice was pleasant as he introduced himself.

"My name's Bas Rowlett, an' I reckon you're Cal Maggard, hain't ye? I've done heered ye 'lowed ter dwell amongst us."

Maggard nodded.

"Come inside an' set ye a cheer," he invited.

The horseman vaulted to the ground as lightly as if he carried no weight, flinging his bridle-rein over a picket of the fence.

For a short space, when the host had donned his shirt and provided his guest with a chair by the door, the conversation ran laggingly between these two newly met sons of a taciturn race; yet beneath their almost morose paucity of words lay an itch of curiosity. They were gaging, measuring, estimating each other under wary mantles of indifference.

Rowlett set down in his appraisal, with a touch of scorn, the clean-shaven face and general neatness of the other. As against this apparent effeminacy, he offset the steady-eyed fearlessness of gaze and the smooth power of shoulders and torso that he had seen stripped.

Maggard's rifle stood leaning against the chinked log wall near to the visitor's hand. Rowlett lifted and inspected it, setting its heel-plate to his shoulder and sighting the weapon here and there.

"Thet rifle-gun balances up right nice," he approved. Then, seeing a red squirrel that sat chattering on a walnut-tree far beyond the road, he squinted over the sights

and questioned musingly: "I wonder, now, could I knock thet boomer outen thet thar tree over yon?"

"Not skeercely, I reckon. Hit's a kindly long, onhandy shot," answered Maggard; "but ye mout try, though."

Rowlett had hoped for such an invitation. He knew that it was more than an "unhandy" shot. It was, indeed, a spectacularly difficult one; but he knew also that he could do it twice out of three times, and he was not averse to demonstrating his master skill.

The rifle barked and the squirrel dropped, shot through the head; but Maggard said nothing, and Rowlett only spat and set the gun down.

After that he relighted his pipe. Had this newcomer from across the Virginia border been his peer in marksmanship, he reasoned, he would not have let the exploit rest there without contest. His emulative spirit prompted him to goad the obviously inferior stranger.

"Thar's an old cock-of-the-woods hammerin' away atter grubs up yon," he suggested. "Why don't ye try yore own hand at him, jest fer the fun of the thing?"

He pointed to a dead tree-top, perhaps ten yards more distant than his own target had been, where hung one of those great ivory-billed woodpeckers that are near extinction now except in the solitudes of these wild hills.

Maggard smiled again, as he shook his head non-committally—yet he reached for the rifle. That silent smile of his was beginning to become provocative to his companion, as if in it dwelt something of quiet self-superiority.

The weapon came to the stranger's shoulder with a catlike quickness of motion, cracked with seemingly no interval of aim-taking, and the bird fell as the squirrel had done.

Rowlett flushed to his high cheek-bones. This was a country of riflemen where skill was the rule and its lack the exception; yet even here few men could duplicate that achievement, or, without seeing it, believe it possible. It had been characterized, too, by the incredible swiftness of a sleight-of-hand performance.

"Hell's red hole!" came the visitor's eruptive outburst of amazement. "Ef the man-person thet used ter dwell in this hyar house and his kinfolks hed shot thet fashion, I reckon mebbly the Rowletts

wouldn't never hev run old Burrell Thornton outen these mountings!"

"Did they run him out?"

Rowlett studied his companion much as he might have studied some one who calmly admits a stultifying ignorance.

"Hain't ye niver heered tell of the Harper-Doane war?" he demanded.

Maggard shook an unabashed head.

"I hain't niver heered no jedgmatic details," he amended. "I knowed thar was sich-like warfare goin' on here one time. My folks used ter dwell in Kaintuck wunst, but hit war afore my day."

"Come on over hyar," prompted Bas Rowlett.

He led the way to the back of the house, where, half-buried in the tangle that had overrun the place, stood the ruins of a heavy and rotting log stockade.

"Old Burrell Thornton dwelt hyar in the old days," he vouchsafed. "Old Burrell bore the repute of being the meanest man in these parts. He dasn't walk in his own back yard withouten he kept thet log wall betwixt hisself an' the mountingside. So long es him an' old Mose Rowlett both lived, thar warn't no peace feasible nohow. Cuss-fights an' shootin's an' laywayin's went on without no end, twell finely hit come on ter be sich a hell-fired mommick thet the two outfits met up an' fit a master battle in Claytown. Hit lasted nigh on ter two days."

"What war the upcome of the matter?" inquired the householder, and the narrator went on.

"The Harpers an' Thorntons went inside the co'te-house an' made a p'intblank fort outen hit, an' the Rowletts tuck up thar stand in the stores an' streets. They frayed on, thet fashion, twell the Doanes wearied of hit an' sot the co'te-house afire. Some score of fellers war shot, countin' men an' boys; and old Mose Rowlett, thet was headin' the Doanes, war kilt dead. Then, when both sides war plumb frazzled ragged, they patched up a truce betwixt 'em, an' the gist of the matter war that old Burrell Thornton agreed ter leave Kaintuck an' not never ter come back no more. He war too pizen mean fer folks ter abide him, an' his goin' away balanced up the deadenin' of Mose Rowlett."

"Ye sez thet old hellion used ter dwell in this hyar house?"

"Yes, sir, thet's what I'm noratin' ter ye. Atter he put out his fire an' called his

dawgs an' went away, Caleb Harper tuck over the leadin' of the Harpers, and my uncle, Jim Rowlett, did likewise fer the Doanes. Both on 'em war men thet loved law-abidin' right good, an' when they struck hands an' pledged a peace they aimed ter see thet hit endured—an' hit did. But till word come thet old Burrell Thornton war dead an' buried, folks didn't skeercely breathe easy nohow. They used ter keep hearin' thet he aimed ter come back, an' they knowed, ef he did—"

There the speaker broke off and shrugged his powerful shoulders.

A brief silence fell. Through the sunflecks and the deep woodland shadows came the little voices that were all of peace; but into Rowlett's eyes flashed a sudden-born ghost of suspicion.

"How come *you* ter git possession of the place hyar?" he demanded. "Ye didn't heir hit from old Burrell Thornton's folks, did ye?"

The new occupant was prepared for this line of interrogation. He laughed easily.

"Long erbout a year back," he said, "a feller named Thornton thet dwelt over thar in Virginny got inter debt ter me, an' couldn't pay out. He give me a lease on this hyar place, but I didn't hev no chanst ter come over hyar an' look at hit afore now."

Rowlett nodded a reassured head.

"I'm right glad ye hain't one of thet thar sorry brood," he declared heartily. "Nobody couldn't confidence *them*."

Nevertheless, as he rekindled the pipe that had died in the ardor of his narration, he studied the other through eyes studiously narrowed against the flare of his match.

The newcomer himself, lost in thought, was oblivious to this scrutiny, and it was as one speaking from reverie that he launched his next inquiry.

"The gal thet dwells with old man Harper—she hain't his wife, air she?"

The questioner missed the sudden tensely challenged interest that flashed in the other's eyes, and the hot wave of brick-red that surged over the visitor's cheeks and neck. But Bas Rowlett was too adroit to betray by more than a single unguarded flash his jealous reaction to mention of the girl, and he responded quietly and unemotionally enough.

"She hain't no man's wife—yit. Old Caleb's her grandpap."



THIS PARTICULAR TREE HAD ALWAYS SEEMED TO HER A COMPANION, A GUARDIAN, A PERSONALITY. WHILE ITS INNUMERABLE FELLOWS IN THE FOREST WERE NOTHING BUT TREES

"I've done seed some powerful comely gals in my day an' time," mused Maggard, abstractedly, "but I hain't niver seed the like of her afore."

Bas thoughtfully fingered his pipe.

"Seein' es how ye're a stranger hyarabouts," he suggested, "I reckon hit hain't no more than plain charity ter forewarn ye. She's got a lavish of lovers, an' thar's some several amongst 'em thet's pizen

mean—mean enough ter prove up vi'lent and murderous ter any new man thet comes trespassin'."

"Oh, pshaw, thet's always liable ter happen! Anyhow, I reckon I don't have ter worrit myself 'bout thet yit."

"Suit yoreself." This time the native spoke dryly. "But what ye says sounds unthoughted ter me. Ef a man's mean enough ter murder somebody over a gal, he's more like ter do hit afore the feller gits his holt on her than afterwards. When did ye see the gal?"

Maggard shook himself like a dog roused from contented sleep, and sat up straight.

"I hain't niver seed her but jest one time, an' I hain't niver passed no word of speech with her," he replied. "When I come by the house, an' tarried ter make my manners with the old man, she was a standin' in an up-stairs winder, lookin' out, an' I seed her thar through the branches of that big old walnuck-tree. She hed on a dress thet made me think of a redbird, an' her cheeks minded me right shrewdly of ivy blooms."

"Does ye aim ter name hit ter her thet she puts ye in mind of—them things?"

"I kinderly hed hit in head ter tell her." Suddenly Maggard's frank laugh broke out disconcertingly, as he added an inquiry so direct that it caused the other to flush. "Rowlett, be ye one of these hyar lavish of lovers ye jest told me erbout?"

The mountaineer is, by nature, secretive to furtiveness, and under so outright a questioning the visitor stiffened with affront; but at once his expression cleared of displeasure, and he met frankness with a show of equal candor.

"I'm one of the fellers thet's seekin' ter wed with her, ef thet's what ye means, albeit hit's my own business, I reckon," he said evenly. "But I hain't one of them I warned ye erginst on account of meanness. Myself, I believes in every person havin' a fair chanst an' the best man winnin' out."

The other nodded gravely.

"I didn't aim at no offense," he hastened to declare. "I hain't niver met the gal, an' like as not she wouldn't favor me with no second look nohow."

"I loves ter see a man talk outright," avowed the Kentuckian with cordial responsiveness. "Es fer me, I've done made me some sev'ral right hateful enemies because I seeks ter wed with her, an' I 'lowed

ter warn ye in good time thet ye mout run foul of like perils."

"I'm beholden ter ye fer forewarnin' me," came Maggard's grave response. "The old man hes done invited me ter sa'nter over thar an' sot me a cheer some time, though—an' I reckon I'll go."

Rowlett rose with a good-humored grin and stretched his giant body. In the gesture was all the lazy power of a great cat.

"I hain't got no license ter dissuade ye, ner ter fault ye," he declared; "but I hopes ter God Almighty she hain't got no time of day fer ye!"

That afternoon Maggard sat before the door-step of old Caleb Harper's house when the setting sun was splashing from a gorgeous palet above the ragged crests of the ridges. It was color that changed and grew in splendor, with ash of rose and purpled cloud border and glowing orange streamer. Against those fires, the great tree stood with druid dignity, keeping vigil over the roof it sheltered.

At length Maggard heard a rustle. He turned his head to see the girl standing in the doorway.

He was a mountain man, and mountain men are not schooled in the etiquette of rising when a woman presents herself. Yet now he came to his feet, responding to no dictate of courtesy, but lifted as by some nameless exaltation at the sight of her—some natural impulse entirely new to him and inexplicable.

She stood there a little shyly at first, as slender and as gracefully upright as a birch; and her dark hair caught the fire of the sinking sun with a bronze glow like that of the turkey's wing. Her eyes, over which heavy lashes drooped diffidently, were bafflingly deep, as with rich color drowned in duskiness.

"This hyar's my gal, Dorothy," announced the old man; and then she turned away and disappeared.

That night Maggard walked home with a chest rounded to the deep drafts of night air which he was drinking, and a heady elation in the currents of his veins. She had slipped in and out of the room as he had talked with the patriarch, after supper, flitting like some illusive shadow of shyness. He had had hardly a score of words with her, but the future would plentifully mend that famine.

In the brilliant moonlight, he vaulted the picket fence of his own place and saw

the front of the cubelike house standing before him, streaked with the dark of the logs and the white of the chinking. About it was the patch of scythe-cleared ground, as blue as cobalt in the bright night, and behind it rose the inky rampart of the mountainside.

As he approached the door of the cabin, the silver bath of light picked out and emphasized a white patch at its center. Maggard made out that a sheet of paper was pinned there.

"I reckon Rowlett's done left me some message or other," he reflected, as he took the missive down and went inside to light his lantern and build a fire on the hearth—since even the summer nights were shrewdly chilling here in the hills.

When the logs were snapping, and he had kicked off his heavy boots and kindled his pipe, he sprawled luxuriously in a back-tilted chair and held his paper to the flare of the blaze to read it.

At first he laughed derisively, then his brows gathered in a frown of perplexity, and finally his jaw stiffened into grimness.

The note was set down in crudely printed characters, as if to evade the identifying quality of handwriting. This was its truculent message:

No trespassin'. The gal ain't fer you. Once more of goin' over yon, and they'll find you stretched dead in a creek-bed. This is writ with God in heaven bearin' witness that it's true.

V

CAL MAGGARD sat gazing into the blaze that leaped and eddied fitfully under the blackened chimney. In one hand drooped the sheet of paper that he had found fastened to his door, and in the other his pipe, which had been forgotten and had died.

He looked over his shoulder at the door, which he had left ajar. Through its slit he could see a moonlit strip of sky. Rising slowly, he circled the room, holding the protection of the shadowy walls until he reached and barred it. That much was his concession to the danger of the threat, and it was the only concession he meant to make.

Into this place he had come unknown, and under this roof he had slept only one night. He had injured no man, offended no woman or child, yet the malevolent spirit of circumstance that had made a refugee of him in Virginia seemed to have pursued him and found him out.

Perhaps Rowlett had been right. The Harper girl was, among other mountain women, like a moon among stars. Her local admirers might hate and threaten one another, but against an intruder from elsewhere they would unite as allies. Such a prize would be fought for—murdered for, if need be.

Yet there was one ray of encouragement among the clouds. Any lover who felt confidence in his own success would not have found such tactics needful; and if she herself were not committed, she was not yet won by any rival. In that conclusion lay solace.

The next morning found Maggard busied about his door-yard, albeit with his rifle standing ready to hand, and to-day he wore his shirt with the armpit pistol-holster under its cover.

His vigilance, too, was quietly alert. When a mule came in sight along the trail which looped over the ridge a half-mile distant, and was promptly swallowed again by the woods, his ears followed its approach by little sounds that would have been inaudible to a less sensitively trained hearing.

It was a smallish, mouse-colored mule that emerged at length to view. It looked even smaller than it was, because the man who straddled it dwarfed it with his ponderous stature and a girth which was almost an anomaly in a country of raw-boned gauntness.

The big man slid down, his thick neck and round face red and sweat-damp, though the day was young and cool.

"I made a soon start this mornin'," he enlightened, "ter git me some grist ground, an' I didn't eat me no vittles save only a few peanuts. I'm sich a fool 'bout them things thet most folks round hyar calls me by the name of Peanuts."

"I reckon I kin convenience ye with some sort of snack," Maggard assured him, "ef so be ye're hungry, an' kin enjoy what I've got."

Fed and refreshed, Peanuts Causey started on again.

Before he had been long gone, Bas Rowlett appeared, and sent his long halloo ahead of him in announcement of his coming.

"I jist 'lowed I'd ride over an' see could I tender ye any neighborly act," he began affably.

Maggard laughed.

"Thet thar's right clever of ye," he declared. "Fer one thing, ye kin tell me who air the big, jovial-seemin' body thet gives the name of Peanuts Causey. I reckon ye knows him?"

Rowlett grunted.

"He's a kind of loafer thet goes broguin' round, scatterin' peanut-hulls an' brash talk every which way an' yon. Folks don't esteem him no turrible plenty. Fat's all right fer hawgs, but hit don't become a man none."

Cal Maggard had drawn out his pipe and was slowly filling it. As if the thought were an amusing one, he inquired in a drawling tone:

"Be he one of the fellers thet seeks ter wed Harper's gal, too?"

At that question Rowlett snorted his disdain.

"Him? Thet tub? Waal, now ye names hit ter me, I reckon he does loiter round thar erbout all he dast. He's the hang-roundin'est feller ye ever seed; but the only chanst he's got air fer every other man ter fall down an' die!"

"I fared over thar last night," said Maggard, with a level glance at his companion, "an' I met the gal. She seemed right shy like, an' didn't hev much ter say one way ner t'other."

As he spoke, he searched the face of his visitor, but the only expression that it gave forth in response to the announcement was one of livened and amiable interest. After a brief pause the Virginian laid a hand on the elbow of his neighbor and lowered his voice.

"I wisht ye'd come inside a minute. Thar's a matter I'd love ter hev ye counsel me erbout."

With a nod of acquiescence the visitor followed the householder through the door. Maggard's face grew soberly intent as he picked up a sheet of paper from the table and held it out.

"Yestiddy ye forewarned me thet ef I went over thar I'd gain me some enemies," he said. "Hit 'pears like ye made a right shrewd guess. Read thet. I found hit nailed ter my door when I come home last night."

Rowlett took the paper that Maggard offered, and corrugated his brows over its vindictive message.

"I reads right slow an' slavish like," he apologized. "I hain't niver hed no lavish of schoolin'."

But the words were at last spelled out, and their purport digested; and then the visitor's features became contorted into fury and indignation. His high cheek-bones flushed, and from his unshaven lips there gushed a cascade of oath-embroidered denunciation.

"Afore God Almighty!" he ripped out in conclusion. "Kin any man comprehend the sneakin', low-down meanness of a feller thet seeks ter terrify somebody sich fashion es thet? He don't dast disclose hisself, and yit he seeks ter run ye off!"

"He hain't a goin' ter run me off none—whosoever he be," was the calm rejoinder.

Rowlett looked up quickly.

"Then ye aims ter go right ahead?"

"I aims ter go over thar ergin ter-morrer evenin'. I'd go ter-day, only I don't seek ter w'ar my welcome out."

Rowlett nodded. His voice came with convincing earnestness.

"I told ye yestiddy thet I aimed ter wed with thet gal myself, ef so be I proved lucky at sweetheartin' her. I hain't got no gay int'rest in aidin' ner abettin' ye, but yit I don't hold with no such bulldozin' methods. What does ye aim ter do erbout hit?"

"I aims ter pin this hyar answer on the door whar I found the letter at," replied Maggard crisply. "Ef hit comes ter gun-battlin' in the bresh—I don't seek ter brag none, but ye seed me shoot yestiddy."

Rowlett took and slowly read the defiant response which the other had penciled, and a grim smile of approval came to his face.

To whoever it consarns—I aim to stay here and go wherever I takes the notion. I aim to be as peaceable as I'm suffered to be—and as warlike as I has to be.—CAL MAGGARD.

"I wonders, now," mused Rowlett half-aloud, "who thet damn craven mout be?"

Suddenly his swarthy face brightened with an idea, and he volunteered:

"Let me hev thet thar paper. I won't betray ter no man what's in hit, but mebby I mout compare them words with the handwrite of some fellers I knows, an' git at the gist of the matter thet fashion."

It seemed a slender chance, yet a possibility. A man who was everywhere acquainted might make use of it, whereas a stranger could hardly hope to do so. But as Maggard thrust the note forward in compliance, he took second thought—and withdrew it.

"No," he said slowly. "I'm obleeged ter ye, but it's possible ye mout lose this hyar paper, an' like es not I'll hev need of hit hereatter."

With evident disappointment, Rowlett conceded the argument by a nod of his head.

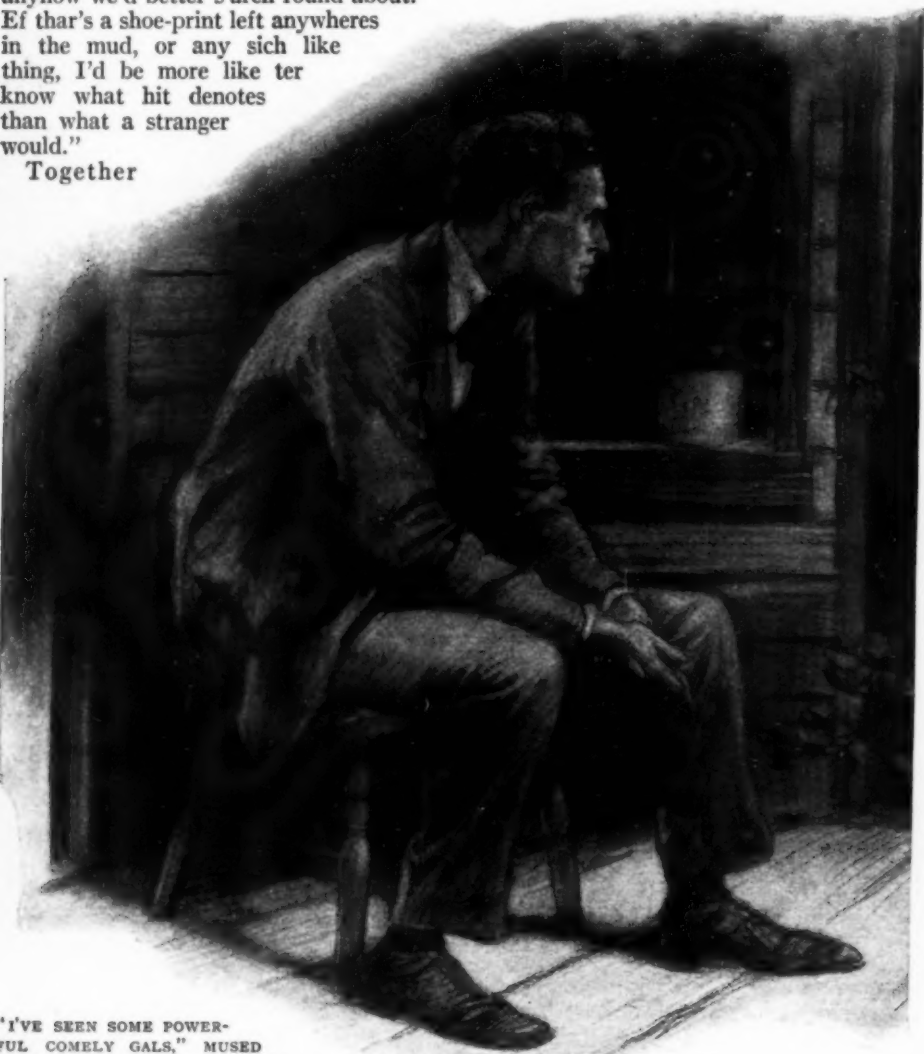
"Mebby ye're right," he said. "But anyhow we'd better s'arch round about. Ef thar's a shoe-print left anywheres in the mud, or any sich like thing, I'd be more like ter know what hit denotes than what a stranger would."

Together

and raked the laurel tangles with searching scrutiny. Finally Rowlett, who was several paces in advance, beckoned to the other and gave a low whistle of discovery.

Behind a low rock the thick grass was pressed down as if some huge rabbit had been huddled there.

"Some person's done fixed hisself a nes-



"I'VE SEEN SOME POWER-
FUL COMELY GALS," MUSED
MAGGARD, "BUT I HAIN'T NUVER
SEED THE LIKE OF HER AFORE"

they went up and down the road, studying the dusty and rock-strewn surface with backwoods eyes, to which little things were more illuminating than large print.

They circled behind the ruined stockade

tie hyar ter spy on yore dwellin'-house," he confidently asserted.

As he stood studying the spot, he reached into the matted tangle and drew out a hand closed on some small object.

For a moment he held it open before his own eyes; then he tossed over to Maggard a broken peanut-shell.

Neither of them made any comment just then, but as they turned away Rowlett murmured, as if to himself:

"Of course, I s'pose *any* feller kin eat peanuts."

All that afternoon Cal Maggard lay hidden in the thicket overlooking his front door, and, as a volunteer cosentinel, Bas Rowlett lay in a

"He went over ter Harper's house yes-tiddy evenin', an' he's like ter go right soon ergin," said one.

"All ye've got ter do air ter keep in tech with me, so any time I needs ye I kin git ye. I hain't made up my mind yit."



"I'M ONE OF THE FELLERS THET'S SEEKIN' TER WED WITH HER," SAID BAS ROWLETT

"laurel-hell," watching from the rear; but their vigilance was unrewarded.

That night, though, while Maggard sat alone, smoking his pipe, by his hearth, two shadowy figures detached themselves, at separate times and points, from the sooty tangle of the mountain woods some mile and a half away, and met at the rendezvous of a deserted cabin whose roof was half-collapsed. They held the shadows and avoided the moonlight, moving noiselessly. They conferred in low and guarded tones, squatting on their heels and haunches in the darkness of the abandoned interior.

The other shadowy figure growled unpleasantly, then bit from a tobacco twist and spat before he answered.

"I hain't got no hankerin' fer no more laywayin's," he objected. "Ef ye resolves that he needs killin', why don't ye do hit yoreself? Hit hain't nothin' ter me."

"I've done told ye why I kain't handily do hit myself. Nobody hain't a goin' ter suspicion you; an' es fer what's in hit fer ye—ef so be I calls on ye—we've done sot-tled that."

The other remained churlishly silent for a while. Palpably he had little stomach for this jackal task of treacherous murder, but it was equally obvious that he feared

refusal even more than acceptance of the shocking commission.

"Hit hain't like as if I was seekin' ter fo'ce ye ter do suthin' ye hedn't done afore," the persuasive voice of the other man reminded him.

Again the snarling response growled out its displeasure.

"No, an' ye hain't said nothin' consarnin' what ye knows erbout me, nuther. Ye hain't even drapped a hint thet any time ye takes the notion ter talk out ter the high co'te ye kin penitenshery me; but thet's jest because ye knows ye don't haf ter. By God, sometimes I think hit would well-nigh profit me ter layway *you* an' be shet of ye!"

The second voice was purring now, with a hint of the cruel claws underneath its softness.

"Thet would be a right smart pity, though! Thar is one other body thet knows—an' ef so be I got kilt, he'd be right speedy ter guess the man thet done hit—an' the reason, too. I reckon hit 'll profit ye better ter go on bein' friends with me!"

Again a long silence; then grudgingly the murder hireling rose to his feet and nodded reluctant assent.

"So be it," he grumbled. "I gives ye my hand ter deaden him ef ye says the word. But afore we parts company let's talk the matter over a leetle more. I wouldn't love ter hev ye censure me for makin' no error."

"The main thing," came the instruction of the employer, "air this—I wants ter be able ter get ye quick an' hev ye ack quick, ef so be I needs ye, no matter when that mout be."

(To be continued in the September number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

THE HARBOR SONG OF ALGIERS

A SONG comes out of the sapphire sea, where the corsairs sailed and sinned—
The gossip of ships and a thousand men, the sun and the rose-touched wind.
The harbor song of the Barbary coast, forgetting the pirates' lay,
Is tuned with the shipping of palms and dates and the route to trade to-day.

It's made of the jingling harness bells, and a barefoot woman's stride,
The clattering gigs on the cobbled ramps, and a beggar's tattered pride,
The sea-gulls' cries as they flash and fall, the tugs that toot like a scream,
The deep-water sirens calling "Away!"—with an echo of "Stay and dream."

It's colored with golden tangerines, for sale on the ground in a heap
By a turbaned dealer who knows the song, and, knowing it, falls to sleep;
It's tinted with faces as black as night, Sudan and the desert light,
And the silver anklets of Moorish maids, enveloped and veiled in white.

The Neapolitan fishermen will bring their glittering trays
To the market back of the shining mosque, where the murmuring Mussulman prays;
The crescent coast, like a blade of jade, adorned with villa-bright stones,
Curls up to the east, where the mountains rise, and the Kabyle wolf-dog moans.

There are stacks and masts and sea-whipped hulls and nations' flags afloat,
A bark with a tipsy lateen sail and a Spanish cargo boat.
The races come from east and west, and meet in the square above,
The Orient and the Occident, but each has a different love.

The Arabs lounge on the boulevard—a habit that came with the sun—
And lean on the rail and watch the sea, and life is as good as done;
It's suicide, by a sensuous spell, a voluptuary's sigh,
The cries of Allah, and out beyond—God's great unspotted sky!

Charles Divine

The Spoils of 1920

NOTWITHSTANDING THE SUCCESSIVE EXTENSIONS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE SYSTEM,
THERE IS STILL A VAST AMOUNT OF VALUABLE PATRONAGE AT THE
DISPOSAL OF THE VICTORS IN A PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

By Donald MacGregor

UPON the desks of many of the leaders in the present Presidential campaign is a large black book, containing 1,704 wide pages, weighing ten pounds, and measuring four inches from cover to cover. This book, which bears the title, "Official Register of the United States," promises to be the season's best-seller at the Government Printing Office. The reason for its popularity is the fact that it contains a list of all Federal positions that will be available at the beginning of the next Presidential term.

Campaign issues, platform planks, and past performances of candidates are sufficient to guide the average voter in casting his ballot, but the activity of the political organizer in the election districts is often regulated by the prospect of a job. It is the I-want-something-for-myself spirit that helps to drive the political machine through the campaign.

The spoils of 1920, despite impressions to the contrary, will be fully as fruitful as those of any recent Presidential election. Some of the jobs that in the past were on the open patronage lists, it is true, will now be found in the classified civil service; but their places have been taken by newly created positions equally important and producing just as good pay, if not better.

The last "Official Register," prepared by the Census Bureau, shows 771,117 persons employed in the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of the government, as compared with 553,991 in 1917. This does not include those in the army, navy, and Marine Corps, but it does list temporary clerks engaged for the war emergency, in whose numbers a considerable reduction has for some time been in progress. By March 4 next the total will be down to approximately seven hundred thousand.

Government jobs, broadly speaking, may be divided into four classes:

First, those filled by the President with the approval of the Senate.

Second, those filled by the President without the approval of the Senate.

Third, those filled under the selective system presided over by the Civil Service Commission.

Fourth, those filled without regard to civil service rules, on grounds of special fitness and availability, as in the case of persons proficient in scientific subjects.

The Presidential appointments are those commonly regarded as "patronage." Of these there are approximately twenty-five thousand. Only an approximation is possible, because in these times of reorganization after the war the number fluctuates day by day. The present total shows a large increase over the figures of past years, due to the natural growth of the country, to the war, and to the recent tendency to extend Federal activities into the States.

For instance, the number of Presidential post-offices has jumped in the last ten years from 7,953 to 11,053. During the last five years there have been placed in operation such national agencies as the Federal Trade Commission, the United States Tariff Commission, the Federal Reserve System, the Farm Loan System, and the Prohibition Enforcement Service, not to mention the innumerable war boards and commissions, many of which still are at work. Only a radical change in the present scheme of administration can bring a recession to the level of ten years ago.

President Wilson, by an executive order issued on March 7, 1917—three days after he began his second term—made all Presidential postmasters, including those of the first, second, and third classes, subject to

the regulations of the Civil Service Commission. The fourth-class postmasters—those whose salaries do not exceed one thousand dollars a year, numbering about sixty-five thousand in all, had been placed under civil service rules five years before by President Taft.

Mr. Wilson's action instantly drew fire from the Republicans, who charged that the Democrats, having had four years in which to fill the offices with men of their own party, had blanketed the incumbents into office for life. To this the Democrats replied that Mr. Taft had set the precedent by blanketing in the fourth-class postmasters, who were mostly Republicans.

Whatever the merits of the controversy, the fact remains that civil service regulations now apply to all postmasters. It is true, however, that power is vested with the Postmaster-General to decide the character of an applicant who passes the prescribed examination. If he desired, under the present system, he could disqualify any one he saw fit to disapprove on the ground of character, political or otherwise. It is quite within the range of imagination that appointments of postmasters still smack of patronage to a certain extent.

THE RICHEST PLUMS OF PATRONAGE

Aside from the postmasterships, there remain approximately thirteen thousand Presidential jobs which are unquestionably of the patronage class. Careful checking of the "Official Register" and other government publications—strange as it may seem, there is no accurate segregation of jobs on this basis, either at the White House or in the Senate—reveals that there are about twenty-two hundred on the list which are filled by the President with the approval of the Senate. That is, a nomination is made by the President, and the Senate, in executive session, rejects or confirms it, following a committee investigation. With the remainder of the Presidential appointments the President deals with a free hand, and without fear of Senatorial interference.

The twenty-two hundred Senate-confirmed positions include the most important in the government service. Upon the shoulders of the appointees hang such weighty matters as the interpretation of the Constitution of the United States, the conduct of American relations with foreign countries, the enforcement of the Federal

civil and criminal laws, and the collection and disbursement of as much as twenty billions of dollars a year.

At the top of the list, in importance, are the appointments of a Chief Justice of the United States and the eight Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. This group constitutes the court of final appeal in one of the three coordinate branches of our government, the judiciary.

While, in a secondary way, the President attempts to maintain the political balance of the Supreme Court, party politics is not permitted to influence the selections, which, as with all appointments to the Federal bench, are for life. Long experience and a good record on the bench of a lower Federal or a State court are usually governing factors. The salary of the Chief Justice is \$15,000 a year, and each of the Associate Justices receives \$14,500 a year.

To the United States Court of Claims the chief justice and the four judges are appointed by the President, as are the presiding judge and the four associate judges of the United States Court of Customs Appeals. There are nine United States Circuit Courts of Appeals, with thirty-nine judges appointed by the President. The salaries range from \$7,500 to \$8,500 a year.

In the selection of the one hundred and eight judges of the United States District Courts, politics is more of a factor; but the President acts largely upon the recommendation of the Attorney-General, without suggestion from political organizations. Their salaries are \$7,500 a year.

THE PRESIDENT'S POLITICAL HOUSEHOLD

Chief among the actual political appointments are those to the Cabinet, the membership of which is nine. These are invariably the President's personal selections, and political sympathy is a necessary consideration. Members of the Cabinet are in the fullest sense the President's assistants, solely responsible to him. They help to form administration policies, and then carry them out in their own departments. Ability as an orator is important, since more often than is commonly supposed a Cabinet officer is forced to take the stump to defend official action, or to gain support for some new project. The annual pay of a Cabinet officer is \$12,000.

Another intimate selection is that of Secretary to the President, whose duty it is to

conduct the executive offices of the White House. The Secretary to the President is generally the buffer between the chief executive and those with whom he deals. He is the first-line trench, as it were, charged with holding back unessential items, so that Presidential energy may be conserved. He keeps the President informed, so far as possible, as to what is going on, and in a measure he deals with minor patronage. It is a \$7,500 job.

In addition, the President appoints two stenographers and a clerk, whose salaries range from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a year.

THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

The diplomatic service furnishes an exceptional field for the distribution of high-class political appointments. Here are the paths that lead to foreign courts, offering the advantages of cosmopolitan experience and great social prestige. An appointment to some of the most agreeable posts may involve little political responsibility, while it may offer an attractive opportunity to some successful American whose devotion to business has hitherto given him no chance to dabble in world affairs. As a matter of fact, many diplomatic positions have in the past been given to distinguished citizens to whom the administration in power is obligated for large campaign contributions or other service.

Appointments as ambassador or minister generally require incumbents of independent means, for, while the salaries seem high, they are usually insufficient to meet the expenditures required. There are eleven ambassadors sent by the United States to the leading foreign countries, each receiving \$17,500 a year; there are thirty-two ministers plenipotentiary to countries of secondary importance, each drawing \$10,000 a year, except in the case of China, where the salary is \$12,000 a year. There is further patronage in the appointment of embassy and legation officials, such as secretaries, although in the case of consular officers the rule of promotion for service is the governing factor.

PATRONAGE IN THE DEPARTMENTS

The rapidly expanding Treasury Department is a fertile field for patronage, with available positions in every section of the country. The institution, during the last five years, of bureaus and divisions for the collection of income and other taxes, for

the enforcement of national prohibition, and for other purposes, each with its chief and a long line of assistants, has opened up many new places for worthy party workers.

Moreover, these jobs carry good salaries, as government salaries go. There are five Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury and one Assistant to the Secretary, each with a salary of \$5,000 a year, taking the place of three assistants in office four years ago. The prohibition commissioner receives \$7,500 a year, with an assistant commissioner at \$5,000 a year, and forty-five other officials of the bureau drawing salaries up to \$6,000 a year. There are also eleven prohibition supervisors in the field, receiving from \$3,600 to \$5,000, and forty-eight Federal prohibition directors with salaries of from \$3,500 to \$5,000. All these jobs are new, along with many others.

The collectors of customs, of whom there are forty-eight, receive from \$2,500 to \$12,000 a year; there are sixty-three collectors of internal revenue in different parts of the country, with salaries of from \$4,500 to \$6,000. All this is patronage, firmly established.

In the Department of Justice the patronage outside of Washington comes mainly in the selection of United States district attorneys, at from \$4,000 to \$10,000 a year, and United States marshals at from \$3,000 to \$5,000. There are eighty-eight of each class, all with assistants and deputies.

The Department of the Interior, with its land offices; the Department of Commerce, the Department of Labor, and the Department of Agriculture, possess limited patronage lists, with jobs for the deserving.

There is also a group of independent government establishments, such as the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Reserve Board, the United States Shipping Board, and the United States Tariff Commission, which presents an opportunity for the further distribution of Presidential patronage. Each of the nine members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, for instance, receives \$10,000 a year. Each of the five members of the Federal Reserve Board receives \$12,000—the board is composed of seven, but the Secretary of the Treasury and the comptroller of the currency are ex-officio members. The five members of the Shipping Board receive \$7,500; the six members of the Tariff Commission, \$7,500; the five members of the Federal Trade Commis-

sion, \$10,000; and the three members of the Civil Service Commission, \$5,000. Each commission or board possesses a long list of subordinate patronage positions.

All in all, a new administration will have slight difficulty in finding jobs for a small army of loyal supporters. Multitudinous changes are bound to come under any circumstances—if there be a Republican victory, as a natural thing; if there be a continuation of Democratic control, as a matter of passing the pie around.

THE GOOD OLD SPOILS SYSTEM

But the amount of patronage to-day, large though it is, is scant when compared with the days before civil service reform—the days when a change in administration meant the turning out of office of almost all government employees. The jobs that change now are those of the higher class, and of the so-called administrative type. Here there is real justification for the patronage system, on the ground that sympathy for those in supreme authority is an element contributing to the proper conduct of office.

Political patronage, generally referred to as the "spoils system," had its inception in the United States in 1829, with the advent of the Jackson administration. For forty years it had been the government's policy, established by President Washington, that no Federal employee should be discharged without cause, but Andrew Jackson adopted the motto that "to the victor belong the spoils of the enemy," as voiced by Senator Marcy, and turned out those whose political faith ran in the opposite direction.

Thereupon the spoils system flourished unrestrained for forty-two years, and each change of administration saw thousands of government employees turned out in order that their positions might be filled by the followers of the victorious party. Clay, Calhoun, and Webster condemned the system in the Senate, but their opposition had little effect until 1867, when Representa-

tive Thomas A. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, made a report to the House on the evils that it involved.

Finally, in 1871, realizing the losses suffered by the government through the periodical discharge of experienced clerks, Congress provided, in a rider to an appropriation bill, for the creation of a Civil Service Commission to prescribe regulations for the appointment and retention in office of qualified and seasoned employees. President Grant appointed the commission, and its report, presented in 1872, was adopted and put into operation.

The consequent loss of patronage irritated the politicians, who gained the upper hand again in 1875, and Congress voted out the Civil Service Commission. The spoils system had a new lease of life, which lasted until—chiefly owing to the work of the Civil Service Reform Association, later the National Civil Service Reform League—the commission was reestablished by an act approved on January 16, 1883.

President Arthur first applied the civil service law to 15,573 clerks, and each succeeding President—notably Cleveland, Harrison, and Roosevelt—has extended it still further. As a member of the Civil Service Commission during the Harrison administration, Roosevelt became an enthusiast on the subject, and later, as President, he issued executive orders that placed 34,766 additional government employees, including rural mail-carriers, under the civil service rules.

The distribution of patronage has its advantages, but it also has its serious drawbacks. The handing out of jobs is a burden for those who have them to hand out. For every place available there are usually from ten to fifty applicants.

"The distribution of patronage," an old-time politician observed recently, "costs more friends than it gains. Every time you please one man you make ten enemies. And yet, during a campaign, the prospect of a job sometimes supplies the energy that elects a President."

FACT AND FANCY

THOUGH fact and fancy seem apart,
They are related each to each,
Close as the tie of mind and heart,
Or thought that merges into speech.

William Hamilton Hayne

Wind

BY MILDRED CRAM

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

IT happened a good many years ago, when I was younger, and before I knew the ways of the sea. Not that I know 'em now, save in a manner of speaking. I know what ships will do, and what men will do. I know what the sea will do—nine times out of ten; but there's always a tenth time. This was one of them.

I had come out to the East in a fast ship from San Francisco, and was stranded there with a fever. I remember a long convalescence in an English hospital on the outskirts of a blazing hot coast town. I thought the world had dropped out from under me and was rotating in some other portion of space. I was on a new planet.

My fast ship, of course, had gone back to San Francisco, being too independent and desirable to wait for a young second mate who had been fool enough to catch a native fever two hours after his first shore leave. I lay on a narrow cot in that spotless hospital, and for six weeks stared out of the window into a tropical garden full of creepers and palms, not caring particularly whether I got well or not.

Of course, being young, I got well. I found myself tottering up and down the water-front, very shaky and forlorn, looking for a ship.

In those days it was no easy matter. I had to be content with an old sea-cow that had turned back because of the fatal illness of her mate. I joined at once, and before I had time to think of my good luck we were leaving the odoriferous, feverish port behind and waddling across a smooth sea, bound for Falmouth. The mate had been taken ill three days out, and had died just as the Anne Beebe reentered the harbor. Her captain never got over the loss of those six days.

"Turned back just for that man's whim," he told me. "An idea! He would have died anyhow; but I couldn't stand

his whimpering. I could have managed short-handed. Bad luck, this sort of thing! It makes me uneasy." He fixed me with his pale eyes. "Don't *you* go and get sick, Mr. Pollard!" he shouted. "I shouldn't turn back for another one."

"I'm perfectly well," I answered him.

As a matter of fact, I wasn't. I didn't even have my land legs; but I kept up, presenting an active, wide-awake appearance while on duty and falling into a sort of deadly stupor as soon as I was out of sight in my own quarters. It took some juggling, I can tell you—all the more so because I knew the captain had his eye on me.

He was distrustful of my youth, probably; and he had every right to be. I wasn't the brass-buttoned authority I am to-day. I was a youngster, with cheeks that were always red as a schoolgirl's, and long wrists and spindly legs. I've had such green ones in my own ships more than once, and they always give me a feeling of panic—they're so dog-gone clever.

I dare say I had terrifying manners—picked up aboard the fast ship from San Francisco. She had colored my imagination. Swift, snow-white, brass-trimmed, with a gilt figurehead on her lofty prow, she had deceived me into believing that where there were fine ships and trustworthy men, the sea was comprehensible ten times out of ten. Ten times out of ten, mind you! She had raced from San Francisco to the East like a thoroughbred, or rather like a white comet cutting a path across a purple sky. Her officers met the elements very much as we who command first-rate transatlantic steamers do to-day—with condescension and good humor. It never occurred to me to doubt that she was invincible.

I had learned my manners aboard that ship; I brought them with me to the Anne

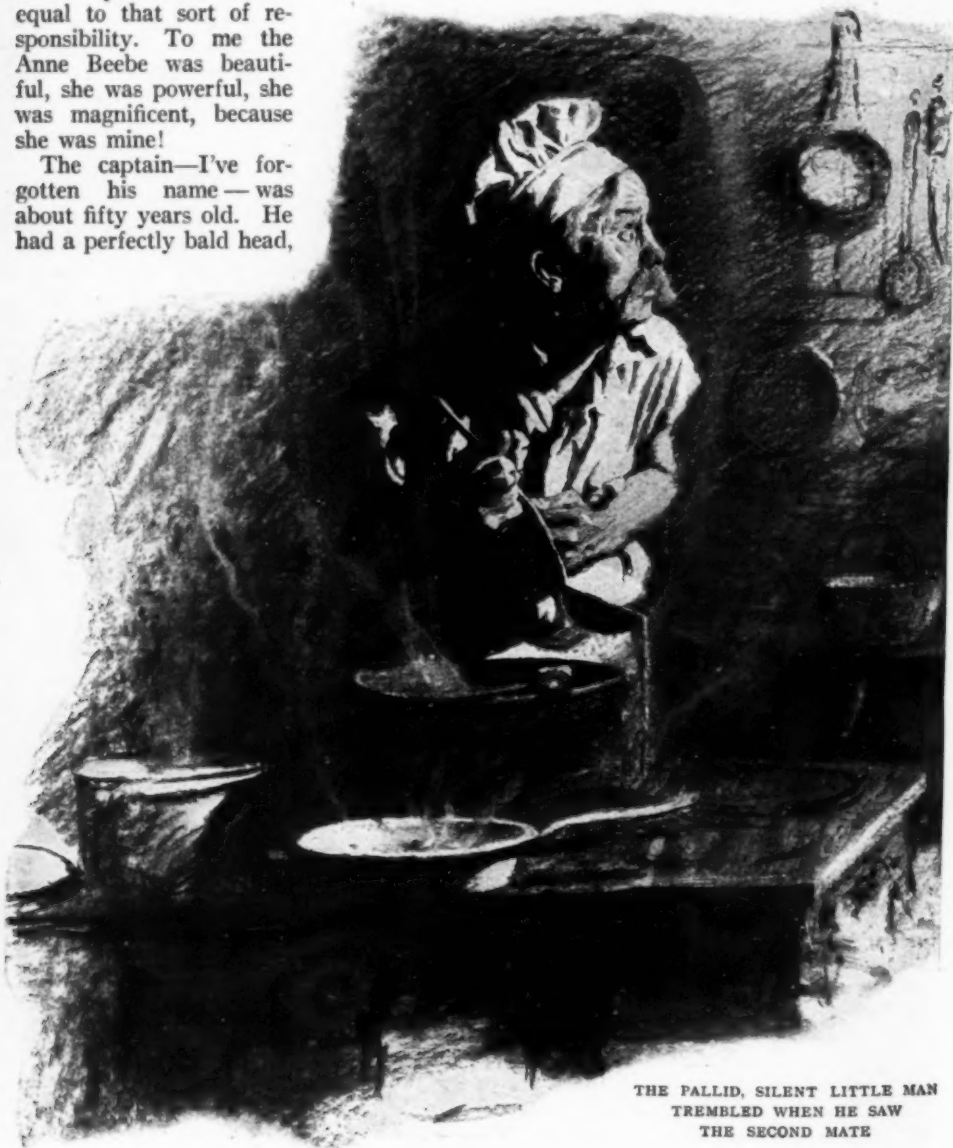
Beebe. No wonder the captain eyed me with distrust; I was courting disaster for him and the crazy old tub he had agreed to deliver at Falmouth. I suppose he had no faith in her. She was broad-hipped as a scrubwoman, hard to manage in any sort of a sea, and as ugly as a Thames scow; but I cared nothing about her looks.

I was mate, actually in authority above a man old enough to be my father. It was my intention to finish the voyage smartly, and to prove that I was equal to that sort of responsibility. To me the Anne Beebe was beautiful, she was powerful, she was magnificent, because she was mine!

The captain—I've forgotten his name—was about fifty years old. He had a perfectly bald head,

a red face, and white side-chops. He was an untidy, wavering, complaining little man who had never commanded a decent ship. As far as he was concerned, the Anne Beebe took care of herself. He changed his mind a dozen times in the giving of a single order. I tell you, I had to bite my tongue to keep from yelling at him.

McIntosh, the second mate, was a gloomy brute. I have reason to remember him, and I do—every detail of his dress,



THE PALLID, SILENT LITTLE MAN
TREMBLED WHEN HE SAW
THE SECOND MATE

which was unspeakably dirty, his sparse, rather long hair, his penetrating eyes, his walrus whiskers, and his powerful shoulders. I can see him as distinctly as if he were standing here—the tobacco stain around his lips, his greasy cap with the patent-leather vizor, his tight trousers, and his buttoned shoes. Naturally, I hated

scenity dripped from it like molasses from a jug, slow and sticky.

His expression when he looked at me seemed to say:

"Smart, aren't you? Confounded smart! But wait—wait until you've seen what I've seen, my precious young 'un!"

He scanned the cloudless sky, the un-



MCINTOSH'S POWERFUL SHOULDERS FILLED THE DOOR AND SHUT OUT EVERY BREATH OF AIR. "YOU MAKE ME SICK," HE GROWLED

him—he fell so far short of my idea of what a self-respecting officer should be. I had been bitten by the flea of progress; McIntosh belonged to the romantic past of square-riggers, itinerant coasters, and free-lance sailing vessels. He had peddled in and out of Eastern ports in ships that would have caused me to hold the tip of my fastidious young nose. He was usually taciturn; when he did open his mouth, ob-

wrinkled sea, for some portent, as if he were willing to sacrifice himself and the ship for my better education. I think he would have welcomed a typhoon, if only to see me crumble in the face of danger. I honestly believe that the thing which finally did happen was brought about by that gloomy giant's unfaltering faith in disaster.

"Weather like this can't last," he'd say,

hanging on the rail with his arms folded tightly under his powerful chest. "Something's gathering. Mark my words, we'll not make Falmouth!"

II

THIS sort of thing might have affected the crew, had not each day dawned so spotlessly clear. The Anne Beebe waddled forward across a glittering sea, transparent, polished, unwrinkled as a mirror. There was scarcely a ripple against her bow, and behind her only a shallow wake starred with large, opalescent bubbles. She seemed to rise and fall upon the breast of a sleeping world, her sails puffed taut by a wind which we could not feel against our faces, but which blew with a steady, tranquil pressure just above our heads. It was miraculous!

The captain seldom came out of his cabin, but lay there stretched on a red plush couch with a handkerchief over his face and his trembling hands clasped on his stomach. I saw him there many times, but I never guessed what he was doing. Why, drinking, of course! He was the worst example of a rum-soaked sailor I ever hope to see; and I, poor innocent, didn't guess.

He would stagger out to meals with a sleepy, shamefaced air, and eat without uttering a word, rattling his knife and fork against his plate like a pair of ribald castanets. And I talked—blithely, smartly. I must have been funny—a little tragic, too. Youth in the first glory of high adventure, and those two scallywags who no longer believed in anything!

I kept the Anne Beebe shining—decks washed like a yacht's, snow-white. Whatever brass there was—and there was precious little—shone like gold in the unending, placid, benign sunshine of those days. The log ticked smartly—we were getting on toward Falmouth.

I liked to survey the squat old ship from the poop, where I strolled back and forth, head up, shoulders back in the most approved fashion. To-day, with a ten-thousand-ton steamer beneath me, I cannot find it in my heart to pretend. What is it that has gone—the glamour, the belief in an essential romance? Nothing remains but fidelity.

I have never been as happy as I was on board the Anne Beebe. I had all the sensations of a first command. The crew—

there were ten of them, and a boy—remained featureless, as far as I was concerned, until after—

I'm going to tell you what happened; but first you have got to picture them as normal men, doing a normal job beneath a normal sky—polishing, scrubbing, going aloft with alacrity, standing watch, lying asleep on the shady side of the deck-house. You see them? Dependable human creatures so long as they were surrounded by the sane, familiar facts of existence; so long as that healthy wind filled the sails and drove the ship steadily forward toward home.

"It can't last," McIntosh said.

"It won't," I snapped, losing my temper, "if you keep on like this!"

"Like what?"

"You know very well what I mean. Why worry about the weather while you've got favoring winds and a clear sky?"

"I see you don't know anything about life, Mr. Pollard," he said sadly. He pulled his vizored cap further down over his eyes, spat over the side, and squinted at the cloudless arch of blue that shut down over us like the inside of a great turquoise goblet. "Mark my words, we are in for it."

What we were in for I had no idea.

"I hope you don't go about the ship talking like this," I remarked.

"Not I! Let the fools enjoy themselves as long as they can."

"What do you think will happen?"

"One of two things—wind or calm."

I squared my shoulders.

"And you are one of two things, Mr. McIntosh," I said; "a prophet or a fool!"

He couldn't resent that, but he shot me a quick look out of his little black eyes.

That night the thing began. We were at dinner. I remember that a bulkhead light shone strongly on our uncovered heads—the captain's polished cranium, McIntosh's sparse, greasy locks, my own flaming, well-brushed crop. The steward moved about on tiptoe, with one eye on the sleepy captain, who threatened to fall into his plate at any moment. The motion of the ship had become a part of one's very being, so to speak—that slow forward pressure before the unvarying wind.

Suddenly there was a difference, imperceptible and terrifying, as if a hand had caught the ship by the stern and had pulled her backward. We all looked at

one another in a silence so complete that we could hear the ticking of the chronometers and the two clocks in the captain's cabin. Then came a strange rattling which I did not at once associate with the mainsail overhead—a sort of crackling, as if all heaven had disintegrated.

McIntosh and I rushed on deck, leaving the steward and the captain still staring at one another with horrified fascination.

There was not a breath of wind, either on a level with the deck or higher up. The Anne Beebe lay motionless on a dark sea beneath an impenetrable sky; and all her brave show of taut canvas had collapsed like a pricked bubble, and hung loose, flaccid, ragged. The crew stood about, staring.

The cook came out of the galley with a saucepan in his hand—a little dough-colored man with a bitten mustache, wearing a blue jersey too tight for him and a soiled apron tucked into a sort of sash. He looked at the lifeless sails, put his finger in his mouth, held it up, waited a moment with his head cocked on one side like a robin, then sighed deeply and went back to the galley. A funny thing to remember! It stamped the man with childishness—an irritating childishness, under the circumstances. He need only have glanced at the rigging to know that there was not a breath of wind.

Not a breath! Not enough to have dimmed the polished mirror of the sea, or to have lifted a hair of your head. The low slap of water beneath the bow; the crisp running by of bubbles along the Anne Beebe's fat sides; the soul-satisfying thrum of wind aloft—all these were hushed. The ship was like a vital thing suddenly deprived of life. The sea beneath her had ceased to breathe, and she lay motionless in the center of a vast silence.

III

I CANNOT tell you how strange this arrested motion seemed to me. I had been tearing around the earth in the ship with the foaming bow, from San Francisco; and before that I had had a succession of swift voyages. Nothing like this had ever happened to me. And because I was young and untried, the thought came to me:

"McIntosh has done it. We are bewitched!"

Of course I laughed that idea away. McIntosh himself was rocking on his toes and leering at me.

"What did I tell you?" he demanded. "Wind or calm! Which is it now, Mr. Pollard—prophet or fool?"

I went forward and leaned over the bow, looking down as if I expected to see those familiar plumes of foam spring into being at any moment. The water was streaked with phosphorus—wriggling hieroglyphics written across a bottomless darkness; and I perceived a strange odor. This you will not believe, but I swear that it is the truth. There came to me an odor of flowers—flowers of the sea, perhaps—penetrating, mysterious, delicious. I had a vision of gardens down there in the blackness; sea-roses, sea-lilies, tall and waxen, sea-violets, anemones and asphodel, lilac and furze—can you picture it? Gardens starred with the fireflies of the deep—tiny explosions of phosphorus flitting in and out of all that tangled sweetness.

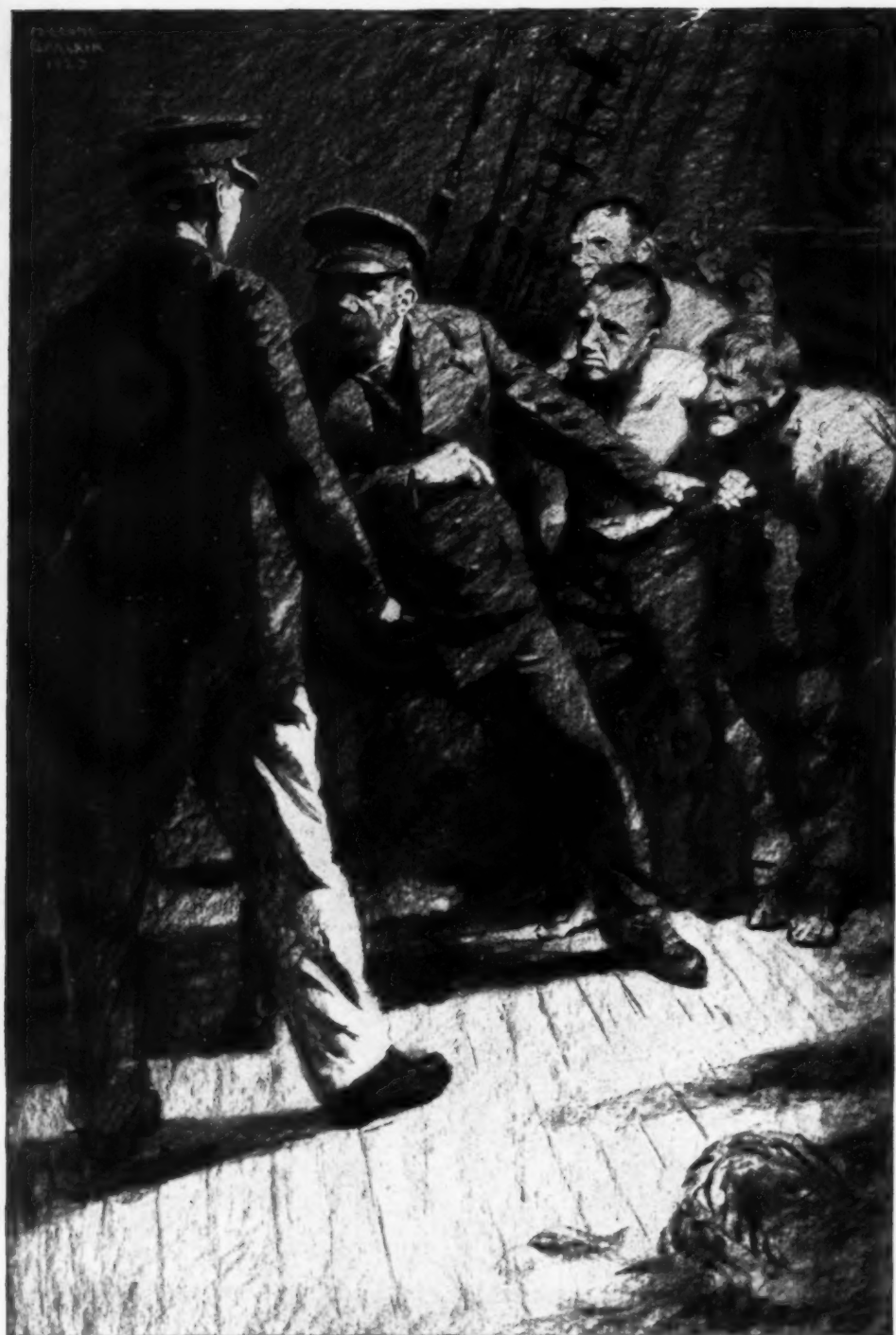
I had the illusion of being not upon the water, but in some strange manner hung in the air, above a valley. The Anne Beebe was no longer a ship, but a balloon, and it seemed to me that if I should clamber down her sides I might swing off into an atmosphere no longer alien, but penetrable. There was space beneath the ship, not water. I could smell the manifold fragrance of that luxuriant sea-bottom.

The captain was still eating when I returned to the cabin. Then it was, I think, that I saw what ailed him. His fork missed his mouth by five inches, and he kept striving to fix his eyes on me, with a silly, ogling look. His bald head wagged on his shoulders.

"The abominable old fool is drunk!" I thought, feeling suddenly sick with disgust.

I slept badly that night. It was hot. The air was sticky, overripe, dripping with moisture. I lay on the outside of the bedclothes. I tossed in a feverish stupor that was neither waking nor sleeping. Finally, slipping my feet into a pair of straw sandals, I went on deck.

I seemed to be the only person alive on that motionless ship. A man stood by the wheel, and in the faint glow of the compass light I saw that he was fast asleep. It was McIntosh's watch on deck, but the second mate had stretched himself out near the mainmast, his head thrown back, his bare feet grotesquely upturned, his whole body caught in the frozen immobility of death. I had a bad fright before I went near enough to see the slow rise and



"MARK MY WORD, YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO HOLD 'EM. ONCE THEY GET STARTED. IF THEY FIGHT, THERE'LL BE BLOOD; AND IF THERE'S BLOOD, THEY'LL BE WIND."

fall of his powerful chest. Asleep! A nice state of affairs—with all that canvas aloft and with a chance of wind coming up from God knows what quarter!

I touched him with my foot, and instantly his little black eyes were like two points of light in his white face.

"Oh, it's you, is it, young fellow?"

"You were asleep," I said with unconcealed contempt.

"Well, and what of it?" he retorted.

But he got up and went to the poop, where he probably fell asleep again.

I waited for the dawn, and I'm not likely ever to forget it. One moment we were still caught in a stifling blackness; the next a crimson glare enveloped the Anne Beebe—a glare so intense, so lurid, that it seemed more like the reflection of a forest fire than the light of any dawn. Sky and sea were scarlet; the ship floated in a caldron, on fire herself, the yards rimmed with flame, the sagging sails red as blood. On deck the men still slept, unconscious of the conflagration. They lay in heaps, like the victims of a massacre.

The sun came up a churning pinwheel, wrapped in sanguinary, tattered mists, and the sea became abruptly black, sluggish, thick as oil.

That was the beginning. What followed was beyond my conception then, and is beyond it now. I don't see how any of us came through it. I don't pretend to understand what happened, the hidden processes of our demoralization. I'll tell you the facts, and you can judge for yourself.

There was no wind, and it was hotter than any inferno, but I stuck by my ideals—discipline, first and last. I took a fierce pride in being alert myself, even when my head felt like a hornets' nest and my legs trembled beneath me.

Day after day the ship made no headway. Rubbish thrown over the side remained motionless, as if the sea were a stagnant pool, a tub of dirty water. The sun spun round and round the globe, like a scarlet spider spinning a web about a helpless captive.

"To-day will see the end of it," I thought each morning.

Perhaps the crew was sustained by my optimism—they could have shirked well enough. They could have dodged me if they had had a mind to. What held them? The ghost of authority? Nothing else? I was a red-headed youngster scarcely out

of my swaddling-clothes, scarcely older than that scared, wan cabin-boy who scuttled back and forth with glasses and bottles for the captain. A baby! When I think of it now, I am appalled, abashed by my nerve.

Wearing a blue serge coat, light weight, and white duck trousers, I cracked the whip around the bare heels of that band of wharf loafers—men cast up from the dregs of life into this intolerable silence and suffering. They were worn out, underfed, feverish—a lot of half-naked scarecrows—and yet they went on washing the deck, polishing brass, coiling rope, furling and unfurling the sails. When there were no jobs, I invented some. Anything was better than inaction and hopelessness.

Each night I watched that tireless spider, the sun, drop out of sight behind the rim of our prison, and each night, pacing up and down the poop above the restless sleepers on the main deck, I braced myself for another day. McIntosh, hanging to the ladder like a demon half-way out of some consuming hell-hole, would watch me with mocking eyes.

"Fool or prophet?" he cackled.

I took pains never to answer, and after a while he transferred his pleasantry to a more vulnerable victim. During the daytime he took to hanging about the galley, where that childish, dough-colored cook slaved over a hot stove in a place scarcely large enough to contain his own body.

"Hot, ain't you?" McIntosh remarked.

"It makes me sick!"

The cook, turning his pale blue eyes toward McIntosh, obediently mopped his face with his sleeve. He was more abashed than resentful. This didn't satisfy the second mate. He took his grievance to the crew.

"It's outrageous! I can't eat the food that man cooks. Turns my stummick!"

IV

I SEE you're laughing. Things like this have no meaning under a normal sky, in a decent atmosphere untainted by the decaying vegetation of a lifeless sea. You would not have laughed if you had had the bad fortune to be aboard the Anne Beebe. There was nothing humorous about McIntosh's eternal plaint. He hung in the galley door, malignant, poisonous, dangerous.

"Leave the cook alone, Mr. McIntosh," I said sharply.

He would start, grin at me over his shoulder, and say:

"Just a little fun, Mr. Pollard. The cook and I understand each other."

I doubted that. The pallid, silent little man—his name was Joseph, I think—trembled when he saw the second mate. McIntosh's powerful shoulders filled the door and shut out every breath of air.

"You make me sick," he growled. "Sick! How do you expect us to eat the stuff you cook? You're a disgrace to the ship. I've a good mind to tell the captain. He's got a sensitive stummick himself."

"No, no, Mr. McIntosh!" the cook murmured, and fluttered across the galley like a moth in a lamp chimney.

He was always covered with flour, and he wore a white shirt without sleeves, exposing to McIntosh's ridicule his pipe-stem arms, white as a woman's.

"He will beat himself to death, fluttering like that," I couldn't help thinking, and I called the second mate off.

As a matter of fact, I was no steadier than the rest of them—only I had behind me a stronger belief in my own integrity.

The water we drank was tainted by a detestable sweetness. Now and then a few drops of rain fell out of a clear sky—big, leaden spatters that sizzled on the burning ship and instantly evaporated. The cabin-boy fell ill with a fever, and when I went to the captain for medicine he was in such a stupor that I rummaged through his boxes, his desk, his cabinet, his shelves—and he did not even remove the handkerchief from his face. There was no quinin.

I went back to the boy's bunk, where he tossed ceaselessly, moaning fit to break your heart. I was sobered, I can tell you. I did what I could for him, pretending that I knew something about fevers of that sort. Pretending! Why, the whole ghastly business was pretense.

"Mark my words," McIntosh said one day, "nothing will free us from this but the letting of blood."

"Keep it to yourself!" I shouted. "If I hear you saying that to the crew, I'll put you below!"

"Oh, Mr. Pollard, just a little fun. You and I understand each other."

I knew, and McIntosh knew, that he could deprive me of authority with one blow of that powerful fist of his—a single, effortless gesture, and I would have crumpled into a heap. He did not do it. Fold-

ing his arms tight across his chest and winking at me, he strolled forward to the deck-houses and attached himself to the galley door. I heard a tremendous clatter of pots and kettles, as if the terrified cook had hurled himself backward, away from that whispered accusation:

"Boiling, ain't you? Something terrible! Makes me sick to look at you!"

Day after day there was not a breath of wind—only a terrible stillness. The sun spun round and round us, suffocating us, blinding us; and the sea was full of decaying vegetation—vines and prodigious leaves that floated on the surface and rotted there all about us. The men grew surly. They no longer obeyed with alacrity. I heard mutterings, groans, where I should have heard that comforting "Aye, aye, sir!" which I had been led to expect by six years in lucky ships.

Oh, yes, I was superstitious, too. The fear gripped me; I saw it in all those haggard faces turned toward me every day with hope, as if I knew the cure for this mysterious, this damnable ailment! It became so acute that I jumped every time McIntosh came up behind me.

"Nervous, Mr. Pollard?"

"You startled me."

He thrust his whiskered face forward so that it almost touched mine, and said huskily:

"Let the crew alone, Mr. Pollard. They need a little pleasure. A little rum, now—what do you say?"

"Do you want trouble?"

"Trouble? Gentlemen must have their little jokes! Why, if I didn't have such a great respect for you I'd laugh in your face, I would." He snickered instead, and hugged his chest. "Mark my words, you'll never be able to hold 'em, once they get started. If they fight, there'll be blood; and if there's blood, there'll be wind!"

I gave him a scornful look and turned my back.

That night there was more fever. I had to explain that the captain had no medicine. Right in the middle of my speech the fool rushed out on deck, half naked, wholly drunk, and waving one of his eternal bottles over his head. The crew looked at him and laughed. One of them—an ordinary seaman wearing a loin-cloth and a moth-eaten coonskin cap—shouted:

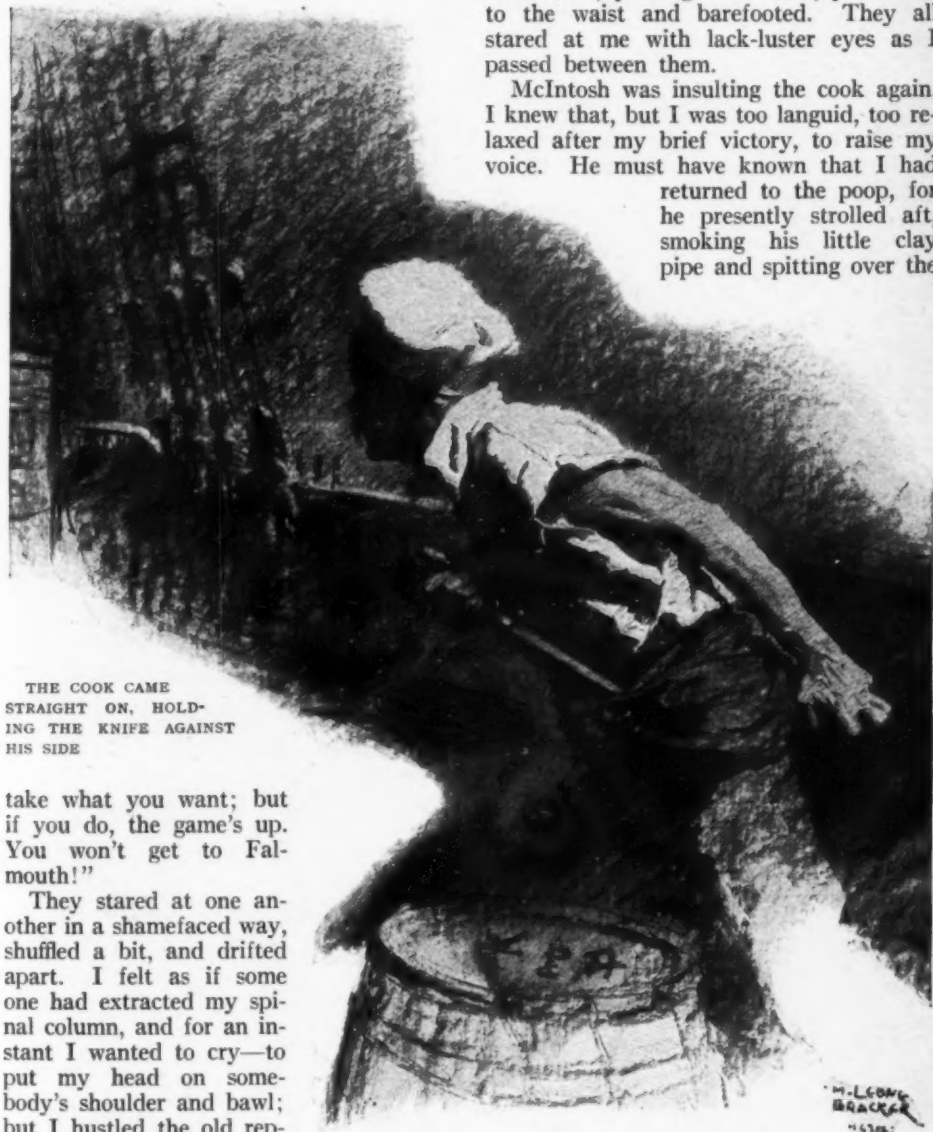
"If there's no medicine, give us rum! We ain't particklar!"

"I am going to lose my life," I thought, but I said calmly:

"Men, you can break into the cabin and

I could feel the heat of the decks through the soles of my shoes. The rails burned beneath my hand. The crew sat on the main deck, panting for breath, yet naked to the waist and barefooted. They all stared at me with lack-luster eyes as I passed between them.

McIntosh was insulting the cook again. I knew that, but I was too languid, too relaxed after my brief victory, to raise my voice. He must have known that I had returned to the poop, for he presently strolled aft, smoking his little clay pipe and spitting over the



THE COOK CAME
STRAIGHT ON, HOLD-
ING THE KNIFE AGAINST
HIS SIDE

take what you want; but if you do, the game's up. You won't get to Falmouth!"

They stared at one another in a shamefaced way, shuffled a bit, and drifted apart. I felt as if some one had extracted my spinal column, and for an instant I wanted to cry—to put my head on somebody's shoulder and bawl; but I hustled the old reprobate back to his couch, instead, and flung him down there with a vicious jerk. Then I locked him in.

When I went on deck the Anne Beebe was my command. I have never loved anything as I loved the helpless old ship at that moment. No woman has ever seemed to me so beautiful, no friend so satisfying, no comrade so trustworthy.

rail, smiling a smile of satisfied maliciousness. He put his big shoulders against the mainmast and leaned there, staring up at that brown, filthy, degrading, unavoidable sky.

I watched him. I cannot explain it to you now, with all the sane years between to dim my memory, but I recollect my in-

tense curiosity. McIntosh had suddenly become the chief figure in a tragic drama, and I kept my eyes fixed on him, like one who watches an actor from the aloof and shadowy gallery of a theater. Perhaps you see—

The cook had followed him! McIntosh's back was turned, so that he did not see the dough-colored object of his ridicule.

"Watch out, Mr. McIntosh! The man has a knife!" I might have shouted, but I did not.

The cook came straight on, holding the knife—a bread-knife, I think it was—against his side, half-hidden in the folds of his apron. McIntosh, with his head thrown back, seemed to be waiting.

"I can stop him," I remember thinking; but a sort of paralyzing incredulity held me. That terrified little fellow, that moth, that coward—impossible!

But he broke into a pattering run, leaped, lifted his arm, and brought the knife down—silently; and silently McIntosh staggered backward, arching his powerful chest and feeling behind him for the man who had struck.

"Save yourself!" I shouted then.

He looked up at me with an expression of profound wisdom; then he went down on his knees and slipped forward into a pool of blood.

I started down the ladder; but with my foot on the first step I was stopped by a sound—a gossamer sound, faint, remote, mysterious, like the fragile music of Chinese lutes. Mad? No! There was wind in the yards! I heard it up above, and stood rooted to the spot as if enchanted.

Music—the eery thrumming of a myriad dragon-flies! I felt the Anne Beebe quiver deliciously. I saw the sagging sails ripple as if shaken by a sigh. It came from nowhere—wind!

There was a terrifying explosion. While I clung there my cap was torn off my head, and the sea became a churn of yellow foam. The sun was gone. The Anne Beebe trembled, reeled, staggered like a prisoned thing freed at last, like a moth rid of its cocoon, like a soul possessed suddenly of wings. Wind!

There was no break in it for days on end, and the sea was as white as boiling milk. We slaved like demons, all of us, and laughed when it was worst. I let the captain out, and he staggered on deck to blink at the miracle. Wind!

We were drenched to the skin and buffeted and smashed. The Anne Beebe waded forward, leaking, half-drowned, battered to a pulp; and we laughed. We laughed and brought her in!

The cook? I don't really know what became of him. McIntosh was reported lost at sea—by mutual consent, you understand. The last I saw of the cook was at Falmouth. He was going ashore, carrying his possessions in a gunny-sack. I had a glimpse of his face—pale, indeterminate, baffled—and then he was gone, swallowed up by the unknowing land, lost in the water-front crowds, who did not know, would never know, that he had been destiny itself—impartial, stern, and righteous—for one moment of his long lifetime of pots and kettles.

I never saw him again.

DREAM VOYAGES

My heart would have me roving go
Beyond the sun-kissed seas
To where the winds sing soft and low
From fragrant Celebes.

My heart would have me swiftly sail
Across the shining bay,
Then out upon the trackless trail
To mystical Cathay.

My heart would have me roving go;
And yet it ever seems
That I shall never, never know
These joys—save in my dreams!

Edgar Daniel Kramer

The Pitch Lake of Trinidad

A GREAT NATURAL WONDER WHICH IS ALSO A VALUABLE COMMERCIAL ASSET TO
THE SOUTHERNMOST ISLAND OF THE WEST INDIES

By Frank Dorrance Hopley

ON a day in midsummer of the year 1498, Christopher Columbus, then on his third voyage of discovery, sighted the island of Trinidad, in the West Indies. Surrounded by the tropical verdure of the island and under a brilliantly shining sun, he raised the red and yellow banner of Spain and took formal possession of the newly discovered continent, as he then believed it to be, in the name of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. It was not until some ninety years later, however, that Spain sent colonists to the island.

Trinidad lies off the north coast of South America, divided from the mainland by a channel into which flow the western mouths of the Orinoco River. Beyond it, to the north, stretches the long line of the Lesser Antilles, dividing the Atlantic Ocean from the blue expanse of the Caribbean.

It was through these waters that Sir Walter Raleigh and other fearless adventurers swept in the days when British seamen harried the Spaniards, and regarded any treasure-laden galleon as their lawful prey. Here, too, cruised Nelson with his fighting fleet, hunting for the war-ships of France, in that memorable voyage which extended over half a world and ended at Trafalgar.

For almost three hundred years Trinidad remained a Spanish possession. In the year 1797, however, it was captured by a British fleet, and since that time has been one of the most important West Indian colonies of Great Britain. It has an area of seventeen hundred and fifty square miles—less than that of any State of the Union, except Rhode Island. Its principal town is Port of Spain, a city of about thirty-five thousand people, which is the seat of the government.

Trinidad is chiefly famous for its possession of a great natural wonder—the so-

called pitch or asphalt lake of La Brea. This extraordinary physical phenomenon, which lies in the southwestern part of the island, about thirty miles from Port of Spain, is in reality not a lake at all, but the crater of an extinct mud volcano. To the visitor, at first glance, there is nothing at all impressive in its appearance. It looks like a large, round pond, about a hundred acres in extent, which has substantially dried up, with little rivulets of water irregularly intersecting its bed, and here and there patches of vegetation, while in the center rise bubbles of gas.

The surface of the lake is not a uniform expanse of asphalt—or pitch, as it is called locally—but is creased in great folds, between which rain-water gathers. It has been compared to the skin of an elephant, with the irregular creases representing the folds in his hide. Along the edges it is covered with grass, but in the central part there is no vegetation. Shrubs and small trees occur in a few cases, and are known as islands. These patches of vegetation move from place to place with the displacement of the pitch, which is in constant motion.

The asphalt is of a blackish brown color, somewhat resembling coal. It may be taken out in pieces of from forty to fifty pounds, with a pick. If left exposed to the sun for any length of time, these pieces will very slowly bend and adapt themselves to their support, like dough.

If one walks upon the surface of the lake, the feeling is as of walking on velvet. If one stands still for a few minutes, one's shoes begin to indent the asphalt. Donkeys at not more than two hundred feet from the edge of the lake, resting, in standing upon it for ten or fifteen minutes, during the heat of the day, will sink nearly over their hoofs. One may sometimes see



ON THIS AND THE OPPOSITE PAGES IS A VIEW OF THE PITCH LAKE OF LA BREA, TRINIDAD, ONE OF THE GREAT NATURAL WONDERS OF THE WORLD—THE POOLS OF WATER THAT COVER MUCH OF ITS SURFACE ARE FORMED BY RAIN GATHERING IN THE DEPRESSIONS OF THE PITCH—

a negro placed at each leg of a donkey to keep the animal from struggling and hurting itself while its hoofs are being picked out of the asphalt.

The soft pitch may be taken up and handled with impunity. It is as pliable as putty, and may be manipulated without any of it sticking to the hands. The old proverb that "one cannot touch pitch without being defiled" does not hold good in this instance.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PITCH LAKE

The origin of the lake has long been a subject of controversy. The Carib Indians, whom Columbus found upon the island, have woven a fantastic legend to account for its existence. They believe that

the humming-birds, with which Trinidad abounds, are the spirits of the departed, who have returned in the gay plumage of another world to watch over those who still remain upon the earth. They hold the tiny birds in great reverence, and say that an injury to them is sure to be followed by great misfortune, not only to the person who did the act, but to his family and kindred.

A fierce tribe of Indians, called the Chaymas, however, did not hold to this belief. On one occasion, in a time of great excitement, they killed many of the birds and took their iridescent feathers to decorate their own heads and bodies. So enraged, however, was the Great Spirit at this desecration that he caused that part of the



—ON THE RIGHT IS SEEN A NARROW-GAGE RAILWAY, ON WHICH THE LUMPS OF ASPHALT BROKEN OUT IN THE CENTER OF THE LAKE ARE BROUGHT TO SOLID GROUND—OWING TO THE SLIGHT BUT CONTINUAL MOTION OF THE PITCH, THE TRACKS HAVE TO BE FREQUENTLY RELAID

island inhabited by the Chaymas to boil like molten pitch. Into this caldron the village of the Chaymas was precipitated, and every man, woman, and child of the tribe perished. The mass of pitch remains unto this day as a warning to those who would harm the humming-birds.

Prosaic science, however, attributes the origin of the pitch to petroleum springs far beneath the surface. Centuries ago the oil, welling its way upward, came into contact with a huge mass of volcanic matter, the chief component of which is clay in a colloidal condition. This means that the clay is so fine that it remains indefinitely suspended in the bitumen.

The depth of the lake has never been definitely ascertained. Borings made by a

drill have gone down one hundred and seventy-five feet, but at that depth the drill was bent and rendered useless by the movement of the pitch.

If a piece of wood is driven upright into the asphalt near the center of the lake, it gradually begins to lean over to one side. As it is slowly moved by the motion of the asphalt toward the edge of the lake, its deflection from the perpendicular increases, until at last it topples over and is swallowed up in the mass of asphalt.

One unique characteristic of the Trinidad asphalt is that when a hole is dug in the lake, and the asphalt is removed for shipment, within twenty-four hours, or less, the cavity fills up again. A space of perhaps sixty by forty feet, and to a depth of



THE ROAD FROM THE LAKE OF LA BREA TO THE SHORE—ON THE LEFT IS THE CABLEWAY THAT CARRIES THE ASPHALT FROM THE LAKE TO THE PIER FOR SHIPMENT

three or four feet, will be dug out during the day. The last thing you see, when you leave at night, is that large hole in the blackish-brown asphalt. When you return in the morning, there is no hole there. The space that was excavated may appear a little rough, but it is filled up and approximately level with the rest of the lake. In a few days all trace of that particular hole will have vanished.

This phenomenon might appear, at first, to be caused by freshly formed asphalt coming into the hole from some underground source. This, however, is not the case. The excavation is filled by the very slow settling, or leveling, of the entire surface of the asphalt. The transition from liquid petroleum to solid asphalt, as brought about by the hand of nature, is not a matter of a few hours, but involves a period of time to be calculated by centuries. There is no such thing as "new" asphalt. The amount of asphalt removed during the past fifty years has caused the general level of the lake to sink several feet.

There are also deposits of bitumen between the lake and the sea, probably formed in some earlier age by an overflow

from the crater of the ancient mud volcano. The material taken from them is known as land pitch, or land asphalt. It has been subject to weathering by long exposure to the air and contact with the soil, as a result of which it is much inferior to that found in the lake itself. The greater the distance from the lake at which the land asphalt is found, the more it shows signs of age, and the less valuable it is.

HOW THE ASPHALT IS DUG AND SHIPPED

The asphalt is dug out of the lake for shipment by men with mattocks. Under repeated blows the pitch breaks easily, and it is taken out in great lumps, a couple of feet across. The laborer of temperate climes would balk at carrying them, as being entirely too heavy. The Trinidad negro, however, handles them with ease. He takes a block of the asphalt—or two blocks, perhaps—puts his load upon his head, walks a few yards, and drops it into a skip. The skip is on a small platform car, which runs on a narrow-gage railroad.

The railroad is laid over the surface of the asphalt lake, on bamboo or palm-tree ties. Because of the constant motion of the asphalt, the tracks have to be frequently in-

spected and alined. It is surprising, however, how well the asphalt, even with its slow, creeping motion, supports the road. The loaded cars, weighing a thousand pounds apiece, or more, pass in a continuous stream over the rails, and there is seldom an accident or mishap.

The railroad extends from the place of excavation to the edge of the lake. Here the blocks of asphalt are dumped into skips, which travel on a cableway running down to the seashore and out upon a long pier. They are then emptied into chutes and dropped into the hold of a vessel alongside the pier.

The ships that carry the asphalt from Trinidad to Europe or the United States can be loaded with great rapidity. More than a thousand tons can be put on board in a day. During most of the year a number of steamers are constantly alongside or off the pier, waiting to be loaded.

Because of the composition of the asphalt—bitumen, mineral matter, and water—the crude asphalt, after it is loaded in

the vessel's hold, runs together into a compact mass within a very short time. Long before the ship finishes its voyage, its asphalt cargo is again a solid material, as in the lake.

When the steamer is ready to be unloaded, therefore, the whole process must be gone over once more. Laborers with picks attack the mass of asphalt, which is taken out in large chunks and thrown into skips. These skips are raised and carried by a railway to storage bins, which will hold several thousand tons each, and in which the asphalt is kept until it is refined.

The refining, which must be done before the material can be used industrially, takes place in large rectangular tanks, holding more than a hundred tons each. These are fitted with pipes carrying superheated steam, which evaporates the water and melts the pitch. The whole mass is agitated while it is heating by live steam being introduced into the tank.

When the water has been driven off, and the process of refining completed, the melt-



TRINIDAD NEGROES ARE EXPERT IN BREAKING OUT BLOCKS OF ASPHALT WITH MATTOCKS—THEY CARRY THEM ON THEIR HEADS TO THE NARROW-GAGE RAILWAY LAID ON THE SURFACE OF THE PITCH LAKE

ed material is drawn off from the bottom of the tank into barrels, when it is ready for shipment.

Many thousand tons of asphalt from the pitch lake of Trinidad are shipped to the United States and Europe. It is used for the paving of streets, in the manufacture of roofing and paints, as a waterproofing material, a base for chewing-gum, and in many other industrial products.

ASPHALT IN ANCIENT HISTORY

The use of asphalt for industrial purposes, however, is not of recent origin. A great many years ago a famous navigator named Noah built himself a house-boat, and in order that it might be water-proof and protect him and his family from a predicted flood, he "pitched it within and without with pitch."

Mr. S. F. Peckham, writing upon the subject, says:

Bitumen, or asphalt, has been known and applied to the uses of mankind since the dawn of history. Herodotus writes of the springs in the island of Zante.

"I myself," he says, "have seen pitch drawn up out of a lake and from water in Zacynthus (Zante); and there are several lakes there; the largest of them seventy feet every way, and two fathoms in depth; into this they let down a pole with a myrtle branch fastened to the end, and then draw up pitch adhering to the myrtle. It has the smell of asphalt, but is in other respects better than the pitch of Pieria."

The springs called Oyun Hit, or the Fountains of Hit, are celebrated by the Arabs and Persians, the latter calling them Cheshmeh Kir, or the Fountain of Pitch. Nearly all travelers who went to Persia and the Indies by way of the Euphrates before the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, speak of this fountain of bitumen.

Herodotus mentions that "eight days' journey from Babylon stands another city called Is, on a small river of the same name, which discharges its stream into the Euphrates. This river brings down with its water many lumps of bitumen, from whence the bitumen used in the walls of Babylon was brought."

Strabo mentions the occurrence of bitumen in the valley of Judea, and describes the commerce carried on with this article by the Nabathenes with the Egyptians, for the purpose of embalming.

Diodorus, of Sicily, describes the lake Asphaltites, and the manner in which the savage inhabitants of the country constructed rafts. "These barbarians," he continues, "who have no other kind of commerce, carry their asphalt to Egypt and sell it to those who make a profession of embalming bodies."

The semifluid bitumen was used in the construction of Nineveh and Babylon, to cement bricks and slabs of alabaster, and the grand mosaic pavements and beautifully inscribed slabs used in the palaces and temples of these ancient cities were fastened in their places with this material. It was also used to render cisterns and silos for the preservation of grain water-tight, and some of these structures of unknown antiquity are still found intact in the ancient cities of Egypt and Mesopotamia.

The pitch lake of La Brea, however, is by far the largest deposit of native bitumen known to exist anywhere in the world. Although millions of tons of asphalt have been taken from it, there still remains what would seem to be a practically inexhaustible supply.

In recent years borings for oil have been made in Trinidad. The oil that has been found is thick and heavy, of a strong asphaltic nature, but is free from mineral matter or water; and for this reason the "liquid asphalt," as the oil is called, is said to be particularly adapted for road-surfacing work.

SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE

To Stratford church from year to year
Scholars and bards like pilgrims fare,
With voices hushed and reverent eyes,
Where Shakespeare's dust in silence lies.

"Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed here"—
This is the poet's plea for rest,
Housed in the earth's maternal breast.

The changeful centuries may not keep
Full vigil o'er the Master's sleep,
Yet cannot mar his work sublime—
For Shakespeare triumphs over time.

Hamilton Williams

In the Shadow of the Pines

BY ARNOLD ANDREWS

Illustrated by H. T. Fisk

STRANGE pictures we see, *monsieur*, as we sit here, you and I, with the good wine and glasses between us, gazing through the smoke-wreaths into the dying coals. To you, perhaps, come visions of fair ladies, a crowded ballroom, a moonlit arbor, or the bivouac overseas some evening before the battle.

To me, my friend, comes another picture—always just one picture, always the same.

It is night in the great north woods—a bright, moonlight night with the snow glistening like silver. There's an opening among the pines at the end of the rapids, and just below is a deep pool covered with ice and snow. But the rapids, *monsieur*, are open, and the water sweeps swiftly, silently, past over its smooth bed of rock, so cruel, so cold! Ah, it makes me shiver even here and now, though for twenty long years I have had that icy stream running through my heart!

Just at the foot of the rapids the rock creeps out through the water, making a series of stepping-stones over the open stream, and across the two center stones falls the shadow of the pines.

Perhaps I bore you—we French, we talk too much. No? Well, *monsieur*, since I have said so much, you may as well know all the story, though I doubt if you will sleep the better for it.

My brother Jean and I were river-men. Yes, and twenty years ago, any lumber-jack or river-rat you might meet in Montreal could tell you tales by the hour of Jean Laree, the river-boss. In the winter we worked in the camps, but in the spring! Ah, all the year we waited for the spring—all the year we talked and thought and dreamed of the last drive and the drive to come.

The winter of which I speak we spent at

Blake's camp number four, and here the cook—Antoine was his name, or rather the name he went by—had brought his wife with him to keep him company. How he gained permission to do so I do not know, for in those days a woman in a lumber camp was a rare thing indeed; but I presume she wanted to come, and what she wanted she had a way of getting by one means or another.

She called herself Yvonne, and, my friend, you should have seen her. Ah, you look at me and smile, but you do not know! How could you? Tall and straight she was, like a pine; strong and graceful, and with a lithe swing to her movements like that of a timber-wolf. Her hair black, like smooth, fast-flowing water at night, with the sheen that comes from the dim light of the stars. Her skin soft and smooth, with a faint creamy tinge like the foam that borders a pool below the rapids; teeth as white and glistening as new snow on a bright winter morning, and her eyes—not even in France will you find such eyes, so large, so black, so deep.

For a month nothing happened. Then, one morning, Yvonne came to the bunkhouse before breakfast to ask us if we had seen Antoine.

No one had seen him. Antoine had left his cabin about nine o'clock. His tracks in the new snow showed that he had gone down to the river where the trail crossed on the stepping-stones below the rapids, but across the river there was never a trace, nor any back trail on the camp side; only his footprints leading to the river, and Yvonne's trail where she had followed to look for him. If further proof was needed, the two center stones were crusted with ice where they had been splashed with water.

The tale could not have been plainer had it been printed in a book. For some reason, Antoine had started to cross the



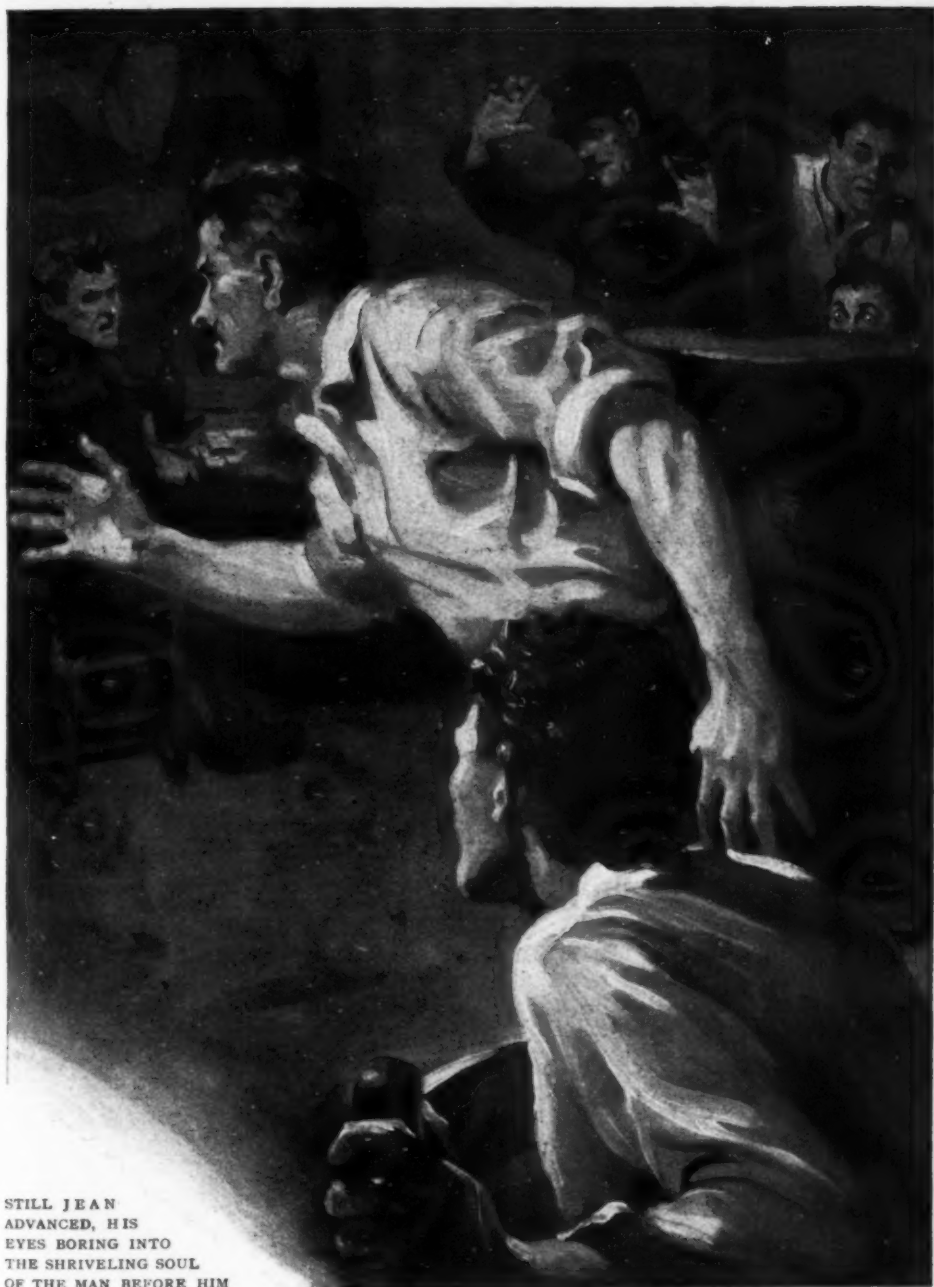
river on the stones. In the darkness he had missed his footing and fallen, splashing the water over the stones in his efforts to save himself. Had it been summer, he might have had a chance; but in winter, once off the stones, one was doomed. The rapids, terrible, swift, and cold, would never let a man get to his feet on the short space of hard, smooth rock beneath, and in only a second he would be dragged by the

THERE WAS STILL ANOTHER
BULLET IN DE PONCHA'S
REVOLVER

current into the pool below, where the ice would hold him prisoner until the spring freshets swept it away.

II

YVONNE didn't seem to mourn much, and neither did the rest of the camp. An-



STILL JEAN
ADVANCED, HIS
EYES BORING INTO
THE SHRIVELING SOUL
OF THE MAN BEFORE HIM

toine hadn't been very popular, and, besides, the new cook was quite an improvement, not only as a culinary artist but also as a companion.

Yvonne stayed on in the cabin that she and Antoine had occupied. As she seemed to have money, and as the whole camp was

more or less in love with her, no one raised any question as to what business she had there.

Two weeks after Antoine's death, tragedy again visited the camp, and this time there were witnesses enough to the grim drama.

On Sunday evening, in accordance with the usual custom, almost the entire crew were gathered in the bunk-house, some playing cards, some telling stories, some reading or writing letters to go into town with the supply-wagon in the morning. A new man had come in Saturday night, and he had smuggled in several quarts of whisky—cheap, raw stuff, but with a kick in it like that of a mule. As a consequence, several of the men were pretty noisy, and the air was charged with impending trouble.

I had been dozing in my bunk, and was startled from my half dreams by a voice which I recognized as that of De Poncha, a Portuguese, one of the men who had been drinking rather more than was good for him.

"Yvonne!" He laughed. "Yvonne! I knew her in Montreal. She's no angel, I can tell you. Bah, she's nothing but—"

He ended his sentence with a curse and a name that should never be coupled with that of any woman God ever made.

I had leaped from my bunk and was half-way across the room before I saw that Jean was facing the foul-mouthed brute; and then I stopped, knowing that it was his right to settle the affair, the affront having been made to him.

He stood, leaning a little forward, his weight on the balls of his feet, his hands open at his hips, and his eyes fixed on the face of the Portuguese. De Poncha's skin blanched beneath his black, stubby beard, his eyes widened, and the drunken leer vanished from his face as if it had been a mask. And well it might, for not a man in the room, though all of them were reckless gamblers enough, would have staked a half-day's pay on De Poncha's chance of coming through that night alive.

Jean's eyes never left the face of the man before him, and De Poncha, looking into them, didn't need to glance behind him to know that the angel of death stood at his shoulder. No, for he could hear the rustle of the wings and see the glitter of the scythe reflected in those black pupils staring into his.

De Poncha shuddered, and, fumbling inside his shirt, finally drew forth a gun. Slowly, and with the revolver waveringly pointed at Jean, he backed across the room until the wall barred his further progress.

Jean stood motionless, his eyes never leaving De Poncha's face. The other men

in the room might have been turned to stone. They stared at the two men as if hypnotized. Every tick of the clock sounded like the blow of a sledge on an anvil, every snap of the fire in the stove like the crack of a rifle. In moments like those, *monsieur*, one's very blood stands still, waiting for—one knows not what. Wanting to close one's eyes or turn away, one dare not even wink for fear of missing something it were better not to see.

At last the spell was broken. Jean opened his lips and laughed—at least I know not by what other name to call it, but it must be so the devil laughs when they toss another soul into the fiery pit. Still his eyes never left those of the Portuguese, and he started advancing slowly toward the shaking coward. Holy Mother, how the man did tremble! He fired, and the bullet buried itself in the rafter above the door; again, and cut a groove in Jean's high boot, scattering splinters from the floor. The third shot went two feet wide and broke the arm of a sawyer crouching behind the stove. The fourth and fifth came almost together, one tearing the collar of Jean's flannel shirt and the other spilling the ashes from the hearth.

Still Jean advanced, with his eyes boring their message of hate into the shriveling soul of the man before him. He was only a few feet away now, his hands raised a little and his fingers curved hungrily, ready to seize and bend and break his prey.

De Poncha's face was blanched, the color had left his lips, and I could hear the rattle of his teeth from where I stood across the room. Well might his blood turn white, for my brother was a mighty man and one whose anger none cared to face—six foot three in his stocking feet, broad-shouldered, deep of chest, with long and powerfully sinewed arms, from which hung strong, supple hands that could bend and snap an iron rod as big as my finger.

Yet even then I was afraid I might have to finish the fight, for there was still another bullet in De Poncha's revolver, and at that close range it seemed as if no man could miss. De Poncha held the gun with both hands, and I waited breathlessly as I saw him making every effort to hold steady. I expected to see Jean kick the weapon away, as I had seen him do more than once before in fights where he had beaten and broken with his hands and feet men who fought with guns and knives.

But on that night my brother seemed mad. Once again from his lips came that awful laughter that made my hair prickle at the roots and the skin creep along my spine.

The muzzle wavered, and then, before the laughter ceased, there came a shot, and De Poncha slumped to the floor—a suicide, with a bullet through his brain. He had turned the gun on himself rather than die the death he saw grinning at him from those terrible eyes; and he chose wisely.

Monsieur, you look at me with eyes that do not believe. I do not wonder, though the word of a Laree should be enough. You have but to ask any of the old-time lumbermen for the story of that fight, my friend. It was told in camps from Nova Scotia to Maine, and you might hear it around the sheet-iron stoves in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan. Ah, *monsieur*, that was a famous tale in those old days!

III

My brother and myself were rivals for Yvonne's love, but there was never the shadow of a quarrel between us. Jean being the elder and always having been the leader, I endeavored to give him every chance to succeed in winning her; but it has since come to me that he stepped aside for me at every opportunity, no doubt considering his younger brother entitled to the advantage.

Yvonne treated us both alike, fanning our love with all the art that the daughters of Eve have learned through countless ages. Each in turn she would make heart-broken and hopeless, only to draw him back like a lodestone with sweet smiles and every sign of passionate love. Then, when it seemed as if the race was won, and one had only to reach out and take the prize, the seemingly successful suitor would pass from favor and see the other enthroned in the sunshine of her smiles.

Ah, *monsieur*, those weeks of courtship! One day one's heart sang like the birds in spring, the very snow beneath one's feet seemed like summer clouds of softest fleece; all the world looked fair and happy, and one's only regret was to see the hopeless look in the face of the brother one loved so well.

The next day—the brightest sun could not warm the chill in one's breast. The world seemed hard and cold, dreary and desolate.

So a month passed. One evening, as I sat before the fire in the little cabin that my brother and I shared together, he came in, walking as if the world was his. When he saw me, his face fell.

"What luck?" I asked, but I knew the game was his before the words were spoken, and my smile was but a mask to hide the bitter pain in my heart.

Jean hesitated before he answered. Then, coming across, he laid his hand on my shoulder.

"I am truly sorry, brother, but Yvonne and I are to be married as soon as we can get a priest to come."

For a moment, seven devils tore at my very soul. All things looked red, and the crime of Cain was in my heart. Then I heard Jean's dearly loved voice going on.

"She told me to tell you she would always love you like a brother."

The tears came to my eyes—to me, a Laree and a son of France and of the great north woods. Rather than spoil my brother's happiness by my woman's weakness, I rushed from the cabin and roamed the woods through the night, till I had mastered myself and driven the demons of envy and jealousy from me.

Although I was always welcomed warmly by both of them, during the weeks that followed I stayed away from camp as much as possible on one excuse or another, looking at timber, going over the ground of next year's operations, locating camp-sites, and attending to other matters.

On my return from a two weeks' cruise, I was struck by the strange atmosphere of the camp. I knew something had happened. If you have ever lived for long in a logging camp, you will understand, *monsieur*. I hurried down the roadway to find some one who could tell me the news, wondering in the mean time what had happened. Perhaps some poor sawyer crushed by the back snap of a butt, a loader smashed by a falling log—a dozen thoughts ran through my mind, urging my feet to hasten.

It seemed strange, however, that I met no one. As I came over a little raise at the edge of the camp clearing, I had seen several men seated in front of the bunk-house. The camp clerk was leaning against the office door, smoking his pipe, and two teamsters were just coming toward the cook-shanty from the stables. One would have thought, however, on seeing their ac-

tions when they observed me that I was bringing in the smallpox.

Bob, the clerk, awkwardly knocked out his pipe and hurriedly entered the office. The lumberjacks in front of the bunk-house stopped talking, and one after the other passed inside. The two teamsters suddenly seemed to have remembered some pressing duty in the barn, and turned back hastily. Even the camp flunky, who was carrying wood, turned back to the kitchen with half an armful when he saw me coming.

As I was about to enter the bunk-house, Big Jim, the camp foreman, met me at the door.

"A moment, Laree," he said. "I want to see you in the office."

I was vastly surprised, but, after I had collected enough of my senses to close my mouth, I followed him to the combined office and van, thinking there was some trouble among the men on which he wanted my advice. Entering, he carefully placed a chair for me before seating himself. I started to ask what all this foolishness was about, when I noticed his nervousness, and the thought came to me that perhaps he was in some serious trouble in which I could assist him.

"I have hard news, old friend," he said, and there was a catch in his voice.

"Not the madam?" I asked, fearing the news might be of his wife.

"No, no. 'Tis of Jean, your brother. We are afraid something has happened to him. We—we think he has slipped from the stepping-stones into the rapids."

I laughed, it was such a relief. Here I had been imagining all sorts of evils, and they had all been frightened by a wild fairy story of that kind. Did they not know Jean? Had they not seen him a hundred times riding logs on that same river over the swiftest rapids? Why, not a man north of the Great Lakes was his match in any of the river-men's feats.

But, *monsieur*, my foolish self-confidence was soon shaken by the facts themselves. Jean had left in the early evening of the previous day to get some fresh venison for the camp. When he did not return, Yvonne became worried and called some of the men to search for him. With lanterns they followed his trail to where he had killed his deer, evidently a fawn. After cleaning it, he had thrown it across his shoulders, and his deeply imprinted tracks

had led back to the stepping-stones over the river. They found the center stones smeared with ice and frozen blood, to which clung some loose hair from the deer; but there was absolutely no further trace of Jean.

I don't just understand what followed. I guess my grief made me mad for a time, but I insisted that we must cut the ice from the stream and recover his body.

That night we all worked with our axes and shovels cutting away the ice and snow—the others, not in hope of finding anything, but because of their willingness to do anything I thought should be done. All the next day I worked; the foreman detailing two men to help me, although I think he really wanted them there to watch lest I should do harm to myself. Just at sunset that evening we found poor Jean, wedged with the body of the young fawn in the shallow water over a sand-bar.

IV

JEAN left a good store of money. Both he and I were well paid, and, having little opportunity to spend our earnings, we had accumulated a comfortable stake, most of which we had invested in timber-lands. In those days banks were but little known and less trusted by woodsmen, and we carried what money we did not have invested in leather belts next to our bodies. Jean's body had no belt when we found it, for he had given his to Yvonne, shortly after they were married, to keep for him; so his widow was well provided for.

A month passed. Naturally, Yvonne and I were thrown more or less together by our mutual sorrow for Jean and our old friendship. I cannot say that she showed any signs of real suffering over her loss, although she wept at times. In these later years, looking back, I sometimes think that she really sorrowed; sometimes, that her grief was only acting for my benefit.

Our daily contact brought back to life my old passion, intensified a thousandfold by the nearness of my brother's widow, and by her seemingly careless and sisterly affection for me. Often, as I sat grieving before the fire, she would come and, putting her arms around me, make me forget my dear brother and forget that she had been my brother's wife.

Soon a day came when, swept away by her caresses, I caught her tight in my arms and kissed her as no brother should. Her

arms stole around my neck, and she drew down my head for more, answering kiss with kiss, caress with caress.

The blood roared through my veins like a freshet in the spring. I was mad—drunk with the love of her. I felt nothing but her breath on my cheek and the throb of her heart against my chest. I saw nothing but those dark, passionate eyes looking and laughing into mine. The sweet odor of her hair, the pressure of her arms about me, the words of love she whispered in my ear, robbed me of my sense of right and wrong, of my memory of all things past, of my fear of hell and my hope of heaven.

I kissed her again and again—her hair, her eyes, her cheeks, her lips. My arms crushed her to me till she begged for room to breathe. I was mad—mad with the wine of love, stronger than any liquor.

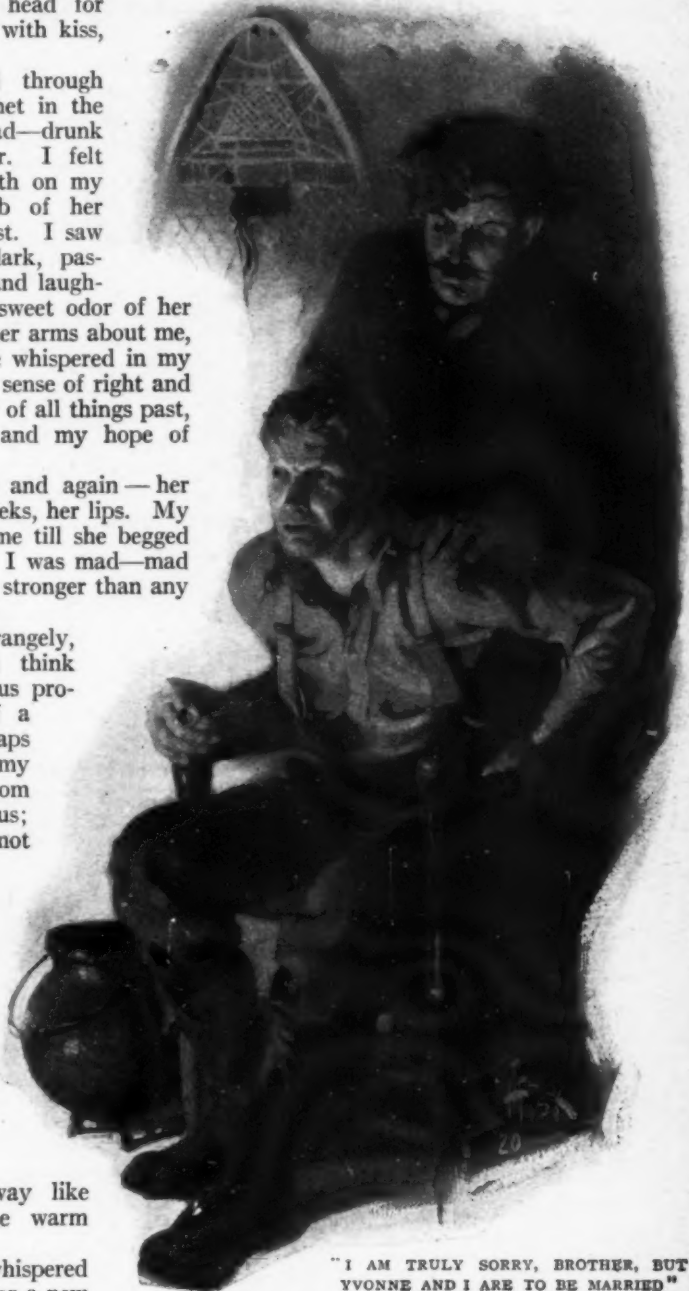
You look at me strangely, friend; perhaps you think the less of me for thus profaning the secrets of a woman's heart. Perhaps you wonder that my brother did not rise from his new grave to part us; but no—judge me not yet. Listen!

A week passed. Yvonne and I met frequently, and my blind passion only became stronger. When we parted, I cursed myself for a traitor and a fool. I swore I would tear myself away; yet the moment I saw her, all my resolutions melted away like river ice beneath the warm spring rains.

"Darling," she whispered one evening, "I wish for a new dress and some ribbons for my hair. This one is getting old."

I laughed.

"I'll get a dozen for you on my next trip to town."



"I AM TRULY SORRY, BROTHER, BUT YVONNE AND I ARE TO BE MARRIED"

"But, love, I want it now; they laugh at this."

So, her lightest wish being a command to me, I replied:

"Before the sun comes in the morning,

dear, I will be on my way to town to shop for Yvonne."

Her happy smile and something she murmured in my ear more than rewarded me for my promised trip of forty miles over the snow.

"Better leave your belt with me," she said before I left her. "I will feel surer you will come home

Before daylight next morning I was on my way across the river and over the trail toward town. It was late at night before I again came within sight of the camp. I



SHE STOOD FROZEN
FOR A MOMENT, HER
EYES STARING, HER
BREATH STOPPED

safely. If you carry so much money on that lonely trail, I fear that some one may kill you for it."

I laughed at her, and it was only when she taunted me with not trusting her that I gave her the heavy belt, taking out just enough of my savings for my shopping trip.

had made the trip at my best speed, and Yvonne would not be expecting me for an hour yet at the earliest; so I slowed my dog-trot to a walk as I approached the

river. The path was heavily shaded by the thick pines, although a brilliant moon was shining in the clear sky, and my moccasins were noiseless on the hard-packed snow of the trail.

V

As I came opposite the stepping-stones, I saw something move across the stream. I stopped in the shadow, as a hunter will, to look and listen. A figure moved along the trail on the other side, and, as it came into the moonlight, I recognized Yvonne. Thinking that she was coming to meet and surprise me, I stilled my inclination to call to her, intending to step out and surprise her when she reached the trail on my side of the river.

Nearly across, however, she stopped beneath the shadow of a great pine, and I watched, puzzled, to see what she was doing. In her hand she carried an evergreen branch, and, after dipping it into the open water, she shook it over the rock in front of her, sprinkling the stone with water. Again and again she repeated the same motions, like a child at play.

I was about to step out and warn her not to step on the rock she had just sprinkled with water, which must now be coated with ice, when she stepped back on the next rock nearer the camp and again repeated her little play. I watched, fascinated, but hardly thinking, as again she retreated, and the branch, dripping with sparkling water, sprinkled it over the stone she had just left.

Then I staggered and almost fell. At last I understood!

When I came hurrying home—she had expected me to arrive about an hour later—the treacherous rocks would be a skid whence I would slip helpless into the swift, still water below, and that would be the end of me, as it had been of Jean and Antoine. At last I understood why Jean, my brother, a man sure of foot as a mountain goat, had slipped from those same rocks to his death!

Monsieur, let me tell you that my heart died there. I leaned against the tree, watching—that terrible picture burning into my memory so that nothing on this earth can erase it.

As she worked to perfect her death trap she hummed a little love-song Jean had taught her, keeping time to the lilt of the humming with the branch she held. One,

two, three, four—one, two, three, four—that damnable sweet, haunting, little melody has been ringing in my ears through all the years since.

I have said that my heart died there. Aye, *monsieur*, my very soul died. I was as a thing dead. I saw, I heard, I moved, but I did not feel.

As one in a dream, I turned, and, slipping swiftly through the trees, made my way up the river a half-mile to where one could cross on the ice unseen from camp. Swiftly I ran to my cabin, and, throwing open the chest where I had packed Jean's things, I took out his fox-skin cap and the big gray mackinaw he always wore. Tearing my moccasins from my feet, I hurriedly slipped on my river-boots, and, putting Jean's rifle into the hollow of my arm, I stepped out and walked down the river trail.

Yvonne was standing looking out over the rapids. Her evergreen was gone, having evidently been dropped into the stream to be sucked beneath the ice and out of sight.

I was about fifty feet away, and as I walked toward her I began whistling softly that little song which my brother Jean had loved so well. Startled, she turned like a deer hearing the crack of a stick or the click of a rifle.

She saw Jean walking slowly toward her, his cap tilted to the side of his head, as he always wore it, his mackinaw and shirt open at the throat, his river-boots making no sound in the soft snow, his rifle carelessly slung under his arm, his face smiling at her through the checkers of moonlight and shadow, and his lips softly whispering that little love-song of theirs.

She stood frozen for a moment, her eyes staring, her breath stopped.

"Jean!" she screamed.

Then, as I came closer, she turned and ran out across the stones of death. Two she passed—on the third she slipped—on the fourth she fell.

I heard a little splash, a stifled cry, and all was still.

And so I look into the coals and see the bright moonlight gleaming over the silver snow where, through an opening in the pines, the rapids show as a black spot above the stepping-stones, and across the two center stones falls the shadow of the pines.

Learning a Language

PRACTICAL ADVICE FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO READ OR SPEAK A FOREIGN TONGUE—THE IMPORTANCE OF LINGUISTIC ABILITY BOTH IN WAR AND IN PEACE-TIME COMMERCE

By Brander Matthews

ONE of the most obvious results of our entry into the war was to attract our attention to the fact that many American citizens who were called to the colors did not speak English, and did not even understand it sufficiently to learn the manual of arms. And an equally obvious result of the transportation of our army to France was the discovery that very few of our soldiers had even an elementary knowledge of the French language. Now that peace has come, bringing with it alluring possibilities of widely increased foreign trade, especially with Latin America, we are told that we are handicapped by our lack of competent men able to speak, read, and write Spanish or Portuguese, without which it is impossible to establish satisfactory business relations with the friendly foreigners to the south of us.

At the Paris conference it was a disadvantage to President Wilson and to Mr. Lloyd George that neither of them was conversant with French, whereas M. Clémenceau undoubtedly profited by his knowledge of English, gained during his protracted sojourn in the United States many years ago.

French is still the official language of diplomacy; and it has long been the necessary second language of educated men, whatever their native tongue. In the last half-century, however, owing to the constant expansion of the British Empire and the steady growth of the United States, English has been acquired by an ever-increasing number of Italians and Spaniards, French and Germans; and it is rapidly taking a place alongside French. Indeed, we might almost assert that English is now an alternative of French as the indispensable second language. At the meetings of one of the subsidiary committees of the Paris

conference the proceedings were at first conducted in French, only to be continued in English when it was discovered that more than half of the members could speak our tongue, while less than half of them were able to use the language of the city in which they were sitting.

It is true that Americans are only a little more unlikely to have acquired any foreign speech than are the British or the French. Our most important customer is the British Empire, and its most important customer is the United States. The French have long cherished the belief that they are the intellectual leaders of the world; they have (until recently) shown comparatively little desire for foreign travel; and therefore they have not felt the need of mastering any language but their own.

WHY THE SWISS ARE LINGUISTS

It is in the smaller countries that the acquisition of foreign tongues is imperative. Switzerland, for example, has a mixed population, partly French, partly German, and partly Italian; and the Swiss schools are practically compelled to pay special attention to the teaching of languages. So it is that a Swiss, even when he is not a man of cosmopolitan culture, is likely to speak both French and German. He is also not unlikely to speak English, which is certain to be useful to him, now that Switzerland has become the playground of Europe, filled with Americans and British, especially in the summer, but increasingly in the winter also. In Holland, a small country which is a center of international trade and travel, the signs in the railroad-stations are in four languages—Dutch, German, French, and English; and almost every Hollander of any education is master of French and English.

To this study of foreign languages the Swiss and the Dutch are impelled by two circumstances — the medley of speech among their own citizens and the pressure of their immediate neighbors. Neither of these circumstances exerts any influence upon us here in the United States. Our neighbor to the north shares English with us; and our relations with our neighbor to the south have never been intimate enough to make us feel the necessity of preparing ourselves to talk to him in his own tongue. And although we also have unassimilated foreign elements in our population, we have always proceeded on the assumption that the assimilation was certain to take place sooner or later. We have not doubted that immediate and incessant contact with those of us who spoke only English would force the immigrant to familiarize himself with our speech, and even in time to renounce his native tongue and to employ English not only in his business affairs, but also in the privacy of his own family.

THE NEED OF AMERICANIZATION

The war has revealed to us that in this expectation we have been too optimistic, and that we have been too tolerant of the many users of foreign speech, continuing alien even after several generations of existence in America. Measures have already been taken to remedy the unsatisfactory conditions laid bare in "the drugged and doubting years"; and we have now no doubt that the first and most essential evidence of the Americanization of the citizens who have come to us from abroad is their ability to use our language.

Yet our success in inducing the immigrant to speak English, and even to think in English, while it was not so complete as we were accustomed to believe, was still very remarkable. Countless thousands of men and women from all parts of the world have allowed their native tongue to fall into innocuous desuetude, and have become accustomed to the use of our language. Their children have gone to the public schools; and year by year these young people have been exerting an irresistible pressure upon their parents. The elders might ardently desire not to abandon their foreign ways of thinking, and to preserve their birthright of usage and tradition; but the youngsters did not need to make any effort to renounce these usages and these traditions in so far as they were discordant with Amer-

ican ideals. They simply shed this ancestral heritage to rid themselves of everything that might tend to prevent their acceptance as Americans and as Americans only.

A story told me many years ago by my colleague at Columbia University, the late Hjalmar H. Boyesen, has always seemed to me significant. Once when he was on a lecturing trip through Minnesota, the Governor, who was also a Norwegian, gave a reception to which he invited the leading Scandinavians of the State, that the visitor from New York might meet his former fellow countrymen. Late in the evening Boyesen took the Governor aside.

"What is the matter with my Norwegian?" he asked. "Why is it that when I speak to these men in our native tongue, they answer me in English? I do not understand it at all!"

The Governor laughed, and said that he could explain the mystery easily.

"You are a gentleman and a scholar, a university graduate; but most of these men, even if they are prominent citizens here, were only peasants in Norway. If they speak Norwegian to you, their rustic locutions will expose their former social inferiority; whereas, when they speak English, they meet you on the lofty tableland of American citizenship."

ENGLISH THE LANGUAGE OF SPORT

One reason for a growing familiarity with our vocabulary to be noted in foreigners abroad is that English is the language of the outdoor sports which of late years have been assiduously cultivated all over the world. Cricket may still belong only to the British, and baseball may still be our own exclusive possession; but lawn-tennis and golf, racing and yachting, are now popular among many peoples. Thousands of sportsmen who know no other English talk freely about "dead heats" and "jockeys," about "handicaps" and "matches." I recall that on my last visit to the Engadine in Switzerland, some twenty summers ago, I found a very cosmopolitan crowd, composed of Russians and Austrians, Italians and French, with a slight sprinkling of Americans and English; and as I passed the tennis-courts I could hear "Ready?" and "Play!" not unduly disguised by alien accents.

That English is the language most necessary to a man engaged in international

trade is indisputable; and that the literature of our language is as alluring as the literature of the French tongue is equally undeniable. In fact, the unrivaled number of possible readers for a book written in English has tempted several alien authors to abandon their native tongues and to compose their works in our more widely distributed language. The late Marten Martens forswore the speech of his fellow Hollanders, to write in that of the peoples of Great Britain and the United States; and the living Joseph Conrad is an example of the power of a Pole to master the secret of nervous and sinewy English.

Nevertheless, other literatures have a potent appeal; and we need to do business with other peoples than our kin across the Atlantic and across the St. Lawrence. Therefore we may hope that the desire to acquire a foreign tongue, made manifest in many ways since the cessation of the war, will bear abundant fruit.

THE SIMPLICITY OF OUR SYNTAX

Strange as it may seem, one of the most marked advantages of English as a language is likely to be found a temporary obstacle to the learning of another tongue by those to whom English is native. More than forty years ago Richard Grant White made bold to describe ours as a "grammarless" tongue. Of course, this was an overstatement of the case; but it was not exactly a misstatement. Compared with German or with Greek, English is immeasurably simpler in its syntax, and it has less grammatical machinery than French or Italian.

In the first place, our genders are natural, whereas the genders in almost every other language are artificial and arbitrary. In German the moon is masculine, *der Mond*, and the sun is feminine, *die Sonne*. In French the moon is feminine, *la lune*, and the sun is masculine, *le soleil*. What is even more absurd in our eyes is that in German a maiden is neuter, *das Mädchen*. In English, nouns implying sex are either masculine or feminine, and all sexless objects are neuter. It is true that we may say, when we see a yacht ballooning out its canvas as it rounds the stake-boat:

"Isn't she a beauty?"

But this is only a casual lapse into poetry; and when we are talking prose, when we are buying or selling a yacht, we speak of the boat as "it."

In the second place, we have no enforced agreements. For example, the article "the" does not change with the gender or the number of the noun to which it is affixed. Nor does the adjective that precedes a noun vary in gender and number in conformity with the gender and number of the noun. We say "the white man" and "the white women," with article and adjective unchanged, whereas the French have to say *l'homme blanc* and *les femmes blanches*.

Not only are our articles and adjectives subject to no variation, but our nouns do not change their terminations to indicate their several cases, with the partial exception of the possessive. Where we say "of the muses," the Latins said *musarum*—"muse" itself being *musa*. We construct our cases by the use of a few prepositions; and as a result of this bold improvement in linguistic method our nouns are not required to wag their tails, so to speak.

And as it is with our nouns, so it is with our verbs—or at least with the immense majority of them, with those which we regard as "regular." We make the past tense by adding a *d* or an *ed*—"I love" and "I loved," but we make the future and the conditional by prefixing an auxiliary—"I shall love," or "I should love," whereas in French "I love" is *j'aime*, "I loved" is *j'aimai* or *j'aimais*, "I shall love" is *j'aimerai*, and "I should love" is *j'aimerais*. That is to say, the verb in other languages makes its changes of tense by modifications of the end of the word, while the verb in English makes most of its changes by prefixing auxiliaries, leaving the word itself unchanged.

This simplification of grammatical structure has endowed modern English with an energy and an immediate efficiency possessed by no other language, ancient or modern. Possibly this large gain has been accompanied by some slight loss; and there may be subtle and delicate shades of meaning not so easily conveyed in English as they were in Greek, with its complexity of declensions, agreements, and conjugations.

THE MOST ADVANCED OF LANGUAGES

The more primitive a language is, the more intricate is it in its grammar. Anglo-Saxon, the remote ancestor of our tongue, was encumbered with a heterogeny of syntactical devices, which were rudely brushed off by the collision with Norman French in

the centuries which followed the Conquest. It is because we have scrapped most of our conjugations, nearly all of our declensions and agreements, and all of our artificial genders, that the Danish philologist, Jespersen, felt at liberty to call English the most advanced of modern languages, the least cumbrous grammatically, the simplest and most logical in its directness.

As it is possible to teach formal grammar in English only by arbitrarily lending to our speech the grammatical framework of another tongue—Latin, for example—the teaching of formal grammar has gone out of fashion. The average American, therefore, who begins the study of any other language, ancient or modern, has first of all to familiarize himself with what seems to him an unnatural way of expression, the necessity of which he has never had occasion to suspect.

Here is where even a smattering of Latin, a term or two of school work in a dead language, proves itself of service to the student starting in on French or Spanish. An acquaintance with Latin, however slight, makes much easier the acquisition of the vocabulary of the modern languages directly descended from the speech of the Romans—French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese.

The instruction given in the elementary courses in foreign languages is generally founded on the theory that the student desires to master the tongue he is undertaking to learn, that he wishes to know it thoroughly, that he wants to be able to speak it, to read it, and to write it, and that he is looking forward to the secure enjoyment of its literature, present and past. Courses so planned are satisfactory for students who have these intentions, and who expect to be able to devote the time and the energy needful to possess the foreign language as completely as may be; but these courses are not so satisfactory to the many students who are more or less in a hurry, who need the foreign tongue for present use and for a special purpose.

A classical scholar, for example, may want to be able to read the German introductions and annotations of Greek and Latin texts, without any impulse to learn how to speak German. A traveler who cares little for foreign literature, and who never expects to read Molière and still less Rabelais, but who is going to Paris and wants to be able to order his dinner and to

direct his taxi-driver, is ready to content himself with a fair command of contemporary colloquial French, very different in its texture from the stately French of Corneille and Racine.

LEARNING FOR EVERY-DAY USE

What this traveler needs is the faculty of speaking French sufficiently to be able to get around in Paris. He does not need to know how to write it, and scarcely needs to know how to read it. Indeed, to such a prospective traveler there will be immediate profit in learning entirely by ear, by word of mouth, and without looking at the printed page, where his eye would find words so spelled as to make their pronunciation more difficult. After he has gained a certain facility in speaking, it will be just so much easier for him to take up a French newspaper and to puzzle out its contents.

There is a vital fact often overlooked by the formulators of comprehensive courses; and this is that we need only a very restricted vocabulary to carry on the ordinary business of life. A few hundred words are sufficient; and even in our own tongue few of us use more. It is this restricted vocabulary that the beginner ought to master as speedily as possible; and he ought to begin to use his few hundred words at once.

Fifty years ago, when the people of the United States had accustomed themselves to paper money—greenbacks and shin-plasters—and when "Old Bill" Allen of Ohio was asserting that the resumption of specie payments was a "barren idealism," another statesman declared that "the way to resume is to resume." The way to learn to speak French or Spanish or Italian is to speak it—to speak it in season and out, to accustom the tongue and the ear to it.

Of course, the beginner will make blunders, and many of them; and some of them will be ridiculous. None the less must he persevere, seeking out every opportunity to practise. He will find that foreigners in general are more polite than we are. They may have to conceal a smile at his misfit sentences; but they are not likely to laugh out, and they are likely to be encouraging. And it is with those who have the desired language as a native tongue that the beginner ought to converse as often as possible—never with his fellow learners, who will be far less considerate and less courteous than the foreigners.

I know a man who speaks French fluently, but not accurately, and who never hesitates to drop into conversation with Frenchmen, while he is always cautious in airing his French before less tolerant Americans. Frenchmen do not expect any American to be accurate in his use of their delicately organized language; whereas Americans, with their memories full of rules recently got by heart, are prone to be unsympathetic listeners. In France itself the traveler finds that the natives are swift to compliment him on his French—especially if they are trying to sell him something.

It may be pointed out, also, that in speaking his native tongue every man uses what has here been termed the restricted vocabulary of every-day life, and that in addition to this he uses the special vocabulary of his own calling, rich in technical terms of exact meaning, familiar to him, and yet not known, or only a little known, to men of other trades and professions. The printers have their own vocabulary; so have the physicians, so have the railroad men.

Now, from among all the countless thousands of words in a foreign language, the beginner needs to possess himself, first of all, of the restricted vocabulary of every-day life, and then, as soon as may be, of the special vocabulary of the art or science in which he is most interested. If he is merely a traveler, he must set himself to understand and to employ the terms of the railroad, the hotel, the restaurant, and the theater. If she is a woman of fashion, she will find profit in acquiring the words and phrases she will have occasion to use at the jeweler's, the dressmaker's, the milliner's, and the department-stores.

It is hopeless for the average American to expect to make himself really familiar with the whole of a foreign language abounding in special vocabularies which have no immediate value for him. But it is really not at all difficult for him to familiarize himself with those portions of the desired tongue for which he has the most pressing need.

HOW THEODORE ROOSEVELT SPOKE FRENCH

On his return from his hunting trip in the interior of Africa, Theodore Roosevelt was invited to the capitals of Europe, and was entertained by kings and queens. He has recorded that he found most of these monarchs able to hold converse with him

in his own tongue. When they did not speak English, they talked with him in French.

"I am sorry to say," he confessed, "that I am too much like Chaucer's abbess, in that my French is more like that of Stratford-at-Bow than the French of Paris. But still, such as it is, I speak it with daring fluency."

This was an example of Roosevelt's characteristic common sense. His French might not be impeccable, but it served his purpose. "Daring fluency" is what every beginner ought to strive for.

ADVICE TO THE BEGINNER

When the beginner wishes to learn to read rather than to speak the foreign language, he will do well to acquaint himself, first of all, with its formal grammatical framework, with its conjugations and declensions and agreements. When this acquaintance with the structure has been acquired, he ought at once to start in reading as much as he can. He will find it profitable to begin with the newspaper, because he will already have a certain familiarity with the subject-matter, which will help him to guess at the drift of the sentences and the paragraphs.

In New York, for example, there is a good French daily, the *Courrier des États Unis*; a good Italian daily, the *Eco d'Italia*, and a good Spanish daily, the *Prensa*. In default of an easily accessible daily, an illustrated weekly will serve the same purpose; and its pictures will help to elucidate the text.

The student will need a dictionary, of course; but he ought not to go to it too often. It is better to get into the habit of guessing at the meaning, and of taking in the purport of the sentence as a whole. He will often misread; but he will be surprised to find how soon words and phrases begin to stick in his memory.

When he has made a sufficient progress with the newspaper, he may supplement it with plays—preferably one-act pieces, so as to shorten the effort. If the plays chosen are modern, the student will be getting an insight into colloquial speech, which is certain to be of service to him, if he decides that he also wishes to learn how to speak the foreign tongue. Plays are better fitted for the beginner than novels, since they are wholly in dialogue, and are devoid of descriptions and analyses, which

are far less easy to interpret. In time he may go on to novels, and, if need be, to technical treatises on his own special subject.

The experimental psychologists have discovered of late that men and women may be divided roughly into two groups. In one group are those who are most easily approached through the eye, in the other those who are most easily approached through the ear. The first are visualizers, the others are auditors. Some of us are bored, and let our attention wander, while we are listening to a lecture, although we might read that lecture with interest and with appreciation if we found it in a book or a magazine. Others of us would not be

attracted to the printed page, while eagerly apprehending and retaining the thoughts as they fell from the lips of the speaker.

Now the visualizers will find it easier to learn to read a foreign language than to speak it; and the auditors will find it easier to learn to speak it than to read it. This is not to say that most of us lack the power to acquire a foreign tongue so that we can both read and speak it; it is only to point out which is the more advantageous way to begin the study. Of course, visualizers can acquire facility in speaking a foreign tongue, and auditors in reading it; but it would be well for the members of the two groups to make their earliest attempts along the line of least resistance.

Euclid Now Pitching

BY SAM HELLMAN

Illustrated by Sidney Olcott

"YOU don't belong to no team," snarled Hod McGrath. "You oughta be drivin' one!"

"I'll be gettin' my battin' eye pretty soon, chief," mumbled the young rookie who had hit .360 in the High Grass League and .063 in the spring junket of the Blue Sox. "I ain't been feelin' so good. My stomach—"

"Yeh!" cut in the manager. "That's why you're yella at the plate, huh? There's a rattler out to-night, boy, and the company 'll be sorer 'an a boil if you ain't on it."

"I'm through, then?"

"There ain't nothin' wrong with your guessin' eye."

McGrath turned away with a dark scowl. He was at the end of the training season's weeding-out process, and nought but weeds had come to his plucking hand. The rare orchids of the sand lots, the shining hyacinths of small-town meadows, and the dazzling daisies of the crossroads clay fields had withered and dried up under the searching Texas sun. It had been a bad year for transplanting. No new blooms were burgeoning in the Blue Sox garden,

and some of the hardy annuals, too, were losing their pristine luster. Hod was seriously worried.

"Mr. McGrath?" asked a quiet voice.

The manager swung around with a start and with narrow-eyed sullenness regarded the intruder.

"That's me. I'm McGrath. I suppose you're Denison, the sky-pilot, come to raise hell about the game last Sunday."

The young man shook his head and smiled gently. He was tall, with a slenderness that was accentuated by a black frock coat. The effect of the pale face and student features was heightened by pince-nez glasses.

"No," he said. "My name is Withers—Euclid Archimedes Withers. I am here to apply for a position."

McGrath's thick lower lip dropped.

"Doin' what?"

"I want to be a pitcher for your nine. Do you need one?"

Did he need one? The manager laughed curtly and swept the length of the unperturbed applicant. The fellow looked anything but a ball-player. However, the experienced boss of the Blue Sox was too old

a hand at the game to be prejudiced by mere appearance.

"Where you from? Where you been playin'?"

"I haven't been playing anywhere," replied the young man. "In fact, I have had no practical experience."

"What's the idea?" rasped McGrath. "Tryin' to kid me?"

"I assure you I am speaking with the utmost seriousness. While it is true that I have not been in a game since I was a

I. My studies have been of the most intensive character. Are you familiar with the Bernoulli demonstrations, Mr. McGrath?"

"What you tryin' to do, son—sell me somethin'?"

"Yes, I am," admitted Withers. "I'm trying to sell you my services and the result of five years' applied research. Have you



"GET OVER THERE," McGRATH SNAPPED TO THE GEOMETRY TEACHER, "AND THROW ME A FEW OF THEM CORRESPONDENCE-SCHOOL CURVES"

boy, I have devoted several hours a day for the past five years to the science of pitching."

"I don't get you," snapped the manager. "Besides, I'm busy."

"Just a moment, Mr. McGrath. I think you will find reason to regret it if you don't take advantage of this opportunity to employ me. Though it ill becomes me to say it, I believe there is not in America to-day any one more familiar with the action of spheroids under horizontal propulsion than

a place for a man who has developed three hundred and forty-five separate and distinct deviations from the normal with reference to the flight of a baseball?"

"Come on, come on!" growled McGrath impatiently. "Tell me quick what you're gettin' at. Told you I was busy. What are you tryin' to slip over—a book?"

"I will explain briefly," returned the

young man in a quiet teacher-to-pupil tone. "I am instructor of physics and geometry at the Mayfield Academy, two miles from here. As a boy I was very fond of baseball. Since taking up teaching, five years ago, I have naturally had little time for indulgence; but I have made a laboratory study of pitching. What scientific knowledge I have has been applied to the development of aberrations in the throwing of a baseball. As I have remarked before, I have to date demonstrated three hundred and forty-five distinct—"

"Hold up!" cut in the manager. "Casey," he shouted, "throw me over that mitt!" A padded glove, hurled from the bench twenty-five feet away, fell at his feet. "Get over there," he snapped to the geometry teacher, "and throw me a few of them correspondence-school curves. Go to it!"

Calmly the young man removed his coat, placed it neatly on the grass, took a baseball from his hip pocket, and moved away.

"Nothin' doin' with the trick ball," grumbled McGrath. "Take this one."

Withers dropped his baseball on the coat and took the one held out to him.

"Let go!" ordered the manager.

The curious watchers on the bench sauntered over in groups.

"What the hell?" asked the veteran Terrill.

"That guy," said McGrath, "tells me he can throw three hundred and forty-five differen' kinds of curves. He got 'em all outa a book. Shoot!" he called to Withers.

"This is No. 156," announced the slim figure on the mound, "and it is quite delusive. Observe its flight."

With a brief and awkward movement of the shoulders he let the ball go. It came slowly, and McGrath could see the beginning of a boyish roundhouse outcurve. He reached leisurely—two feet above the plate and a foot to the right of it. The ball struck the rubber with a thud and rolled to the fence.

"Some drop!" gasped Terrill. "I never seen one break that sudden. Spitter, huh?"

"No, it wasn't," returned Casey. "He didn't put a thing on it. I watched him all the time."

McGrath shook a puzzled head and addressed the smiling youth in the box.

"Got 'em all numbered, huh? Let's have No. 7."

Withers nodded.

"No. 7," he stated, approaching near enough to be heard, "is merely the reverse of No. 6, but because of its gyroscopic nature is a bit more tantalizing. Observe."

The ball came toward McGrath in a waist-high groove, with a slow, rotary movement. Within a foot of the catcher it suddenly broke upward. McGrath reached frantically, but the ball hit the top of the glove and bounced over his head.

"That's a pippin!" he exclaimed.

"Didje see that break-up?" cried Hart, one of the first-string pitchers. "With my speed—"

"No," smiled Withers, who had been signaled to come in. "Speed would be fatal to No. 7. The ball must be thrown at the rate of eighty-seven feet and six inches per second. The amount of rotation is altogether dependent on the pressure of the air, and the manner of applying it must be considered relative to the wind-stress. I didn't do that very well. Now, if I had had my aerometer—"

"You never pitched before, hey?" cut in McGrath.

"Not in a game," was the reply; "but in the last five years I have pitched thousands and tens of thousands of balls in working out my theoretical findings. I have a place fixed up at the back of my home. Gentlemen, I would like to show you Nos. 178 to 187 inclusive. All of them are rather interesting. Are you acquainted with Einstein's theory of relativity, Mr. McGrath? Do you know that his fourth dimension is speed?"

"Is he the guy that wrote the book?"

"Yes."

"Get me a dozen, will you? Does it tell how to pitch them kinds of curves?"

"In a way," said Withers, with a smile; "but I'm afraid it would take many years—"

"Here, Grant!" interrupted the manager, turning to the regular catcher. "Take this mitt. Swift, you bat. Now, Withers, you can try out that Einstein stuff with a three hundred hitter."

"A moment, please."

The curve specialist walked over to his coat and took from an inside pocket a small black case. From it he removed a metal object, cylindrical in form. McGrath gazed at it with a puzzled frown.

"This," explained Withers, "is a combination barometer, hygrometer, and ane-

monometer. The figures here give me the force and direction of the wind, the density of the air, and the amount of humidity. The group of curved balls I have just mentioned cannot be successfully demonstrated without these data. A small miscalculation as to pressure, for example, would ruin most of them. The more humidity, the better."

"A kinda rainy-day ball, eh?"

"Exactly," returned Withers. "However," he continued hastily, "I have a great many more that are especially adapted to bright, dry days."

"Let's have the rainy-day layout," said McGrath, looking up at the scudding black clouds.

Withers walked away slowly, gazing intently at the aerometer. He shoved it into a pocket and took his position. McGrath left the players and came up behind the pitcher.

"No. 178," announced Withers.

Holding the ball at his right knee, he lobbed it with a spiral, underhand movement. Swift swung high, and so hard that he turned around completely. Grant caught the ball at his shoe-tops.

The look of dazed chagrin in the slugger's eyes turned to an angry flare at the laughter of his team-mates.

"Throw me another one," he yelled, "and I'll knock it out of the State!"

"Yeh!" jeered Terrill. "You only missed that one about two feet!"

The next five balls went by Swift's bat without stopping, despite his frantic swipes and lunges to flag them. The spheroid hopped, fell, rose, zigzagged, broke suddenly, and dived gracefully. There was no unusual speed to any of them.

"Note this one," said Withers to McGrath. "I'm rather partial to it. It travels ninety-eight feet a second, and perhaps it is the most deceptive of the entire three hundred and forty-five. It cannot be resorted to very often, as you will see."

He gripped the ball tightly between thumb and forefinger, and threw it with the back of his hand toward the batter. The ball curved outward, and Swift stuck out his bat. Then, with a curse, he dropped the wagon-tongue and caught hold of his wrist.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Swift," called Withers. "I slightly miscalculated that one. It should have passed an inch or more over your wrist." He held up the aero-

meter. "You see," he said, turning to the manager, "the pressure has increased a bit since I last looked. That is the reason for my failure."

"Failure!" exclaimed McGrath. "Where do you get that stuff? Why, the damn thing broke in a foot after goin' out two!"

"Eleven inches and a half," corrected Withers; "but under the rules I believe Mr. Swift would have been entitled to go to first base."

"Don't let that worry you. Boy, you've got everything there is, except speed, and you don't need that."

The two came to the bench. Rookies with mouth agape and regulars with respectful admiration clustered about the pair.

"Show me that last one, will you?" asked Stanard, a pitcher. "How do you hold the ball?"

"Certainly," replied Withers politely.

"You see you—"

"Cut that out!" snapped McGrath.

"We ain't tellin' the world what we got. Lots of those lads ain't goin' to be here long. I'll tip you off when I want you to spill anything."

He led Withers away from the players.

"Do I understand that I am engaged?"

"Write your own ticket, kid," returned the manager. "You got what I need. How many iron men do you get for teachin'?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"What do you draw? What do they pay you?"

"Twenty-five hundred a year. That's why I want to leave," explained Withers.

"I'm very much attached to the work, but I must receive a larger remuneration. What would you be willing to offer me?"

"How would five thousand a year do for a starter?"

"Quite satisfactory."

"Maybe," went on the manager, "you'd like to take a guarantee and bonus?"

"How?"

"Well, I'll give you twenty-five hundred, and a hundred bones for every game you win or save. You might run the string up to seven or eight thousand that way. Whatta you say?"

"I like that better," said Withers.

McGrath was glad to hear it. After all, Withers was only an experiment. The sluggers on the other teams might get on to his geometrical curves in a few weeks and hammer them out of the park.

"We go North Saturday. Can you make it?"

The physics instructor said he could.

II

WITHIN a week Euclid Archimedes Withers had become a favorite with the Blue Sox. "Yuke," they called him. He was modestly companionable and quietly pleasant at all times, and treated the stars of the team with the deference that is due from a newcomer. On the trip North he insisted on taking an upper berth, that one of the stiff-jointed old benchwarmers might have a lower. That completed the conquest.

In compliance with the instructions of McGrath, who seldom let him out of his sight, he spoke little of the curves he had developed.

"Of course, I trust all you boys," Withers said with his winning smile; "but Mr. McGrath is probably right in taking the precautions he does. The danger is not so much that others will learn to pitch the curves—though that, of course, is possible—but rather lest the batsmen, by learning of my grips on the ball, should know what to expect. With three hundred and forty-five different varieties, however, that would not be such a simple matter."

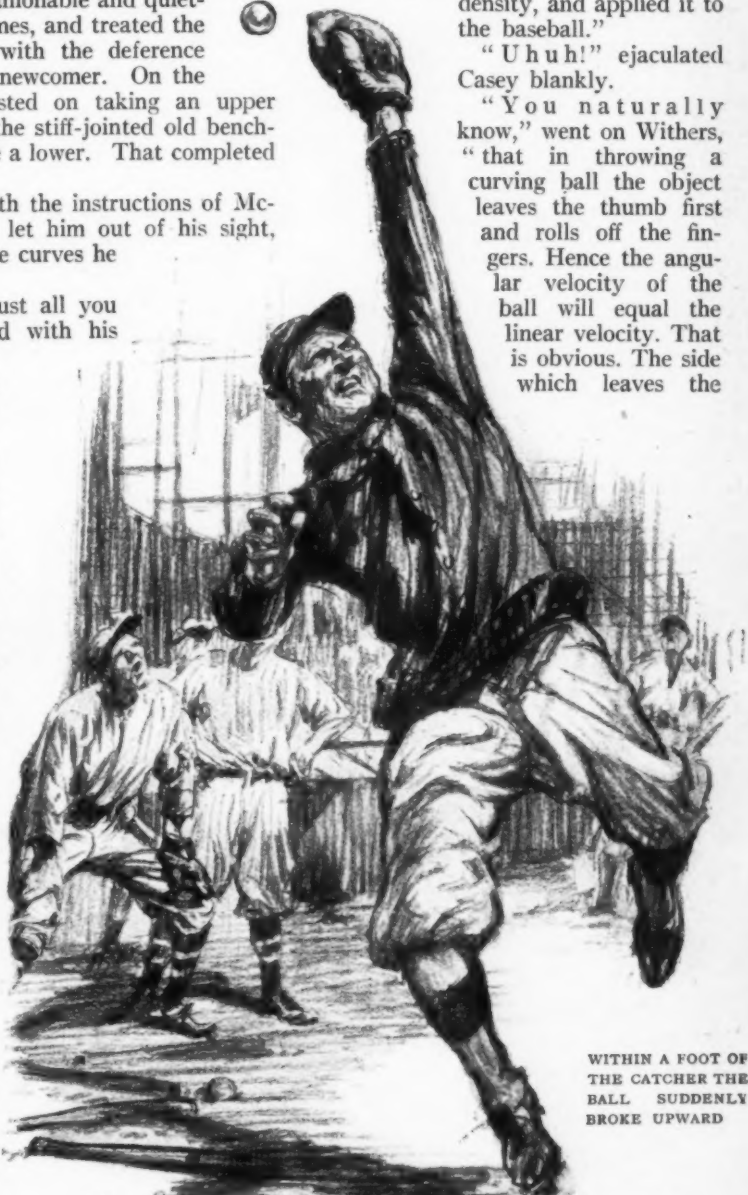
To Casey, the veteran field captain, he spoke in fuller detail.

"It's really very simple," he explained to this insistent questioner. "I have merely turned to practical use the theoretical data compiled by scientists during the ages. Sound

transmission, for example, was known for hundreds of years before Christ was born. Then along came Bell and applied the theory to the telephone, and Edison to the talking-machine. I have merely taken the knowledge of centuries with reference to the movement of objects on horizontal planes through elements of little specific density, and applied it to the baseball."

"U h u h!" ejaculated Casey blankly.

"You naturally know," went on Withers, "that in throwing a curving ball the object leaves the thumb first and rolls off the fingers. Hence the angular velocity of the ball will equal the linear velocity. That is obvious. The side which leaves the



WITHIN A FOOT OF THE CATCHER THE BALL SUDDENLY BROKE UPWARD

SID. OLCOTT

fingers will possess no relative motion to the air, therefore no extra pressure is exerted against that side. On the opposite side, the relative motion amounts to the sum of the velocity of the ball and the velocity of the spin. Consider this in connection with the gyroscopic force of rotation, and you have the basic explanation of the entire assortment of curves I have been throwing. Is it plain?"

"Like the income tax!" grunted Casey. "Yuke, I'll bet you and the dictionary are so thick that you call it 'Dick' for short!"

"I'll try to explain it in simpler—"

"Never mind, boy! The simplest you got is miles over my dome."

McGrath's efforts at secrecy were successful only as regards the details of the three hundred and forty-five varieties. The correspondents at the training-camp had learned early of the academic recruit and his bag of angular and linear tricks. By the time the Blue Sox arrived at the home town, the sport pages were filled with articles about "Yuke" Withers. "The Sir Isaac Newton of the Diamond," "The Fourth Dimension Pitcher," "He Laughs at Gravity," "A Curve for Every Day in the Year," were some of the captions and head-lines.

One newspaper printed a laborious piece by a university professor, who declared that some of the breaks and twists described by the writers were impossible, and suggested that clandestine trips across the Rio Grande were responsible for many of the deviations from the normal observed by them. The public as a whole regarded the alleged exploits of Withers as exaggerations and hot-stove bunkum.

"The curves that bloom in the spring, tra-la, have nothing to do with the race," scoffed the old-time fans, who were much more interested in the way Groff and the other veteran hurlers were coming around than in the new phenomenon.

III

THE Blue Sox opened the season at home with the Bearcats. Withers did not appear in the first game, nor in the second. On the third day he was sent in to relieve a faltering slabsman in the eighth inning, with the score tied.

"Listen!" said McGrath. "You don't know any of these birds, and I don't know if Grant can handle you right. Now you watch me back o' third. If I touch my

nose, they're suckers for high ones on the outside. If I dig my toe into the grass, that's low and outside. When I turn aroun', that means waist high, outside. Folded arms, shoulder high, inside. If I take off my cap, low and in. That's enough for to-day. Later on, you an' Grant can get together. The first guy up is Feenan. He can hit anything when he's right. Slip him No. 7 for a starter."

Withers nodded, and took the aerometer from his uniform shirt pocket.

"It's a good day for Nos. 17, 30, and 45," he said. "The wind direction is just right."

He spoke quietly and without the slightest trace of nervousness.

"You're the doctor," shrugged McGrath, "but remember the signals."

Withers repeated them.

The grand stands noted the recruit's approach with only moderate applause. For years they had worked themselves into frenzies over spring daisies only to see them fade back to the bushes, and they were growing blasé. Besides, the slender youngster leisurely approaching the box didn't look good to them. There was no power in the narrow shoulders and thin arms.

"Come on, boys!" shouted Havens, manager of the Bearcats. "Here's a soft spot! Straighten out them correspondence-school curves! Don't treat him too rough, Feenan. Just a three-bagger—no more!"

The heavy, thick-set Feenan came to the plate with a wide grin. He had been killing the ball all afternoon.

"High and outside," signaled McGrath.

Withers nodded, and with a barely perceptible movement of the shoulders threw the ball. It went slowly, high and wide, with a peculiar oscillating motion. Feenan reached out, decided to let it go for a ball, and drew back.

"Strike!" called the umpire.

"What the—" began Feenan.

"Strike two!" was the retort.

With no preliminaries Withers had lobbed the ball over. The batsman was totally unprepared.

"Come on!" he cried angrily. "Put another one over!"

The third pitch was a duplicate of the first.

"Ball!" said the umpire.

Withers turned to him with a soft smile.

"I believe you are mistaken, Mr. Crawford," he said gently, "though your error

was natural enough. The ball crossed the plate half an inch from the outside. However, there will be no question in your mind about this one."

There wasn't. The ball, thrown underhand, raced toward Feenan's head, broke sharply down to the right, and passed over the heart of the rubber.

The mighty Feenan had struck out—struck out without even taking a swing! It was unprecedented. A cheer broke from the stands as the dazed batter walked slowly to the bench.

In a riot of noise the next two men missed connections and walked away with puzzled chagrin. One of them, though, had hit a foul tip into the stands, and a wrinkle came between Withers's eyes. He had miscalculated the velocity a trifle.

"That was bad," he told McGrath at the end of the inning.

"What was?"

"That foul."

"Judas Priest!" snapped the manager. "Don't you expect 'em ever to hit one?"

"Yes, but I erred more than two inches that time. If I hadn't been a bit careless, he would never have touched the ball."

Of the next six Bearcats, four struck out, one fouled out to the catcher, and the other popped a fly ball off the bat-handle to Withers. He missed the catch, but picked the ball up in time to get the man at first.

In the ninth inning the curve specialist went to bat, looked at three fast straight ones, and sat down. Casey, the lead-off man, slammed one into the right-field bleachers, and the game was won for the Blue Sox.

"Good work!" said McGrath to Withers. "But you'll never kill none of the other feller's pitchers. You hold your bat like an old lady with the paralysis."

"I have never given any study to batting," replied Withers. "Did I save the game?"

"You did," was the prompt answer, "and you get the hundred. Keep pitchin' like that, and you don't never have to get no hit or catch no fly ball all season!"

IV

IN the next few weeks Withers became a national celebrity. He had pitched seven shut-out games in a row and saved three others. Altogether five hits had been made off his delivery, all of them by inferior batters who had swung wildly at shadows and

connected with the ball by some fortuitous accident.

"We'll get him the next time!" the sluggers had boasted. "We're on to his curves now."

But next time the assortment of spirals and twists and dives were entirely different and just as bewildering.

It was extremely fortunate for McGrath's pennant hopes that he had acquired Withers. The rest of his moundsmen were having the poorest year of their careers, and the batting was of the puniest. In mid season the Blue Sox were in the lead, but only half a game behind them were the hard-hitting, fast-fielding Lizards. Withers couldn't be pitched every day. His arm was capable of just so much effort. Twice for the full route and a game or two taken up in the seventh or eighth inning—that was about his limit for the week, and McGrath made no attempt to stretch that limit. The ex-teacher was too valuable an asset to risk losing through over-exertion.

McGrath watched over Withers with unceasing vigilance. At home the pitcher lived with the manager; on the road they roomed together. Only for a few hours a day did Hod let his treasure slip from his sight.

Withers was entirely satisfied with the arrangement—especially at home. Lalla McGrath, the manager's sister, who kept house for him, was largely responsible for that. The laughing, blue-eyed, dark-haired Irish girl liked the serious young man from the beginning, and he found it blissfully resting and satisfying to sit in the little parlor and talk to her. McGrath observed the friendship with a smile. It gave him a chance to go out alone without worry.

V

It was at the end of August that "Jiggs" Brennan, boss of the Lizards, called "Slippy" Geehan into solemn and secret conference. Geehan was a scout, and the craftiest in the business. He had come by his nickname honestly—or, rather, dishonestly—for he was the author of some of the most slippery tricks in baseball.

"Slippy," said Brennan, "what will we do about this fella Withers? He's going to beat us out of the pennant."

"Get something on him," suggested Geehan. "Hit him in the arm with a fast one, if you can't do anything else. It ought to be easy."

"Slippy, you're too damn crude. The rough stuff don't go no more."

"Why don't you get a few hitters?" returned Geehan. "That guy ain't got nothing on the ball. That gang of yours is just scared of him. Now, when I—"

"Forget it!" growled Brennan. "You never saw the time when you could hit within a foot of his slow breaker."

"No? All right! What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to grab a rattler," said the manager slowly, "and beat it down to Mayfield, Texas. That's where the bird comes from. He used to teach school down there. Try

Brennan, "an' if you ain't on it, I'll go scoutin' for a scout. On your way, and don't stay there forever. I want action, and I want it damn quick!"

Two days later Slippy Geehan landed in Mayfield, a dry, sandy town baking in the summer sun. Perched on a hill, the academy buildings were visible from the

station. That afternoon he called at the institution of enlightenment



THE BALL CURVED OUTWARD AND SWIFT STUCK OUT HIS BAT. THEN, WITH A CURSE, HE DROPPED THE WAGON-TONGUE AND CAUGHT HOLD OF HIS WRIST

to get something on him. I don't believe he figgered them curves out all by hisself. Maybe you can find the guy that showed him how. Anyhow, you oughter be able to dig up something that will be a goat-getter. Make me?"

"Yeh, I make you, but it looks to me like a lot of bunk. Better let me get out and grab a hitter or two."

"The train goes at seven," rejoined

and encountered Professor Howard Giles, the principal.

"I'm a reporter," announced Slippy. "I want to get up some stuff about Withers. What can you tell me?"

Giles could tell a good deal, but not much that was germane to Geehan's mission. Withers had taught physics and geometry at the school for five years. Yes, he had been deeply interested in baseball—

the theoretical side. Giles had understood that the teacher was preparing a thesis on the aberrations of a horizontally propelled spheroid. He had been rather disappointed that Withers had gone into professional baseball, for the young man's future in scientific research had been assured.

Slippy listened patiently, hoping for a word that might give him a lead; but none was forthcoming.

"You might see his mother," suggested Giles. "She lives on the other side of the hill."

A few minutes later Geehan was sitting in a cool, dark parlor with a gentle-featured, white-haired little woman smiling at him across the table. He listened uncomfortably to long accounts of Euclid's childhood, the boy's brightness at school, his goodness to his mother. No, he had had no love-affairs. He spent all his time studying or throwing baseballs in the back yard.

"Every afternoon for five years," said Mrs. Withers, "Euclid would go out in the back yard and throw baseballs against the fence for hours at a time. It was good exercise for him. He was so much confined during the day."

"Anybody with him in the yard?" asked Slippy. "Anybody show him how to throw those balls?"

No, he was always alone. In fact, he did not like any one to be in the yard when he was exercising.

Geehan rose to go. The trip had been a failure.

"Do you expect to see Euclid soon?" asked Mrs. Withers at the door.

"Yes," replied the scout. "I'll see him Thursday afternoon, unless the train runs off the track."

"I wonder if you would do me a favor?" "Sure!"

"I have a book of papers here," went on the old lady, "that Euclid has asked me to send him. He says they're very important. Would you take them to him?"

Slippy frowned. The idea of carrying school-books from Texas to Withers made no great appeal.

"They have something to do with that baseball-throwing of his."

"Eh?" ejaculated Geehan. "Ma'am, I'll be tickled to take 'em for you."

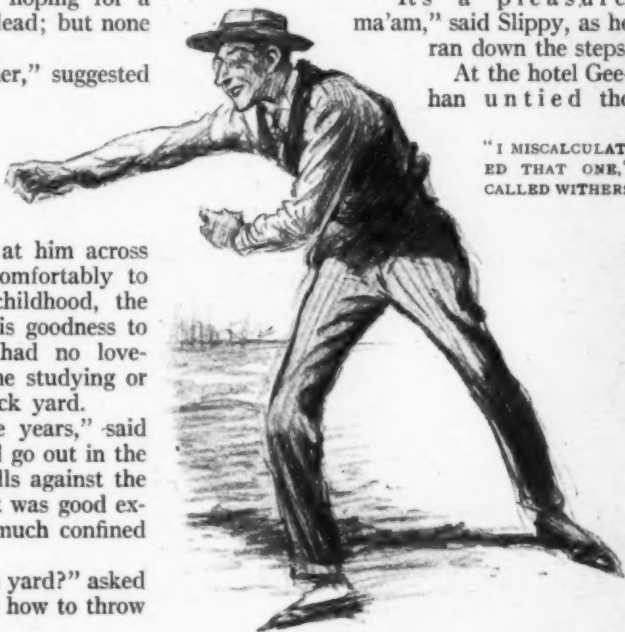
"Thank you. Just a minute, and I'll get them from his study."

In a few minutes she returned with a thick bundle, composed of a sheaf of papers between two black covers held together by a shoe-lace strung between eyelets. The whole was bound tightly with heavy packing-string.

"I'll be so grateful if you will—"

"It's a pleasure, ma'am," said Slippy, as he ran down the steps.

At the hotel Geehan untied the



"I MISCALCULATED THAT ONE," CALLED WITHERS

package and opened the collection of papers at the center. The first thing he read was:

No. 178—The ball is taken firmly between the thumb (A) and forefinger (B), the finger lying diagonally across the seam (C).

There followed a number of expressions and abbreviations, meaningless to Slippy. Then came a diagram of circles and dotted lines sprinkled with letters of the alphabet. Under the diagram he found this:

The ball thus thrown sails outward, the distance depending on the pressure applied to the seam and the rotary movement given to the thumb. Within two feet of the plate the ball drops and turns in sharply.

With a grunt Slippy closed the bundle. Two hours later he was bound North.

VI

ON the following Saturday Withers pitched a shut-out game that was flawless. At dinner that evening, however, he was unusually silent, and frowned often.

"Tired?" asked Lalla softly.

"No," he replied, with a forced smile. "Just a bit worried."

"Well," said the girl, laughing, "I don't know what you're worried about, but you can't be half as worried as seven baseball managers that I know about. One of them, I think, is going in for science. What do you suppose I saw this morning?"

Withers shook his head.

"Nothing as good to look at as you," he said gallantly.

"I was on the street-car going downtown," resumed Lalla. "In front of me was Mattison. What do you imagine he was doing?"

"Goin' to the ball-grounds, I guess," suggested McGrath.

"Maybe," was the answer; "but he was studying geometry. He had a book with him that was full of diagrams and A's and B's and C's—just like that awful stuff I had at high school. It—"

"Was it a lot of loose sheets with a black cover?" asked Withers hoarsely.

Lalla nodded.

"So the Lizards have it!" he muttered.

"Chief," he added, turning to the manager, who had been listening apathetically, "it's all off now!"

Only on occasions of excitement did Withers drop into the slang he had picked up on the ball-fields.

"What's eatin' you? What do you mean?"

"I mean," was the reply, "that the Lizards have secured my diagrams and explanations of every one of the three hundred and forty-five curves. That ends my career!"

"How?"

"A few days ago," said Withers in a colorless tone, "I got a letter from my mother. She said a newspaper reporter called and asked a lot of questions about me, and she gave him the papers to bring here. I had written for them. I was planning to make a few changes on the basis of my practical experience. Now the Lizards—"

"That's not so bad," interrupted McGrath. "You told me yourself that it took you five years to work 'em out."

"Yes, that's true," was the weary rejoinder; "but with those diagrams and instructions any pitcher with average intelligence can read over the data and throw every curve in the collection in two weeks."

"The thieves!" exclaimed Lalla. "Can't we get it back?"

Withers nodded despondently.

"Yes, we could take legal action, but by the time anything was done it would be too late to do me any good. The matter is not copyrighted."

"Damn! That's bad," growled McGrath.

"The really bad thing," said Withers, "is that a smart batter with a knowledge of these diagrams can tell exactly what I am going to pitch by closely watching my hands and taking the wind and weather into consideration. There are only a certain number of curves that can be thrown on a given day, and my notes are exhaustive and clear, especially as to the meteorological influences. Now a man like Mattison—he's bright—"

"Came from Cornell," interrupted Lalla.

"Some slugger!" added McGrath.

"Yes," said Withers, "and he's the hardest man in the league to pitch to. He has made two clean hits off me already. I don't think the pitching part will cause us any great worry, for the season will be over before they can learn to throw the new curves effectively; but Mattison—"

"What do you think we oughta do?" interrupted the manager.

Withers was silent. Slowly a smile came to his lips.

"I have an idea. Monday's the big day, isn't it?"

McGrath nodded.

"Yep. If you can get away with that, we got the Lizards where we want 'em."

"Euclid will win it," said Lalla quietly. "I know he will!"

"Listen," cut in her brother. "I've got a hunch that Mattison is the only guy Brennan's got that has brains enough to know what that junk of yours means. He started out to be an engineer. The rest of that gang of flatheads are lucky if they can sign pay-checks. If you look out for Mattison, and maybe Hatton, you'll get by all right."

"If you win—" began Lalla.

"Yes?" whispered Withers.

"All right!" grunted McGrath, looking at his sister's bright eyes and flushed cheeks. "I'll get out!"

VII

THE baseball park was jammed to the top tier of bleacher seats on Monday. Sag-

ging against ropes that had been stretched across the back field were hundreds of late comers. It was the climactic game of the season. A victory over the Lizards virtually meant a pennant for the home team. A defeat would be well-nigh fatal, for the Lizards finished with the weakest aggregations in the league on their own lot.

The first three men to face Withers struck out. The slow ball hopped and slid and broke and did unexpected nose-dives. To the hysterically cheering thousands Yuke had never seemed in better form.

Sachs, the Lizard hurler, was apparently set for a great day, also. Two of the Blue Sox fanned and the third popped an easy fly to center. The crowd settled back for a ninety-minute pitchers' battle.

Mattison opened the second inning for the visitors.

"What number?" asked Withers.

"What?" snapped Mattison.

"Which one of the stolen collection do you want? What number?"

"Seventeen!" shouted the batter.

"All right—here she comes!"

The ball went wide and high, but Mattison did not swing. Instead, he shortened his bat, and as the curve turned in caught it full. The ball struck the fence in the left-field bleachers on the first bound. Mattison was grinning from third by the time the fielding had been accomplished.

"Thanks!" yelled the runner.

"Don't mention it," returned Withers. "A very nice hit!"

McGrath, on the coaching-lines, nervously began chewing grass. When the next two Lizards struck out, he again caught a free breath.

With no runs for either team, and with none on base, Mattison again faced Withers in the fifth inning.

"What now?" asked the pitcher.

"Forget it!" snapped back Mattison.

"Who are you trying to kid?"

"What number do you want?" repeated Withers.

"Thirty-eight, if you insist."

"You shall have it."

This was an incurve that slowly turned upward and then diagonally outward. Mattison turned it into a double, but the second and third outs followed.

For the Blue Sox, in the sixth inning, Casey caught hold of a fast one that went for two bases. A sacrifice and a long fly brought him home.

"This is No. 76," announced Withers, when the Cornell man came up in the seventh. "Remember it?"

Mattison scowled and singled. A few seconds later he was flagged stealing. A high fly and an easy strike-out concluded the Lizards' efforts in this session.

With the score one to nothing in favor of the Blue Sox, the ninth inning opened disastrously for the home team. The catcher missed a third strike, and Stacey, the Lizards' shortstop, went to first. The next man succeeded in laying down a sacrifice bunt. Maynard, who hadn't made a hit off Withers all season, swung wildly at a high one that broke flush upon his bat. When the dust cleared, Stacey was on third and Maynard at second. The next man fanned, and Mattison was up.

McGrath was leaping and kicking about the third-base line. A tense silence hung over the stands. Mattison had already made three hits, smashing Withers's offerings with apparent ease. Every time he had met the first ball pitched squarely.

"Kill it!" shouted Brennan. "He's a mark for you!"

"Euclid!" cried a shrill feminine voice.

Withers saw the red hat in the box, and nodded.

"Come on, come on!" cried Mattison.

"No. 346!" called Withers. "It isn't in the book."

Mattison made a three-quarter circle before he heard the plop of the ball in the catcher's mitt.

"Pretty good, eh?" shouted Withers.

"This one is better yet. No. 347—high outside!"

"Strike!"

Mattison hadn't moved his bat.

"It's too easy!" jeered the pitcher. "I thought you could hit!"

"I'll murder the next one!"

"Here it is—No. 11, the simplest I have."

Mattison knew No. 11 well. It was an outdrop that broke sharply when close to the plate. He watched Withers closely. The pitcher was putting his fingers about the ball in accordance with the diagram. Mattison set himself.

"I don't care what you throw!" he exclaimed; but he held the bat ready for a long reach and free swing.

"Out!" cried the umpire.

Mattison was still standing by the plate in a daze when the smiling Withers passed.

"You're an infernal liar!" blurted the Lizard slugger. "That wasn't No. 11."

"Yes, it was, Mr. Mattison," returned Euclid, with a soft laugh. "It was what the boys in the dice games call a natural."

VIII

WITHERS rode home with Lalla and McGrath.

"Where'd you get the new ones?" asked the triumphant manager.

"What new ones?"

"The first two you threw to Mattison in the ninth. What's the joke?"

tain the thought of a straight ball coming from me, especially after I had drugged it by letting him hammer three curves when there was no one on base and nothing at stake. By telling him what was coming I merely completed the stupefaction. A very simple matter of psychology! I told him the truth three times,



THE BASEBALL MANAGER WAS STUDYING GEOMETRY ON THE STREET-CAR

Withers was laughing boyishly.

"New ones? There was nothing new in them, no more than there is in a straight line. All three balls were curveless. A three-year-old child could have hit them. They didn't deviate a fraction of an inch from the plane in which they were propelled. Mattison's mind refused to enter-

thus establishing in his subconsciousness the habit of belief in my statements. What made it very simple was that he had not seen me pitch a single straight ball all season, and it was natural to expect a curve of some sort, even if he had some lingering doubts about the validity of No. 11. It is another proof of the old theory that the

easiest thing in this world to overlook is the obvious."

"All three were straight ones?" repeated McGrath. "You bunked me as well as Mattison, then. I thought you had something on 'em."

"Not a thing. Well, I have pitched my last game. I wouldn't be worth ten cents from now on. Every pitcher in the league will be able to throw the three hundred and forty-five curves next year—not to mention Nos. 346 and 347," Withers finished with a laugh.

"You mean the Lizards will have 'em?"

"No, I'm going to have all the data published as a thesis on 'The Aberrations of Spheroids in Horizontal Flight.'"

"Forget it!" growled McGrath. "I need you."

Withers shook his head.

"No, I'm done. I've got a position at Century College that will give me an opportunity for research work. And by the way, chief, when you start hunting for another pitcher, you may as well look around for another housekeeper, too!"

THE LAST SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE TO THE ROSE

ERE thou must fade, and I must go
Along the pathway of the snow,
Divine companion, whom to praise
I sang my secret roundelays
Through all the golden nights of June,
While stole the young eavesdropping moon
To listen, and the night stood still
To make a silence for my song;
Oh, marvel, ere thy petals spill
Upon the garden grass, my tongue
To sing thee to thy sleep is fain—
Till, as of old, thou comest again.

So many ages thou and I
Have bloomed and sung and seemed to die,
Losing to find, finding to lose—
Thou chalice of enchanted dews,
Thou being born of the soft breath
Of beauty through a thousand springs,
With bosom bared, flaunting at death;
Thou little shape that gathers up
All color in one magic cup,
And to the eye a glory brings
Past the magnificence of kings!

Since I was bird and thou wert rose,
Constant across the gulfs of time,
Even as a poet shapes his rime
Till with a perfect art it goes,
So I thy beauty strove to sing
In music lordlier each spring;
Yet shall my song forever be
But as a shadow cast by thee.

I go into the dark, as thou—
For lo, the red leaf on the bough
Signals the passage and decay
Of beauty's transitory day;
Yet shall I ponder, as we lie
Far from the summer-scented sky,
Nearer to thee in song to climb,
When I, with sure resurgent time,
At twilight, in some garden close,
Am bird once more, and thou a rose!

Nicholas Breton

A Country Club for Country People

MAJOR-GENERAL SQUIER'S NOVEL AND SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT IN A MICHIGAN VILLAGE—AN IDEA THAT MAY DO MUCH FOR THE BETTERMENT OF RURAL LIFE

By Edward M. Stack

THE folly of painting the lily is more or less firmly established; and so might be the absurdity of founding a country club for farmers, were it not for a recent experiment of Major-General George Owen Squier, chief signal officer of the United States Army. General Squier has found that such a club, based on the accepted lines of the institutions at present patronized almost exclusively by city dwellers, may be a power for good among the people of a rural district. Properly organized and managed, it will increase their happiness, stimulate their patriotism and their community spirit, assist in solving their labor problems, and induce their boys and girls to remain on the farms. After more than a year's trial in Lapeer County, Michigan, the idea must be called a success.

These are days of intense struggle for greater production of foodstuffs, of stronger effort to turn the tide of labor from the city to the farm, and of unabated agitation for better roads and for the general improvement of country life. Anything that has proved a help in this great campaign can be copied with profit elsewhere in the United States.

Lapeer County, Michigan, contains within its boundaries the little town of Dryden, with about three hundred and fifty inhabitants. Dryden is in the heart of a farming section, swept by the winds of the Great Lakes; the nearest large city is Detroit, forty-three miles away. Most of its residents are retired farmers, none of them wealthy, none of them poor, but all exceedingly careful and conservative. It is a typical small country town, and there are countless Drydens in America.

General Squier, born in Dryden, always has kept in touch with its developments and those of the surrounding section. From time to time he has contributed to the local welfare. Once he gave the town a primary school building to relieve the overcrowded main structure.

About three years ago, on a visit to Dryden, General Squier astonished the natives by buying the site of an old and abandoned flour-mill, a mile and a half from town. The mill was formerly run by water-power, but had been crowded out by competitors using steam. Worthless in itself, the old building stood on a plot of forty acres, all littered with rubbish and overgrown with weeds. In the center, with a few trees about it, was a pond grown up with cattails interspersed among rusty cans and broken crockery. A small stream fed by springs splashed down aimlessly through a channel of mossy rocks and briers. Altogether, it made an exceptionally good home for snakes.

The entire tract, mill and all, cost only nine hundred dollars, but the people of Dryden, being accustomed to figure land values by the possible production of wheat, agreed that the general's bargain was a bad one. His only crop, they said, shaking their heads, would consist of a few sour blackberries and annual tax-bills.

It soon developed, however, that General Squier's reason for buying the place was its wild aspect—the rocks, the springs, the brook, and the trees. All this made an ideal setting, he figured, for a summer cottage; and so, within a few months, he built himself a bungalow on a knoll overlooking the pond.

The country club idea came the follow-

ing year. Why not, he reasoned, let other people enjoy the tract, which now had been cleaned up and beautified to some extent? There was plenty of room on forty acres, and surely the people of the Dryden section, without a place to go for recreation, would welcome some such community center as he had in mind.

The scheme took form gradually. There

thing for nothing, although Dryden and the vicinity had never heard of anything like it before. The people had always gone along in their old-established ways, and only small groups had anything in common. There were a handful of Methodists, a tiny flock of Episcopalians, a set of dancing young folks and a pool-room gang; there were some straight Republicans, some



THE LAKE AT THE DRYDEN COUNTRY CLUB, USED FOR BOATING IN SUMMER AND SKATING IN WINTER

must, of course, be a building sufficiently large to accommodate a crowd, and, as eating is important in the country, there should be a kitchen. The presence of the pond suggested boating; a field the possibility of golf. Golf, to be sure, was a thing of which Dryden knew only from the newspapers—some sort of a newfangled game played by folks who were terribly rich and wofully old, over ground that ought to be growing corn, or at least grazing a cow. But why not golf for Dryden, after all? At least it might be tried.

General Squier first mentioned the idea to his sister, who lives in Dryden. When she approved, he cautiously suggested it to a few other Dryden residents and to some of the Lapeer County farmers. He spoke of it as a "community club," and added that he would pay the expense.

Nothing seemed quite so fair as some-

straight Democrats, and a few who preferred to vote for "the right man for the right office"; there was every faction known to all small country towns. None of these elements ever jibed on anything—or ever intended to, for that matter.

A REAL COMMUNITY CLUB

Nevertheless, the people got to work almost before they realized it, as members of committees appointed by General Squier and his sister. Cautiously in the beginning, but soon whole-heartedly, they dropped their petty jealousies, and for the first time in their lives they had something in common. The Dryden builder drew the plans for the clubhouse, and Dryden carpenters drove the nails, finishing the structure in time to be opened formally by the Lapeer County Red Cross on September 27, 1918.

The assembly-room is a hundred feet by sixty, providing the largest auditorium outside of any of the important cities in Michigan. You could almost put the town of Dryden in the place, although the outskirts might overflow a little on the wide porches built on two sides. The floor is finished for dancing, and there are folding chairs when people want to sit down for meetings. A second-hand piano has been installed. At the rear is a kitchen equipped with dishes, knives, forks, and spoons enough for a hundred persons. It all cost General Squier seven thousand dollars, at Dryden prices.

Andrew, a Roumanian boy of seventeen, did most of the landscape gardening, setting evergreen trees against the goldenrod, and curbing the walks with cobblestones hauled from the golf course. At one side of the building is a place for the parking of automobiles; on the other, the pond, dragged of its rusty cans and spread over a greater area by a newly built spillway. On the water, in summer, are two row-boats and a canoe, in which those who go in for that sort of thing may ride the bounding waves. In winter there is skating on the pond, and the rustic tea-house built over the dam serves as a place wherein to buckle on skates and get warm. The rest of the plot has been made into a park, with paths among the trees.

Altogether the institution affords every feature of a well-organized country club, except for the servants; but Andrew, the some time landscape gardener, for twenty-five cents will wash up all the dishes in sight and put them back in the cupboard for the next party. It is a rule that the place must be left in precisely the condition in which it was found.

The absence of servants made it somewhat of a problem to have the club always accessible for those who wish to go there. To have every party hunt up the key each time the doors were to be opened would be an annoyance; to leave the place open continuously presented the possibility that damage might be done by mischievous boys, and that such property as the piano and the golf equipment might be stolen. General Squier took a chance. He left the place wide open. Nothing ever has been stolen; the community has recognized the fact that it has been on its honor to let things alone. If anybody ever took a plate away, the neighbors would organize them-

selves into a vigilance committee to mete out punishment.

Last year the summer season began on June 15 and ended on September 15. Mrs. Floyd Slate, wife of the cashier of the Dryden State Bank, who is secretary because she can get along with anybody, announced the opening in the *Lapeer County Clarion*, the local newspaper. Everybody belonged to the club whether he knew it or not, she said, without payment of dues; reservations would be made free of charge for dances, grange meetings, church and school affairs, literary societies, Sunday-school picnics, mothers' meetings, and other legitimate affairs.

Almost every day, during the summer, saw some function at the Dryden Community Country Club—the Old Mill-Pond, as some prefer to call it. The Agricultural Society met there each month; it was the scene of the Eastern Michigan Horticultural Society's annual session; the Dryden Methodist Church, instead of its usual somber ice-cream and strawberry festival, had a field day at the club, and paid off its debt out of a profit of one hundred and forty-five dollars.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT DANCES

On Saturday nights community dances were held, and these were affairs worth talking about. In the days before the club, the young people of Dryden and thereabout felt they were slow unless they went down to Orion Lake or Detroit for Saturday night and Sunday. Now they stay at home, and Dryden girls and boys who have gone to Detroit to work go out to Dryden on Saturday afternoons for the dances. For them to think of going to a Detroit country club is out of the question, but the Dryden club is different, and then there is the added attraction of mother's Sunday dinner. Oh, the mothers all like the Dryden Country Club, and they go right along with their children to the dances!

On the more formal occasions a Detroit orchestra supplies the music, paid by an assessment that averages about a dollar and fifty cents from each couple. These dances now are famous throughout the surrounding district, and invitations are sought by people as far as fifty miles away. There is a chaperon who stops the dancing at midnight; Dryden always observes the Sabbath.

The dances have been one of the chief factors in building up the social spirit of the community, but the club has done much more in the same direction. The as-

the way to fight hog cholera, and the means of overcoming the peach-tree blight. They're even discussing "overhead" on farms at the Dryden Country Club.



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE OWEN SQUIER, CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY, AND FOUNDER OF THE DRYDEN COMMUNITY COUNTRY CLUB

sembly-room—Forest Hall, as it is called—affords a place for the farmers and the farmers' wives to hold meetings that never were possible before. There they exchange ideas on improved methods of agriculture,

During last summer the place pleased the people so much that they disregarded the date officially set for the closing of the season, September 15. Mrs. Slate, of the even temper, consented readily enough to



THE COMMUNITY CLUBHOUSE AT DRYDEN. DESIGNED AND ERECTED BY LOCAL TALENT, THE COST BEING DEFRAYED BY MAJOR-GENERAL SQUIER

the general demand, and now there is a winter season dovetailed so as to keep the club open all the year round.

WHAT THE CLUB HAS DONE FOR DRYDEN

Some remarkable things are developing from this new spirit in the Dryden district. Even the people themselves are surprised at the difference in conditions traceable to General Squier's experiment.

For instance, the club has overcome a waning interest in the home life of one element of the community. Some of those who flinched at times under the strain of rural loneliness are stimulated by the closer relationships among all the people; they see that they are not so badly off after all, with a diversified program of events to break the monotony. There is certain satisfaction, too, in realizing that a country club, the hitherto vaguely far-off institution accessible only to the rich men of the cities, is at hand for them. There is less desire, consequently, to move to Detroit, Chicago, or some other large town; they are satisfied at home.

The common interest in the management of the club—it is all done through representative committees—has developed a spirit of cooperation which differs greatly from the pulling apart of the old days of petty jealousies. The increased contact of

the people has brought to almost everybody a kindlier and more tolerant attitude; each wants to put his best foot forward when he meets his neighbors.

Moreover, the transformation of the old mill tract from a ragged eyesore to an inviting country club has opened the eyes of the people to the possibilities of beautifying other portions of their community. It is the fashion now to do a little landscape gardening on one's own account, to paint one's house, and to set out some rambler roses that will climb over the porch.

There is no hard-drawn social line in Dryden, or at the club. Whoever you are, it is precisely the same, and the heiress to one hundred and sixty acres of good farm land dances with the hired man just as willingly as anybody else. Everybody works in Dryden, and glories in it—everybody but grandfather, grandmother, and the baby. The facilities provided by the club for displaying this sort of democracy, coupled with the feature of home amusement, go a long way toward solving the problem of farm labor. There has been no shortage of help lately around Dryden, where the hired man is often a welcome beau on Saturday night.

Furthermore, the desire of the people to go to the club in comfort has helped the good-roads movement. Two or three trips

at night over a bumpy, muddy road in a standard Michigan-built automobile are enough to jolt any tax-wary farmer into paying attention to possible improvements. Lapeer County, therefore, is about to better its highways.

They are getting so far advanced at the Dryden Country Club that a landing-field for airplanes is being arranged, with a map for the guidance of aviators who may wish to stop off on their way from Detroit. Up to date nobody has arrived by this route, but they say in Dryden that it is a matter of time, only a matter of time.

Summed up, the creation of the country club has revolutionized the vision of Dryden and the vicinity. If only half as much had been accomplished General Squier would have felt repaid. He has had seven thousand dollars' worth of satisfaction out of it already.

There is a song that has become popular since the soldiers have come home, the words of which propound the question: "How are you going to keep them down on the farm, after they've seen Patee?" To this the club is one of the answers. It provides a "hostess house" along identically the same lines as those enjoyed by the boys in the camps during the war. To carry the idea a little further, a "tree of remembrance" has been planted on the club grounds for each of the five boys from Dryden who was killed in the great struggle.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE IDEA

Now for the moral of this brief article. Similar results can be realized elsewhere, if similar clubs can be established for the farmers. The hundreds of Drydens in Iowa, in Vermont, in Texas, in every State, would welcome some such institution—not a social betterment scheme wished upon them, but a country club of their own making, organized by their own committees and conducted by themselves, where they can do as they please, dance if they like, and forget their disturbing differences of interest.

There is no need for these people to wait until some fairy godmother comes along, perhaps in the person of a one-time resident, to bestow the place upon them. They can get it for themselves at little cost. The expense, never great, can be regulated according to the opportunities at hand and the extent of the project undertaken. But

listen to General Squier, whose ideas I pass along as he outlined them to me:

"After all, the people of Dryden created the club themselves. I really had little to do with it. The people led the way, working out everything. It surprised me greatly to learn how resourceful they were. There is more latent talent in and around Dryden than they ever suspected.

"Above all things, I tried to impress the fact that the club belonged to the people, and that it would be what they made of it. My sister helped me to name the committees, of course, and the committees did the work—planning the building and actually building it. There was no outside help. Dryden people did the whole job.

"We didn't have much of a program when we started. The thing developed itself, and one suggestion led to another. The completed job is the outcome of any number of local ideas.

"There was wisdom, I think, in placing the club out in the country, one and a half miles from town. To the village of Dryden, with fewer than four hundred inhabitants, it provided a country club and park such as many large cities do not possess, and an attractive place for recreation. To the farmers of the outlying districts it meant a place that belonged distinctly to the country, and not to any town. Each element felt itself provided for and as much a proprietor as any other element. Nobody remained away because he thought he had no right to go there.

"I see no reason why clubs of this character should not be established throughout the United States, in country districts near very small towns. There are communities everywhere with just such problems as Dryden, and the clubs will solve them just as well.

"Every section, of course, must work out its own scheme of action. There can be no rule, for the circumstances differ. If it seems impracticable to build a clubhouse, an old farmhouse, or even a barn, could be converted. Once there is a determination to possess such a thing, a method of financing it will present itself. When established, such a club will pay its way in dollars and cents, as it does in Dryden and will do far more than that in spreading contentment and stimulating the well-being of the section in which it is located. It will make for Americanism and a higher standard of good citizenship."

The Solution

BY MANNING J. RUBIN

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

ENTERING his huge establishment with a smile that originated in his heart, Miles Ranger paced jauntily into his office, bowing cordially to the group of employees who had beaten him to work by ten minutes, and who marveled at the smile. Ranger sensed their astonishment, and, within the confines of his office, grinned broadly as he settled into the cushioned chair before his desk.

"I've a right to enjoy my smile," he reflected. "It has certainly cost me enough!" For a moment the cheerful expression flitted from his face, but it returned as Ranger grimly concluded his soliloquy. "At the price I'm paying for Hall's reputation, I'd die from melancholy if I didn't expect great things."

Lacking the necessary instinct and perspective, Miles Ranger had been unable to diagnose the disease to which his business threatened to succumb; and it was in hope of arresting and correcting the hidden evil that he had employed John Hall as general manager of the Ranger Jobbing Company. Hall had made a phenomenal record at the Brown-Cottrell establishment, and had been enticed away only by one of the most flattering contracts ever offered a general manager. He had been introduced to the men on the previous afternoon, and was scheduled to assume his duties this bright day; hence Ranger's elation.

Hall, it developed, had reported for work before his employer reached the office, and, plunging at once into his duties, did not bother to see Ranger in the morning—which was very characteristic of him; but in the afternoon the new manager treated the head of the establishment to a surprise. He entered Ranger's office, and, without invitation, seated himself at the opposite side of the flat desk at which Ranger worked.

There was nothing of the upstart about

Hall. He simply possessed a world of assurance and self-reliance, resulting from a successful record and an ability to which others than himself paid ready homage.

"Hello, Hall!" was Ranger's cheery greeting. "What can I do for you?"

It was evident that Ranger little dreamed of the surprise that was in store for him. Had Hall been of a theatrical nature, he could have enjoyed the situation immensely, working it up to a very dramatic climax; but there was nothing in his quiet demeanor to indicate that a sensation was to be sprung.

"I've found out what the whole trouble is, Mr. Ranger," he announced—casually, it appeared, yet in a tone of finality that caused his employer to gasp.

In fact, a remarkable change came over Ranger at the manager's announcement. Almost convulsively his body jerked to an upright position, the smile of greeting disintegrating. He stared in mingled excitement and incredulity at the man whose brief, calm statement had such a galvanic effect on him. Was it possible that even Hall had so quickly solved a mystery which for many months had baffled him?

"Already?" Ranger finally asked, a dubious note in his voice.

Slowly he regained control over himself. His body gradually became less rigid, his face assumed a more natural expression. Eagerly he awaited the answer to his question.

"Yes, sir," replied Hall. "I have found out what is wrong with the business. The trouble is so clear that it is surprising you are blind to it—if I may speak frankly. I think you must be prepared for another shock."

"What? Tell me—"

"You have had trouble in keeping good men, in getting the work done properly, and as a result your store has had the

wrong contact with customers. You've been losing a number of good customers and much valuable business. There is precious little morale among your employees, a lack of vim and ambition in the organization. You, of course, realize these facts?"

"Yes," hastily answered Ranger, "but what—"

"It's just this," said Hall. "This deplorable state of affairs is due solely to the fact that Paul Robertson is working here. He is the trouble with this business."

Hall had justly warned Ranger to prepare for a shock, but there are some shocks that may be termed preparation-proof, and this was one of them.

Ranger was silent for several seconds, simply because he could say nothing adequate; and when he attempted to speak, the result was hardly more than a gurgle. He tried almost painfully to think of some words that would convey to Hall an idea of what a ridiculous, what a grossly impossible guess he had made. Frantically he shook his head, while the general manager, just as composed as ever, calmly awaited developments.

At length Ranger found some words, weak though they seemed to him.

"It can't possibly be Paul Robertson!" was his emphatic denial. "You're mistaken, Hall." He shook his head conclusively. "It can't be—it can't be! I'd sooner say it was myself. Don't you realize that Paul Robertson has been working for me nearly twenty-five years?"

"I do," answered Hall, unmoved at his employer's denial and doubt. "I guess that's precisely why he is the source of the trouble. It is astonishing that the explanation was not obvious to you. Perhaps you were too close to it; but it didn't take me more than a few hours to see it."

"But how can such a thing be?" desperately asked Ranger, impressed, in spite of himself, at the convincing tone of Hall's words. "How is it possible that an old man like Paul Robertson can create such havoc? It doesn't seem possible!"

"Nevertheless," Hall maintained, "such is the case."

"I cannot bring myself to believe it," muttered Ranger; and yet the other's insistence carried a dreaded conviction that began to settle on him.

Hall could see that his startling accusation had come as a severe blow to Ranger,

and he felt pity for his employer, even as he frankly proceeded to explain just how Paul Robertson worked injury to the Ranger Jobbing Company.

"Mr. Robertson has a peculiar status here that no one but yourself can explain," Hall stated. "The men here don't know just what authority he has; but they know that he is your favorite, and they feel they must show him deference. And under cover of this vague authority which he appears to possess, and which he undoubtedly exercises, Mr. Robertson does that which of all things is most calculated to disrupt an organization."

Hall paused for a moment. He wanted his words to penetrate deeply. Then he elucidated.

"He noses about officiously, finding fault, grumbling, holding up work, criticizing, quarreling, and it gets on the nerves of the men. It is no wonder they lose interest in their work and take advantage of the first opportunity to leave your employ. I'd do the same—and so would you, Mr. Ranger, if you were one of them. If it was not for Robertson, you'd have a splendid organization here—a dandy bunch of men."

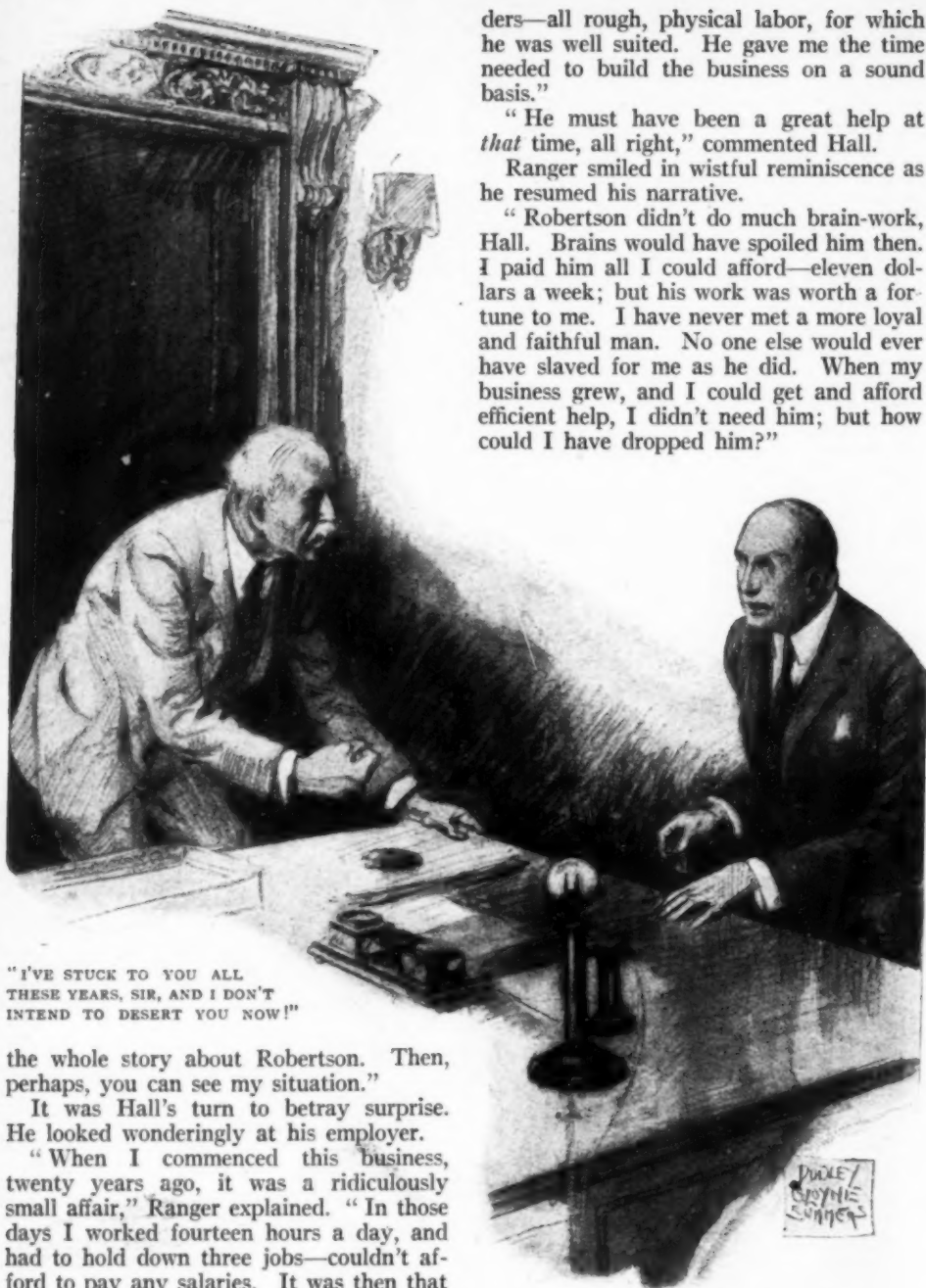
Hall again paused, as if to prepare for the climax of his recital; while Ranger, crushed at the revelation, sat in a crumpled position in his chair, his head drooping, his hands nervously fumbling.

"To sum it all up, Mr. Ranger," the manager concluded, speaking slowly, but pointedly and with a finality that meant business, "I've heard of businesses that have been wrecked by one man, but this is the first time I've actually witnessed the process. I couldn't get along with Mr. Robertson for a million dollars a year, and I ought to let you know, for our mutual benefit, that it will be impossible for me to remain here unless Mr. Robertson leaves. It would be useless for me to try to rehabilitate the business."

II

SILENCE—a couple of minutes of it, as Hall waited patiently for Ranger to indicate his choice. The latter seemed lost in reflection—reflection of a mournful, pathetic nature. Finally a sigh escaped him. He held up his head and looked his new manager squarely in the face, a deep appeal in his voice as he spoke.

"Hall," he said, "I'm going to tell you



"I'VE STUCK TO YOU ALL THESE YEARS, SIR, AND I DON'T INTEND TO DESERT YOU NOW!"

the whole story about Robertson. Then, perhaps, you can see my situation."

It was Hall's turn to betray surprise. He looked wonderingly at his employer.

"When I commenced this business, twenty years ago, it was a ridiculously small affair," Ranger explained. "In those days I worked fourteen hours a day, and had to hold down three jobs—couldn't afford to pay any salaries. It was then that Robertson asked me for a job. It sounds incredible when I tell you that he practically saved my business by relieving me of most of the drudge work. He looked after the shipping and receiving, kept the small store in shape, filled and packed or-

ders—all rough, physical labor, for which he was well suited. He gave me the time needed to build the business on a sound basis."

"He must have been a great help at that time, all right," commented Hall.

Ranger smiled in wistful reminiscence as he resumed his narrative.

"Robertson didn't do much brain-work, Hall. Brains would have spoiled him then. I paid him all I could afford—eleven dollars a week; but his work was worth a fortune to me. I have never met a more loyal and faithful man. No one else would ever have slaved for me as he did. When my business grew, and I could get and afford efficient help, I didn't need him; but how could I have dropped him?"

"I see," said Hall, evincing a degree of sympathy. "You are in a difficult position." Then, grimly: "You have an unwelcome duty on your hands."

Ranger finished his story.

"I know quite well that Robertson is worth nothing as a worker here," he stated. "His case is just that of the faithful old slave who likes to be with his master. I dare say he has no idea that the business has outgrown him. I have kept him simply because I could not do otherwise. I pay him one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, which he regards as a tremendous sum. I did not dream that he acted in the way you have described. No doubt he considers himself indispensable, and I suppose he has a contempt for modern youngsters. I can see, now, how a man in his position can do the harm he has done; but what in the world can I do to set it right?"

Hall glanced about the office. He noted the photograph of the wretched shack in which Ranger had first established himself in business. In the doorway stood Robertson in overalls, Ranger in shirt-sleeves. Then, on the opposite wall, was the photograph of the spacious four-story building in which the Ranger Jobbing Company was now established. There were other interesting pictures and papers on the walls of the office, all, in some degree, mementoes of Ranger's grueling struggle. Then, through the door that opened to a view of the front half of the lower floor, Hall's glance strayed, resting on the busy people at work there. He knew that Ranger's eyes would follow his.

"If you want to save the business that represents your life-work," he grimly answered, "you must discharge Mr. Robertson at once."

At the suggestion, a look of pain flitted across Ranger's face. He shook his head expressively.

"That is easy to suggest, Hall," he said, "but I would do almost anything before taking such a step. I would feel like a wretched cur to discharge a man who has been so faithful. It would be an act of monstrous ingratitude."

"Then why not retire him on a pension? It wouldn't be very expensive."

Once more the older man shook his head negatively.

"I'm afraid you don't fully understand, Hall. It isn't a question of money with me, or with Robertson. He considers himself vitally necessary to the business. He has no other interest. To shatter his delusion would be a cruelty of which I do not feel capable. It is purely sentiment

with me, Hall—a bit of grateful appreciation of the fact that when I needed Robertson he stuck to me. That covers a car-load of faults. No, it isn't money. If I could get rid of Robertson without hurting his feelings, and so save the business, I'd cheerfully pay any price."

"I believe I have a solution, Mr. Ranger," said Hall, and at his words the distressed employer betrayed eager interest. "Work it in this way—tell Robertson that as a result of his great work for you the business is on a foundation that will support it forever. Flatter him in that harmless way, and then tell him that you know he would never mention the subject, but that you feel he should enjoy the rest and reward that his efforts deserve. Insist on it. He is vain, and I do not doubt that you could flatter him into retiring."

Hall's happy inspiration communicated itself to Ranger, over whose face beamed the wonderful smile with which he had started the day's work.

"You're a wonder, Hall!" he exclaimed. "I'd never thought of it in that way. I really believe it will work. I believe you have the solution. To-morrow morning I'll get Robertson in here and give the plan a trial. Great stuff, Hall, great stuff!"

III

THUS it came about that next morning Robertson appeared before Ranger in the latter's office. The older man carried himself well for his sixty years. His face was ruddy, his hair white, and he wore an old-fashioned heavy mustache. His characteristic air of pomposity became instinctively minimized in the presence of the one man to whom he looked up. He remained standing until invited to be seated.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Ranger?" he asked deferentially.

"Yes, Robertson, about a matter which I know you would never bring up yourself, but which is preying on my mind."

Ranger paused for a moment, fearing that he might not impart the desired impression, while his veteran employee stared wonderingly.

"You've been working for me ever since I started in business, Robertson," Ranger continued; "and I don't know just how I can express my appreciation. I don't know what in the world I'd ever have done without you. You've slaved for me. It is

due to your splendid work that the business is now on a rock-bottom basis; and still you continue your efforts uncomplainingly, unceasingly. I feel ashamed at permitting you to keep on working so hard. Robertson, I have one favor to ask of you."

"Yes, sir?" said Robertson, his face glowing with pride at Ranger's warm praise.

"I want you to let me show my appreciation of your services. It would make me very happy if you would do so. As I said, you have put my business on an enduring foundation, and I want you to quit worrying over it and slaving for it. I want you to lay aside the burden and enjoy a well-earned rest. Won't you let me show my appreciation and gratitude in this way?"

"Never, Mr. Ranger!" exclaimed Robertson, his eyes flashing. He shot up from his chair, leaned over, and brought one fist down on the desk with a resounding blow. "Heaven knows that I appreciate your wonderful generosity, sir, and I thank you. I ask for no further reward than your satisfaction with my work." He



AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, HE LEARNED THAT
INSTEAD OF HELPING, HE HAD HINDERED;
INSTEAD OF AIDING, HE HAD OBSTRUCTED

again brought his fist down on the table. "I've stuck to you all these years, sir, and I don't intend to desert you now!"

Ranger, gasping hopelessly, could say nothing.

"You need me more than ever, Mr. Ranger," Robertson stated. "I believe that you are blind to some things going on here. I don't trust all these young fellows you have in the place. I won't give up now and let you bear the burden all alone—no, sir! I want you to stop worrying, Mr. Ranger, and just remember that I'll stay with you until I die!"

With these words he turned about and left the office. Outside the doorway he turned and gave his parting assurance:

"You can always count on me being on the job, Mr. Ranger!"

Ranger was on the verge of being hysterical. A chaos of confused feelings played havoc with his mind for a few seconds. Instead of solving the problem, Hall's plan had complicated it, had proved a boomerang. It had merely demonstrated

that Robertson's infernal loyalty was more pronounced than ever.

Ranger was in a quandary from which he could see no escape. After a few minutes of distressful mental floundering he left his office and sought Hall.

He found the new manager in the cotton goods department, at the foot of the stairway that led to the second floor, at the end of the building, some distance from the elevator. Hall was carefully studying the arrangement of the merchandise; but now, as his employer approached him, he looked up questioningly.

"Our plan has failed miserably, Hall!" Ranger blurted out.

"How's that?"

"Just this." Stirred with emotion at his recollection of the scene, Ranger spoke dramatically. "Robertson came to my

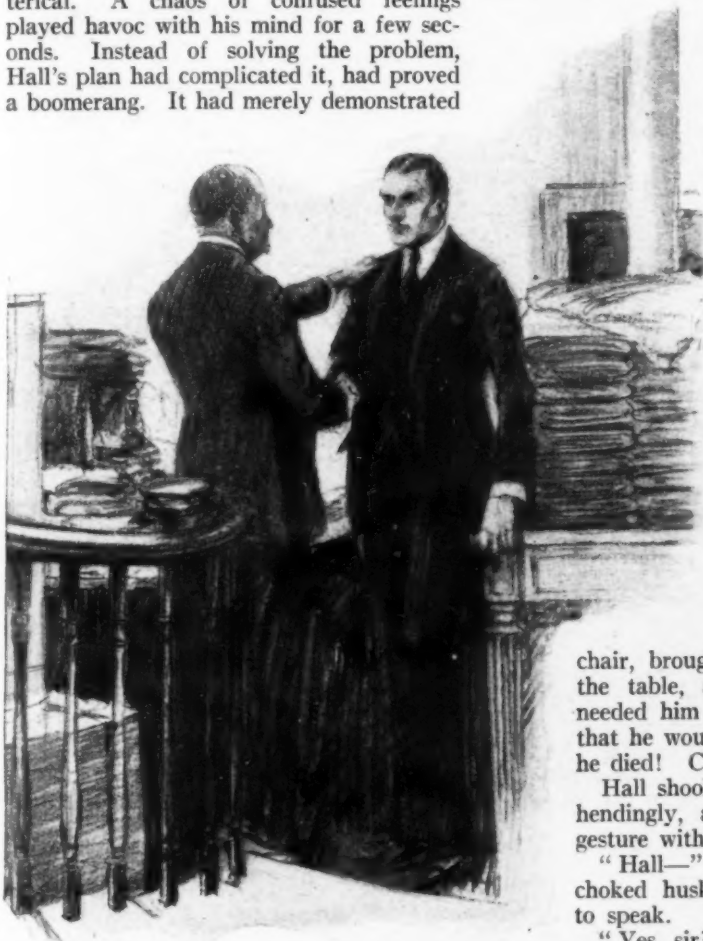
office a few minutes ago, when I sent for him, and I put the proposition before him, just as you and I had agreed. I spoke of his years of work, flattering him to the limit, and assuring him that his efforts had placed the business on an enduring foundation. I begged him to do me one more favor—to let me show my appreciation and gratitude. Then, when I mentioned quitting and enjoying a well-earned rest, he flared up; jumped from his

chair, brought his fists down on the table, and told me that I needed him more than ever, and that he would stay with me until he died! Can you beat that?"

Hall shook his head uncomprehendingly, and made a helpless gesture with his hands.

"Hall—" Ranger's voice choked huskily as he attempted to speak.

"Yes, sir?"



The head of the Ranger Jobbing Company made a heroic effort to compose himself, to hold back the drops that glistened in his eyes.

"Hall, I want you to do me a favor," he pleaded. "I agree with you that Robertson is in the way, that if he remains the force will become entirely disorganized, and that the business may go to pieces; and yet for me to discharge him would be an act of cruelty to which I can scarcely bring myself. I—I—"

In silence, the general manager waited for his employer to regain control over himself.

"I can't tell you how this new proof of Robertson's loyalty and devotion has affected me," Ranger continued. "It makes me feel like a baby. When you've had more experience in this world, Hall—you're young yet—you'll appreciate what such loyalty means. I want you to make an effort to get along with Robertson. I beg of you not to force matters. Try him first. Who knows but that in some way a pleasant solution will be found? Won't you do this for me, Hall?"

"Certainly," Hall answered cordially. "I'm no brute. I fear it's hopeless, but I'll try—I'll try."

Ranger grasped the younger man's hand and shook it warmly. In deep relief, he smiled.

"It's splendid of you, Hall!" he gratefully said.

He returned to his office.

IV

As he crouched tremblingly on the stairway near the base of which Ranger and Hall had just discussed him, Paul Robertson faced the tragic moment of his life. Purely by accident he had heard the conversation concerning himself. Coming down-stairs from the second floor, his light step had not been heard by the two younger men. On hearing his name spoken by Ranger, he had instinctively halted. When the import of the conversation became clear, and there came to him the revelation of his true status in the affairs of the Ranger Jobbing Company, he gasped—a gasp of infinite agony.

The blow was crushing, not only to the old man's vanity and pride, but to his very soul. Serving Miles Ranger had been his sole passion, his single ambition; the only thing, it might be said, for which he lived.

Now, after all these years, he learned that instead of helping, he had hindered; instead of aiding, he had obstructed; instead of having been valued, he had merely been tolerated.

When Hall and Ranger parted, Robertson rose from his crouching position and almost blindly turned about and ascended the stairs. His body was shaking, his head throbbed miserably. His hands were at his heaving breast, as if to clutch at the broken heart within. His whole being burned with the consuming disappointment and humiliation suffered by the man whose dearest delusion is shattered.

The old man steadied himself by leaning against a large case. As the first tumultuous storm of feeling subsided, he was able to think more clearly; but it was impossible for him to understand how he was in the way, or in what manner he had hindered the progress of the business to which he had devoted a third of his years. These new-fangled youngsters, he argued to himself, had deceived Mr. Ranger, had blinded him with dazzling, foolish ideas. But this reflection could not assuage the melancholy that gripped his soul or alleviate the merciless ache that gnawed at his heart.

Mr. Ranger, Robertson reflected, had listened to the malicious whisperings of a young upstart, had blindly permitted the glib tongue of a boy to outweigh the consideration of his many years of service. He, who had served the company through many toilsome days, who had been its prop and mainstay in perilous times, was thus rewarded!

The thought frenzied Robertson. There came over him a raging, feverish impulse to confront Ranger and vent his outraged feelings—an impulse which could not be restrained, and which caused the old employee to descend the stairs. A hot, red flush suffused his face. His jaws were set, his eyes glaring, and he was nearing the stage when he would have no control over his emotions.

Robertson's wrathful journey was halted as he strode down the aisle between two rows of cases of merchandise. Near the end of the passage there had collected a group of employees. The new general manager was having a friendly chat with the men.

"We're going to work together, fellows," Robertson heard Hall say, his pleasant,

firm voice being distinctly audible. "Let's have more of what the business has lacked—team-work, cooperation, real efficiency. If you have any kicks, any suggestions, tell 'em to yours truly. I'm here for that purpose. I'm depending on you boys helping me. We're working for the best concern in the city. There's a future here for all of us; and I want to tell you that we are working for the fairest, squarest, best man in the city—Miles Ranger!"

As Hall finished speaking, Robertson, fearing detection, hastily ducked between two stacks of dry-goods. Stooping so that he might not be observed, he crept stealthily to the passage at the side of the floor, and made his way to the rear. The scene he had just witnessed had not only stopped his wrathful trip to Ranger; it had deflected his current of thought. Anger had given way to the pathetic realization that to the other employees he was a foreigner—an outsider—an intruder. They did not like him; he felt that they did not even respect him.

No, Ranger was right; there wasn't any doubt about it. Robertson was a mere misfit, who in reality did nothing save upset the entire organization. The truth had been concealed through Ranger's gratitude and tact, and had been disclosed purely through accident. And then came cruel, wretched moments, for the awakening was pitiless in revealing to Robertson his faults and shortcomings.

The old employee sat down on the stairs, lacking the strength to remain on his feet. No longer could he blind himself to the agonizing realization that his days of usefulness were past, that he was a dead weight to the business, that he was merely an object of charity. He had loved the business and Miles Ranger with a love that was all the greater because in his lonely life he had never had anything else to love. The sense of security which his artificially superior position had imparted to him had relieved him of all worry about the future. He had felt that he would die in harness; that the business would be his shelter to the end.

In one wretched stroke things had changed.

The very thought of leaving the place that had become woven into the fabric of his life was enough to excite Robertson to a feeling of panic. He picked himself up, ascended the stairs to the second floor,

where no one was likely to be at the time, and paced about aimlessly.

"I don't want to leave," he said whimperingly to himself. "Why should I? I'm an old man—I can't do anything else. I'd probably go crazy if I didn't work down here. I have no friend but Mr. Ranger. I want to stay here. I've got a right to stay here!"

But, Robertson suddenly reflected, he didn't have to leave. Hadn't he heard Mr. Ranger and the new man agree to let things remain as they were? The memory of his employer's words warmed him to life and hope again.

"What do I need to be afraid of?" he asked himself. "Mr. Ranger won't let them get rid of me. I'll keep my mouth shut and keep out of the way, and Mr. Ranger 'll probably let me stay here until I die. I've been loyal to Mr. Ranger—he says so himself—and I know he'll stand by me. I—"

His thoughts dwelling on Mr. Ranger, an inevitable reaction came over Robertson. A new impulse possessed him. He knew now what he would do.

He went straight to his employer's office, where he was greeted with the usual smile of friendliness.

"What can I do for you, Robertson?" Ranger asked.

"It's just this, Mr. Ranger," Robertson faltered. "It's just that I—"

In his heart there began again the great struggle which he had quieted for the time. There passed through his mind dreary, bitter visions of what his life would be, if separated from the Ranger establishment. Finally the overshadowing principle of his existence asserted itself—loyalty to Ranger; his only concern, his sole religion—loyalty to Miles Ranger.

"I don't want you to think I'm ungrateful, Mr. Ranger," Robertson said, now completely in control of himself; "but I've been considering the offer you made to me to let me quit working, and I guess I'll accept it, sir, if you don't mind. I'm getting to be old now, and I suppose I ought to rest up; so I'll leave after this week is over."

"You'll get your regular salary, of course," Ranger assured him.

Robertson, fearing that he might give way to his emotion, abruptly turned and left the office. He felt sick at heart, broken. • An empty, meaningless existence

faced him. Only the knowledge that he had lived up to his lifelong loyalty to Mr. Ranger sweetened, in a poor way, his cup of bitterness.

Immersed in reflection at the startling turn of events, Ranger did not at first look up when, shortly after Robertson's hasty departure from the office, John Hall entered it.

"I've had a dandy talk with the boys!" he cheerily announced. "They—"

"I've got news for you, Hall," said Ranger, interrupting the younger man. "Robertson has reconsidered my offer, and will retire. He leaves after this week."

Strangely enough, for one whose great problem was solved, Miles Ranger exhibited no great joy; but not so John Hall.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "Now we'll have smooth sailing, Mr. Ranger. Our plan worked beautifully, after all, didn't it? I was absolutely right, you see!"

The Gods Make Medicine

BY BOYD FLEMING

Illustrated by Gerald Leake

FROM his desk beside the window Brandon watched the snowflakes swirl and zigzag downward into the great cañon of the street. For a long time he had watched them with dull, hypnotized eyes—watched them until the short winter afternoon had started to fade into twilight. Something about their steady, unbroken downward journey seemed to symbolize his own fall. Like them, he had fallen that day from a great height, a height of power and wealth. He knew that, like them, he would soon be lost among the restless feet of the city; a forgotten, vanishing spot among her vast army of failures.

Now and then his strong fingers pulled at his close-clipped mustache, but his pale face did not turn from the window, nor did his gray eyes lose their dazed stare. To him that day had been the end of everything. The catastrophe had stunned him. His fall from wealth to poverty had been more than his mind could grasp.

Behind him his secretary looked at her watch and closed the files, locking them and placing the keys on a corner of her desk. As she slid into her near-fur coat and reached for her smart little tailored hat, she glanced toward Brandon. With a pitying shake of her head she noted the twisting fingers and drawn lips. A full minute she watched him, and then stepped out of the little office and softly closed the door behind her.

At the faint sound of the closing door Brandon turned, and, passing one hand across his eyes, looked about the deserted office. It was a neat, businesslike office, furnished with expensive simplicity.

His eyes rested upon the little safe standing in the corner. Rising slowly to his feet, he went to it and flung open the heavy door. From the interior he removed a flat package of bank-notes and counted them.

"Three thousand dollars—all that remains from a fortune!" he gasped, thrusting the money into his pocket with trembling fingers and returning to his desk.

In his forty years of life Robert Brandon had never before felt the crushing hand of despair. It left him weak and fearful. A week ago all doors had been open to him, and now, one by one, they were crashing shut. He thought of his clubs, his favorite restaurants, his luxurious bachelor apartment—all the pleasures that wealth had placed before him.

A shudder passed through him. Ambition, pride, hope—the very meaning of his life—had been swept from under him, leaving him crushed amid the ruins of years of labor and planning. Friends whom he had grown to regard as a part of his existence were turning their backs upon those ruins. He thought how glad those friends were, a few weeks before, to have him drop in on them, how pleased to have a few words of

advice in some matter where they did not trust their own judgment. Strange, how suddenly they had grown self-reliant! A shrill laugh broke from him at the thought.

At that moment the door opened and a man entered—a large man with a huge fur-collared overcoat. With a nod of greeting the newcomer moved forward and seated himself heavily upon the edge of Brandon's desk.

"Well, Evans, I suppose you've heard all about it by this time?" Brandon said.

"Yes. I'm blamed sorry, Brandon. You are all down?"

"To the bottom. The R. M. L. people have been watching for this chance for three years."

The large man slowly lit a cigar, his thick lips closing about it like a trap.

"Tell me, Brandon, how much do you owe?" he asked, after the cigar was drawing to his satisfaction.

"Nothing except the note you hold for eight thousand," Brandon replied.

"Well, Brandon," the large man said thoughtfully, "we'll not worry about that just now. You're still young, and it 'll not be long before you—"

"Evans," Brandon broke in, "I'm done for, and you know it. Will you take my car, my office equipment, and the furnishings of my apartment for that note?"

To this Brandon received no reply. The large man seemed lost in thought, his face concealed by a dense cloud of smoke.

"I have a few valuable etchings in my apartment that go with the rest. All told, there is at least twelve thousand dollars' value," Brandon added.

Evans swept the cloud of smoke away from his face with a large, fat hand and scowled at Brandon.

"Bosh, Brandon!" he exclaimed. "I don't want to jump on you like some fifty-dollar loan shark!"

"Nonsense, Evans! It's the only way you will ever realize on that note. When I leave this office to-night it will be for the last time."

The large man, suddenly remembering the shrill laugh he had heard as he entered, looked sharply at Brandon.

"Very well, Brandon," he said slowly.

Writing something on a sheet of paper, Brandon pushed it across the desk. Evans glanced at it, and in return handed over the note for eight thousand dollars. A few minutes later he rose from his position on

the edge of the desk. Before leaving the room, he placed a heavy hand on Brandon's shoulders.

"Look here, Brandon, you've got to get a grip on yourself and get all fool notions out of your head until your thoughts clear up a bit. You're not old, like most of us; you've got time to build again."

For a moment Brandon sat without moving, his bleak eyes staring straight before him. Then his lips twisted into an unpleasant smile of contempt.

"Why talk rot, Evans?" he demanded. "For years I have built with money and power for the foundation. When money and power vanish, the foundation falls from beneath a structure that can be built but once in a lifetime. Do you expect me, a man who has spent the best years of life building that which has vanished, to start over again, when youth has gone, and duplicate the task?"

"There's lots of places to stand between the top and the bottom, Brandon," the big man said calmly. "Go to a doctor and get something to give you a good night's sleep, and then in the morning come and see me. I've never been so near the top as you have, but I know the road pretty well as far as I've got."

To this Brandon seemed unable to find any answer. Evans watched his pale face for a moment and then moved toward the door. With his hand upon the knob he turned.

"Remember what I said about the doctor, and come to me in the morning," he said sharply.

Brandon did not stir until the heavy steps had faded from hearing. Then, tearing the note into tiny bits, he let them fall to the floor.

II

AN hour later Brandon snapped on the lights in his apartment, remembering, with a sigh of satisfaction, that it was his servant's night out. The room he entered was a large one, luxuriously furnished. The soft flood of light shone upon fine old mahogany and Chinese porcelains. A few valuable etchings hung upon the soft-tinted walls.

He gazed upon the place with dull eyes. This was the room in which, lingering over his breakfast-tray, he had made his plans for many a successful day. Gone now was the strong, self-contained man who had



FEW OF THE PEOPLE WERE AS WELL
DRESSED AS BRANDON, THOUGH HE
WORE HIS OLDEST CLOTHES

made those plans. In his place stood a man broken and crushed, his vision narrowed down to one hopeless fact.

He quickly left the room and passed into a hall leading to his bedroom and bath. Some little time later, when he returned to the large room, his outward appearance was changed. He wore his oldest suit and overcoat, and on his head was a soft felt hat that showed signs of long wear. His face had been altered by shaving off his mustache. From his clothing he had removed all marks of identification. In his pockets were the three thousand dollars in bank-notes and a revolver.

His plans were simple. He would walk to the station and take the first train out of town. He would go to some small place in the West and end his life with a bullet. The city would soon forget his disappearance. Never would it connect an unknown man, dead in some cheap hotel hundreds of miles away, with Robert Brandon.

Upon learning over the telephone that it would be after midnight before he could get a train westward, he impatiently paced the length of the room. Suddenly remembering his shaved upper lip, he realized that it would be best not to endanger his plans by showing himself to some unexpected caller. With a last look about the big room, he snapped off the lights and made his way to the street.

He was surprised, in a mild, indifferent manner, that there was no deep feeling of regret at leaving his apartment for the last



HE PULLED HIS HAT OVER HIS EYES AND WEDGED HIMSELF INTO THE MIDST OF THE CROWD

time. He remembered that its lonely luxury had been palling on him for some months past. It was due to overwork, he decided.

Turning his back upon the streets with which he was familiar, he strode away into the night. As he walked, he lost all count of time or distance covered. To him the world consisted of a long, gleaming path of wet sidewalk on which snowflakes fell and vanished. The far-lit length of the street unwound before him. The cold wind, filled with wet dabs of snow, sucked about his collar. With dazed, unseeing eyes he paced off the long blocks.

After what seemed to him miles of tramping, he was brought abruptly to a wakeful condition by an unusually bright glare upon the wet sidewalk before him. He looked up, to find himself nearing the entrance of a theater. About the doors swarmed a gay, laughing crowd. His eyes,

quick to notice such things, saw that it was a mixed, poorly dressed mob. Few of the people in it were as well dressed as he was, though he wore his oldest clothes.

He was about to cross the road when his eyes, wandering over the mass of faces, saw a young man advancing swiftly toward him. With a start he recognized the face of his chauffeur. He stared quickly about him, and then, pulling his hat over his eyes, he wedged himself into the midst of a crowd of young men who were pushing their way toward a narrow side entrance.

Once within the closely packed throng, Brandon found it impossible to force his way out. Rather than attract attention—for he did not know what had become of his chauffeur—he remained quietly where he was, and let himself be crowded toward the narrow door. Within the doorway he stumbled over the bottom step of a dark stairway. The laughing, pushing crowd flowed upward to the top, where it was

forced into single file by means of an iron railing. Brandon found himself facing a small, square window in the wall, through which a sour-faced young man was handing out large, dirty pasteboard tickets. Not far from the window stood an officer.

Brandon reached into his pocket, and, pulling a bill from the outside of his roll of bank-notes, shoved it through the window. After some swearing, the sour-faced young man shoved forth a wrinkled mass of bills mixed with silver, and a ticket. Without counting the money, Brandon shoved his change into his pocket, and, picking up his ticket, moved on.

A glance at the jammed stairway up which he had come made him realize the folly of trying to return to the street; so he followed the others through a dim hallway that ended in another stairway twisting its squeaky way toward some unseen objective point above.

At the top another young man took his ticket and dropped it into a tall wooden box with a slot cut in the top. Brandon found himself facing a huge balcony filled with rows of dilapidated wooden seats that dropped steeply to a great crescent-shaped railing. His nostrils were greeted with a strange mixed odor of peanuts, floor dust, paint, cheap tobacco, and close-packed humanity. The composite odor was one that swung open the doors of memory with a

rush. He sniffed deeply, a strange light in his eyes.

"The peanut gallery!" he exclaimed, in the voice of one meeting and greeting an old acquaintance.

III

BRANDON made his way downward, fighting the dizzy sensation that he was about to fall head first over the curving balustrade at the bottom. In the fifth row from the front he found a vacant seat. As he removed his overcoat, something crushed loudly beneath his feet. Glancing down, he beheld a mass of peanut shucks. With a faint smile he slipped into the seat and folded his overcoat across his knees.

He looked upon the sea of faces about him with curious eyes. All were masculine; old faces, young faces, rough faces, smooth faces, and the strange, dark faces of another land.

His ears, until then deaf, were suddenly opened to the loud hum of voices, above which floated a steady rattle of shouts, laughter, and crude jokes. His eyes fell again to the wooden balustrade. Its wide surface, polished smooth by many coats, was deeply cut with initials.

A soft, misty light came to his eyes, and he drew a deep breath. His thoughts flew backward over the years to the time when he often sat in the front row of the top



THE WORLD OF
AMUSEMENT HELD
FEW SURPRISES FOR
ROBERT BRANDON

gallery at the Star Opera-House, back in Millville. He had a vision of the three little rooms in the Kennedy Block, and of his mother preparing supper on the three-burner "hot-plate" in the kitchen.

Softly, as if shut out by a velvet cur-

tain, his surroundings vanished and the floodgates of memory swung wide. The hum of voices about him, like familiar strains of music echoing



WITH A JERK,
BRANDON'S MIND RE-
TURNED TO THE PRESENT

from the past, only drew the curtain closer.

Again he was returning home from work with his tin dinner-bucket under his arm. He plunged up the stairs three steps at a stride, and burst into the kitchen. He scrubbed the grime from his face and hands in the tin wash-basin, and made the endless towel rattle over its wooden roller.

Supper was served on the little kitchen table with its red table-cloth. How cheerful the old red table-cloth looked, and how familiar the glass butter-dish with the big round cover and broken handle! There would be hot biscuits baked in the tin oven, baked potatoes, and ground beef—the latter fried in little round patties. Last of all, but far from least, would be a hot apple-John.

After supper, it being Saturday night, he brushed his blue serge suit briskly and slipped into the old gray overcoat, its pockets bulging with gloves, pipe, and tobacco, and made his way to the Star Opera-House—an early start, so as to be sure of a seat in the front row of the peanut gallery.

Brandon's thoughts were broken by a crash of hand-clapping and shrill whistling from those about him. With a jerk his mind returned to the present. Without leaning forward to see, he knew that the orchestra had taken its place. Just below him three youths were talking.

"Well, Slim, landed a job yet?" one of them asked of another.

"You betcha! Yesterday morning," replied the fattest of the three.

"Whereabouts?"

"Old Davis, down at the Diamond. Put me on a lathe."

"What did he slip you?"

"Eighteen."

"Not so worse!"

With a smile Brandon remembered the twelve dollars he received while running a lathe at the mill, in the days when he spent every Saturday night in a top gallery.

Just then the orchestra broke into action with a crash. It was a choppy, foot-teetering tune, accompanied by the rat-tat of a snare-drum. Once more Robert Brandon, the failure, vanished, and in his place sat Bobby Brandon, the boy of long ago. He leaned eagerly forward as the light went out and the faded curtain slowly lifted.

He watched with admiring eyes the slender form of the girl on roller-skates as she weaved gracefully about the stage in perfect time with the music, her feats bringing round after round of applause from his fellow gallery gods. He laughed loudly at the clumsy antics of the comedian, as, on his squeaky, disjointed roller-

skates, he tried to imitate the flying movements of the girl.

The world of amusement held few surprises for Robert Brandon, but it was not Robert Brandon's eyes that shone eagerly over that curved balustrade. Robert Brandon would have noted that the costumes were cheap and not overclean, that the music was trash and the voices shrill; but Bobby Brandon only saw that the colors were bright, the music quick and cheerful, and the voices filled with laughter.

Time slipped by on magic wings as he watched the stage. Act followed act. One act was musical—violin, harp, and flute. As he listened, his thoughts again drifted backward.

He remembered the night he pressed the old gray overcoat and took Bessie Holt, the girl across the hall, to a "one night only" at the Star. He sat down-stairs that night, and paid three dollars for the two seats. What was three dollars to him? Had he not been raised to fifteen a week? Did he not buy a red table-cloth, the best they had, for his mother the week before, and still have thirty-five dollars left in the bank?

His throat tightened painfully at the thought of the red table-cloth. He had not seen one since the death of his mother and the breaking up of the little home in the Kennedy Block. He wondered if they still used them back in Millville.

Bessie Holt was the first girl he had ever taken to a show. He remembered how breathless he had felt that night at supper, and how teasingly his mother had smiled at him across the table. As he remembered it now, there was a trace of sadness in that smile. On the way to the opera-house it had taken him the distance of three blocks to decide whether he should or should not take the girl's arm. He remembered the little thrill that went through him when he at last decided that he should—and did. If he remembered rightly, her arm was held quite handy.

How far away those days seemed! He thought of the long climb that had brought him to the heights. He thought of the years of planning and labor he had given to reach success—the success that had now vanished.

A strange feeling came over him that in his race for wealth and power he had missed something. Somewhere between those boyhood dreams and their realization

he had lost something of value. He realized that not one of the things his money had bought had given him the delight experienced in dreaming of them when they were merely boyish longings.

Deep within himself he asked what that boy would have thought of his present failure. Before he could find an answer the musical act ended, and his thoughts were broken by a roar of applause, in which he automatically joined.

IV

ONE of the young men seated just below applauded loudly, and, as they waited for the next and final act, he turned to his companion and asked:

"Say, whatever become of that tall guy that used to pound the rag out of that old piano-box down at Jerry's place?"

"You mean that side-kick of Haywood's—the guy that was soft on old Harding's girl?" asked the one called Slim.

"That's the guy. He married her after old Harding got croaked on the railroad, didn't he? I ain't seen him since I got back from Detroit. Where'd he drop to?"

"He's out in Ohio somewhere," the fat youth said. "He an' the girl went back to her old home town, and struck it soft. Haywood gets a letter from him once in a while. He's sales-manager or something for some piano-factory. He's bought a house and got it part paid for—knocking down forty bucks a week. He's living right on Easy Street all the time!"

"Gee!" said the third youth. "Say, it must be great to rattle forty plunks every week! How do they get that way?"

"He could sure knock out the music!" said the first youth. "One of them tunes those wops played made me remember him."

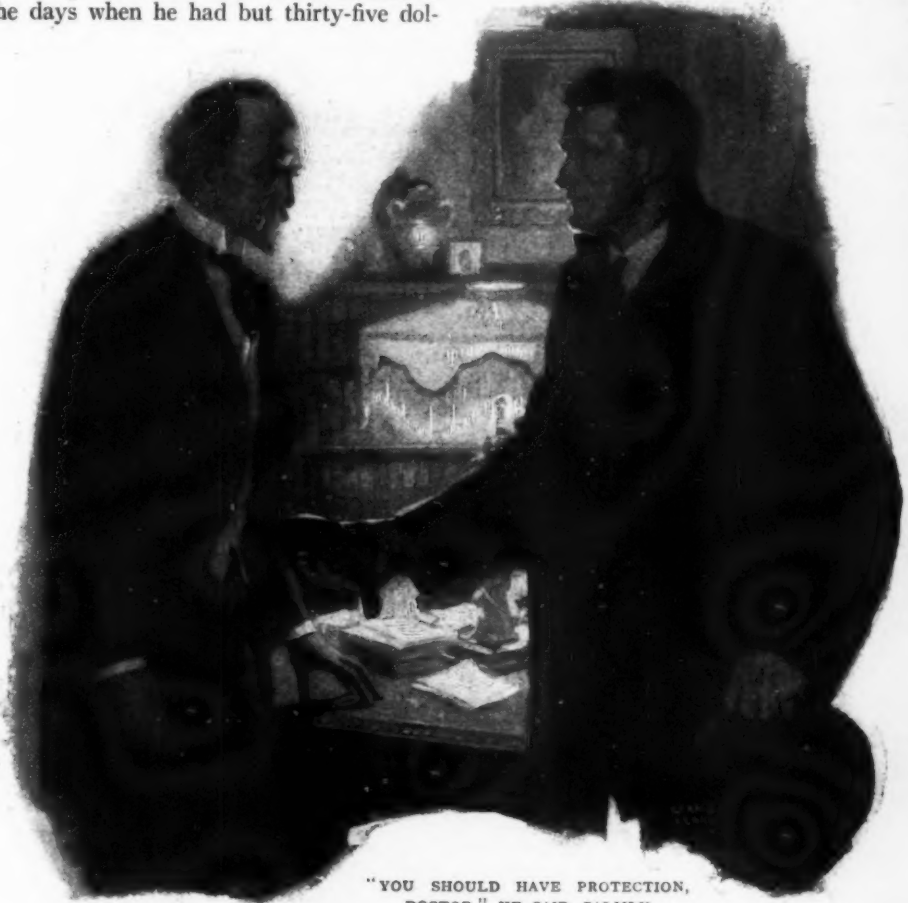
A strange look crossed Brandon's face. Forty dollars a week and Easy Street! With a start he remembered the three thousand dollars in his pocket. His gaze slowly swept the laughing faces about him. He, regarding himself as a ruined man, was no doubt richer than the great majority of those about him.

The thought made his eyes open sharply. He glanced down at his suit, the oldest he owned. It looked as neat as any that he saw near him. He suddenly remembered that he was the owner of at least twelve suits, any one of which was vastly better than the one he had on. Other per-

sonal property flashed to his mind—cuff-links, shirt-studs, stick-pins, two valuable watches, silver-mounted brushes.

By selling all his personal property he could easily realize three thousand dollars more. That, with the roll in his pocket, would be six thousand. He remembered how rosy the future had looked to him in the days when he had but thirty-five dol-

self, with many others, plunging down the twisted stairway leading to the street, the farewell blare of the orchestra ringing in his ears. As he shot out into the cold air of the street, he hastily buttoned his overcoat, and, after getting his bearings from a near-by policeman, made his way toward



"YOU SHOULD HAVE PROTECTION,
DOCTOR," HE SAID CALMLY

lars in the bank, and spent every Saturday night in the gallery of the Star Opera House. To-night he was worth more than a hundred times that amount, yet he was in the blackness of hopeless despair.

"Easy Street!" he cried softly under his breath. "Brandon, compared with nine out of every ten people in this place, you own Easy Street! By your standards—which are all wrong—almost every man in this whole mob ought to shoot himself before morning!"

A short time later Brandon found him-

the part of the city with which he was familiar.

V

For several minutes Dr. Fernald looked at his caller without speaking. Then a smile of surprise crossed his stern face.

"Brandon!" he exclaimed in wonder. "I never recognized you."

"They trimmed me pretty close," Brandon said with a faint smile, as he remembered his shaved upper lip.

The keen eyes of the old doctor searched

his face, not failing to note the weary lines about the eyes and mouth and the nervous twitch of the lips.

"Then it is true that you went under?" he asked.

"Down and out," Brandon said. "Doctor, I want you to give me something that will make me have about twelve hours' good sleep. I've not had a good sleep in a hundred years."

Dr. Fernald looked at him in silence, and then turned and left the room, returning a short time later with the required medicine.

"I'm glad to see you take it so well, Brandon," he said. "It must have been a bad blow to you."

After a few moments Brandon turned to leave, but at the door paused and returned.

"You are often out late at night in all parts of the city, I suppose, doctor?"

"I have many night calls," said the doctor, with a sharp glance.

A faint smile crossed Brandon's face. Reaching into his overcoat pocket, he drew forth the revolver and placed it on the desk.

"You should have protection, doctor,"

he said calmly. "Let me make you a present of this revolver. I am too young to use it."

Without a trace of surprise, the old doctor picked up the weapon and examined it. After a moment he dropped it into his pocket, and, rising to his feet, walked around the desk and grasped Brandon's hand. Their eyes met and understood.

"Brandon, you would have cheated your friends out of one of the greatest joys friendship can realize—that of standing beside you and helping you fight. Hearts are much larger than dollars, and will not drop through a small hole in the pocket. Evans and four or five others are dragging the city for you right now. He has called me up every half-hour since dark to ask if I have seen you. What shall I tell him the next time he calls?"

For a moment Brandon made no reply. A painful dryness filled his throat and his eyes blinked rapidly. At last a tiny smile crossed his face.

"Tell him I advise him to go to bed until his head clears!" he said, as he wrung the old doctor's hand.

THE TWO AMERICAS

ONE lies about us everywhere—

In village, city, field, and mart,
In men and women gray with care,
And heedless to the call of art.

The selfish soul, the profiteer,
The man who seeks alone for gold—

In thousand forms they reappear,
And spread their curse a thousandfold.

Indifference, carelessness, and greed—
These meet, alas, the saddened eye;

If such America, indeed,
For her no man need live nor die.

But underneath, beyond, above,
There blooms another, better land
That only those can see who love,
Whose heart has learned to understand—
The land of which our fathers dreamed,
Where hope and justice share the throne,
By blood of patriots redeemed,
For which we'd gladly give our own.
Here spirits live we thought were stark;
Here Washington and Lincoln, too,
Guard still the secret, sacred ark—
This is America, the true!

William Wallace Whitelock

Huns of the Highway

THERE WILL BE TEN THOUSAND DEATHS IN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS THIS YEAR—
WHAT CAN BE DONE TO CURB THE SMALL PERCENTAGE OF MOTORISTS
WHOSE RECKLESSNESS MAKES OUR ROADS INCREASINGLY DANGEROUS?

By Alexander Johnston

Editor of "Motor"

DURING the great war we heard much about the necessity of quelling a certain race of Huns whose habitat was said to be the northern part of central Europe. As a matter of fact we have to-day, here in the United States, a brood of savages whose suppression is one of the pressing problems of these days of peace. I refer to the Huns of the highway, who are every day becoming a greater menace to our law-abiding folk going back and forth upon their lawful business in the public thoroughfares.

During the past ten years the production of motor-vehicles in the United States has followed an upward curve, which has been the marvel of students of transportation all over the world. It has marked a period of economic progress without parallel in the history of such development. It has changed our national life and directed it into more generous lines. But, by the same token, as happens with practically every forward step in human evolution, this readjustment of our methods of transportation has brought with it serious problems, and chief among these is the mounting toll of accidents.

Even the railway, fettered by steel rails and protected by its right of way, is not immune from accidents—not by some thousands a year. It is inevitable, therefore, that a swift-moving vehicle traversing thoroughfares shared by other classes of wheeled traffic and by pedestrians should be a prolific cause of trouble.

The fact that there are few accidents in which the motorist is solely to blame does not diminish the heavy losses inflicted, nor does it lessen our duty to endeavor to reduce the mounting toll. It may be inter-

esting to examine briefly the motor-vehicle accident curve before we pass on to a consideration of how we may cut it down.

Most motor-vehicles are insured to-day, and all of them ought to be. The statistics gathered by the insurance companies with regard to automobile accident cases are the most comprehensive and trustworthy that we have. Let us quote briefly from insurance statistics relating to automobile accidents in the United States by years.

A SHOCKING TOLL OF FATALITIES

In the year 1910, deaths in motor-vehicle accidents totaled 980. In 1914 the number had risen to 2,826, and in 1917 it was 6,724. By every law of progression, when the figures for 1920 are available, they will show more than ten thousand deaths in automobile accidents.

Perhaps an even more illuminating comparison may be had by taking the fatalities by four-year periods. Classified in this way, we find that in the period from 1906 to 1909, inclusive, there were 1,502 deaths. In the four years from 1910 to 1913 there were 6,517 fatal accidents, and in the period from 1914 to 1917 the ghastly toll had risen to 18,721.

From whatever point of view we approach these statistics, we must agree on one thing, and that is that the death toll is altogether too high. We must remember, too, that the figures given above do not include a numerically still more impressive record of non-fatal accidents, ranging from broken bones to less painful injuries.

Having agreed on the necessity for lessening our motor-accident toll, we may proceed to consider how this desirable consummation may be accomplished.

To begin with, we may divide accidents involving motor-vehicles into two classes. In the first class we shall place accidents due to the fault of the pedestrian or occupant of another type of vehicle; in the second, accidents caused by the lack of skill, carelessness, or plain criminality of the motor-vehicle operator.

Surprising as it may seem to some of our readers, students of modern traffic agree that most accidents are caused by the carelessness of pedestrians. The statistics quoted above prove this by segregating urban and rural accidents. The motor-car registration in the United States is about evenly divided between city and rural districts; but fatal accidents are almost three times as many in the cities, where pedestrians swarm in the highways, as they are in the country districts, where the roads are fairly free for vehicular traffic.

THE PUBLIC MUST BE EDUCATED

It follows, therefore, that the first step in reducing our toll of accidents is to educate the general public to the demands of modern traffic. As long as people are permitted to walk across crowded streets where and when they please, there are going to be frequent accidents. The pedestrian public of our urban areas should be placed under control of the "traffic cop," exactly as vehicular traffic now is.

"Jay walking," or crossing streets in the middle of the block, traffic dodging, trying to edge one's way through a moving stream of motor vehicles—these are simply other names for attempted suicide at the present time. Permitting children to make playgrounds of our streets with games of tag, roller-skates, scooters, and the like, is not much better than legalizing infanticide. There must be a drastic revision of our present methods of control of traffic other than vehicular before we can hope to bring down our accident figures.

And this brings us to our second class of accidents, those due to fault on the part of the motorist.

There are nearly eight million drivers of motor-vehicles in this country to-day. The total number of accidents, counting in even the slight mishaps, is below two hundred thousand annually. This means that less than two and one-half per cent of all the millions of drivers throughout the country are involved in accidents each year. Now, if we are generous in our estimate, and say

that half the drivers involved in accidents are wholly or partially to blame for the trouble—and by every means of information that we have this estimate is not only generous but riotously philanthropic to the pedestrian—then perhaps one hundred thousand motorists are guilty of causing avoidable accidents during the course of twelve months.

Who, then, are these hundred thousand miscreants who bring into bad odor a vehicle which has already played so beneficent a rôle in our history, and which is destined to be a shaping factor in our national life, social and economic?

Aha, we come to the heart of the matter! These are they who have earned the title of Huns of the highway, and who in so doing have bespattered the law-abiding multitude of American motorists with some of the evil fame that should be theirs alone.

When it comes explicitly to describing the highway Huns, the task is more difficult. Generalization is always dangerous. It would be unjust to pick out a certain class of drivers and say:

"These are the guilty men!"

Huns are found in every class of operators—even among the solid and supposedly careful family men who ought to be the last to take chances.

Not forgetting the skill of the class and the fact that very many of its members are careful and considerate users of the highway, I should say that the professional driver, the chauffeur class, produces more Huns than any other definite category. It is a deeply ingrained characteristic of human nature not to be so careful of something that belongs to some one else. The man who is driving another man's motor-vehicle is far readier to "take a chance" with it than the owner would be.

Then, too, the very skill of the professional often betrays him into taking a chance that the average man, not quite so sure of himself, would never take. And this reminds us that the basic cause of practically all automobile accidents is recklessness, carelessness, not lack of skill—a fact which confutes the alleged logic of those well-meaning individuals who suggest a preliminary examination of all prospective drivers as a sure cure for accidents.

FOUR CLASSES OF DRIVERS

Some years ago Arthur Woods, at that time police commissioner of New York, and

an intelligent and acute student of traffic developments, characterized the motor-vehicle drivers with whom his department came in contact as follows:

The owner and driver—seems to believe in the golden rule; is intelligent, thoughtful, and anxious to obey regulations; has regard for the safety of those who walk, as well as that of himself and those with him; is easy to handle; knows that if he violates traffic rules, he himself is responsible, not only in a criminal court but in a civil court as well. In short, we like to deal with the owner who drives his own car, and wish there were more of him.

The owner who employs a chauffeur—always has money enough to pay his chauffeur's fines; is generally in a hurry; doesn't start from home until the last minute, and then frequently takes a chance of violating the law so as to get there on time; never doubts his chauffeur's ability to get anywhere within the time available, no matter how impossible the task.

The private chauffeur—depends upon his employer's ability and willingness to pay all fines and damages, or his employer's influence with the powers that be, whatever that may mean; which confidence makes him indifferent to the rights of every one, except his employer's and his own; is supremely content in the knowledge that if he violates any traffic regulation his fines will be paid, and if he injures any one or anything his employer will relieve him of responsibility.

The taxi chauffeur—ready at almost any time, in return for a small tip, to take a chance to accommodate a passenger; is out for the money, and in many cases doesn't care how he obtains it; doesn't welcome police regulation; is not oversolicitous of the rights of others. Not a few of these drivers have had police records, and their type is perhaps the source of the greatest trouble to traffic policemen.

Commissioner Wood's statement is extremely interesting and significant, but it does not cover the whole subject of the highway Huns. To begin with, there are some of them in the owner-driver class. Given a temperamentally reckless man in possession of a big, high-powered car, and the best advice we can give other users of the highway is:

"Beware of the dog!"

HOW TO SUPPRESS THE HUNS

When we come to the question how to suppress the Huns of the highways, our task is even more difficult than when we attempted to segregate them into a definitely recognizable class.

We shall have to begin with a distinctly negative statement of fact. Nothing that has been done so far has diminished the numbers of the Huns. Legislation, State and municipal, has poured over them in an almost unceasing stream for lo, these many

years. I do not fear contradiction when I say that none of the existing laws has had an appreciable effect toward limiting their offensive activities.

The preceding statement is not intended anarchistically. Laws there must be to govern traffic, though we doubt the necessity for the endless multiplicity of regulations that now occupy the statute-books of every State and city. A few simple rules of the road, a blanket law against driving to the infringement of the rights of other users of the public thoroughfares—these, properly enforced, will do more to end Hunnishness on the highway than the framing of a dozen new laws by every Legislature and city council in the United States.

And thus we come to what we believe is the real crux of the matter—enforcement of traffic laws. It is our contention that laws against the Huns can never become really effective until the entire motoring community takes up their enforcement. Motoring is now so much an ordinary function of American life that it is utterly impossible for the largest police-force that could be maintained to enforce any strict control over more than an infinitesimal fraction of those who drive motor-vehicles. Police records show that about thirty thousand motorists are haled to court each year in our largest cities, but these are only a fraction of those who break the laws; and by an ironic chance they are usually those who infringe the letter of the law, but not its spirit.

AN APPEAL TO ALL MOTORISTS

The spirit of the law must always be to protect all users of the roads. The man who drives at a rate of thirty miles per hour on a deserted street is breaking the letter of the law, but he is not endangering any one's life or limb. The man who cuts in ahead of another car may be traveling at legal speed, and may yet be placing the occupants of both vehicles in deadly peril. Any one who has heard the proceedings in the traffic court of a large city will testify that while he has heard a number of law-breakers sentenced, he has seen few cases of reckless driving punished, few Huns of the highway brought to book.

The reason is simply that motoring is now so nearly universal that any fixed body of police, no matter how vigilant, will see only stray instances of law-break-

ing, and of these only a small fraction will be the cases of reckless driving, which are the really dangerous offenses.

On the other hand, motorists themselves are practically always participants in any infringement of the statutes. Some decent member of the motoring community is invariably a witness of instances of reckless driving, usually as the innocent victim of the performance. If the decent ninety-nine and a fraction per cent of American motorists would organize themselves into an unofficial detective force, reporting every case of reckless driving that came under their notice, the highway morals of the inconsiderable fraction of reckless or criminal drivers would be quickly and effectually mended.

To accomplish this some easy method of

reporting reckless driving will have to be devised. Perhaps the formation of a motorists' organization would solve the problem. To this organization private motorists could report cases of reckless driving, to be followed by an investigation. If the driver reported proved to be a habitual offender, it would be easy to bring his behavior to the attention of the proper authorities and have him barred from the roads.

The working out of such a scheme will require time, but general cooperation on the part of law-abiding motorists is essential if the roads are to be made safe for all users. No other class is so vitally interested as the great army of car-owners, and it is to their attention that the suggestion is specially commended.

BALLADE OF THE IMMORTAL GODS

WHEN I of Dian speak, or sing
 Queen Venus' praise, or fain would swell
 Apollo's glory, or would bring
 White violets to the queen of hell,
 Once a fair flower in Enna's dell,
 Grim Pluto's queen, Persephone,
 Men deem I but a vain thing tell;
 Yet are these gods most real to me.

Zeus, of wide heaven and earth the king,
 Doth still on high Olympus dwell;
 The muses nine, in choric ring,
 Still move around the sacred well;
 Still, from their beds of asphodel,
 The golden faces watch the sea,
 Dreamy with cups of hydromel;
 Yet are these gods most real to me.

Nor fail I with due offering
 To gods that guard from blight and spell,
 And to the naiad-haunted spring
 Fair garlands bring I, sweet to smell;
 And Nereus, with sea-murmuring shell,
 And Pan with wild-wood minstrelsy,
 The changeless Fates, the Furies fell—
 Yet are these gods most real to me.

ENVOI

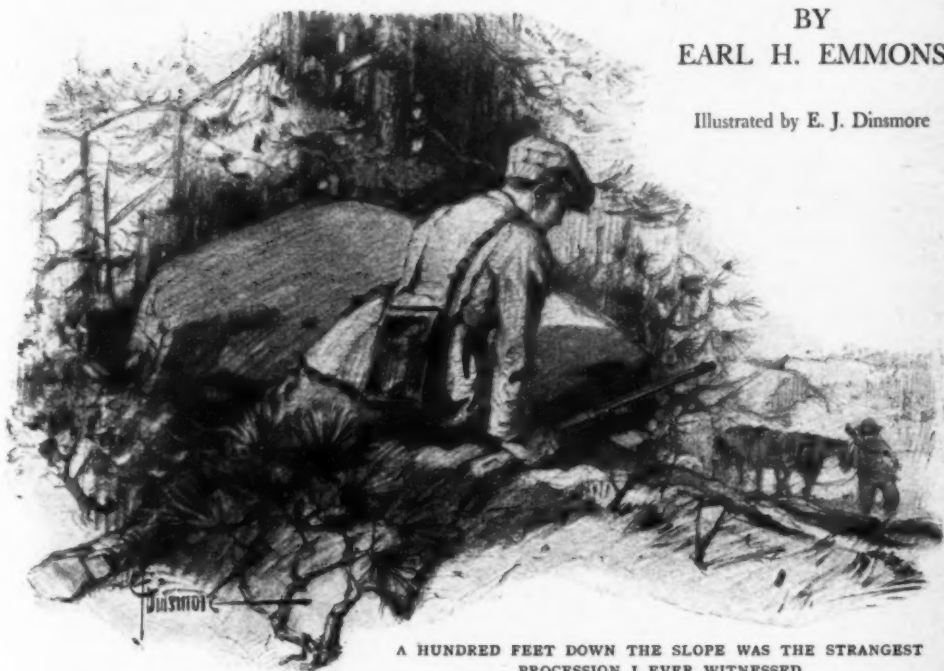
Yea, prince, wouldest thou thy fate foretell,
 Go seek Dodona's mystic tree,
 Each living leaf an oracle—
 Yet are these gods most real to me.

Richard Leigh

With Military Honors

BY
EARL H. EMMONS

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore



A HUNDRED FEET DOWN THE SLOPE WAS THE STRANGEST PROCESSION I EVER WITNESSED

I HAD gone to the Black Hills of South Dakota to hunt, fish, and rest, and one day I had wandered miles from camp in pursuit of some camera views. About noon I found myself in one of the wildest sections of this notably rough region—far, as I thought, from any habitation. I had just climbed one of the rugged hills, studied with impressive and impregnable gray boulders, when a sound caused me to halt abruptly.

Here, in the heart of this vast wilderness, inhabited by only a few forest rangers and an occasional cattleman or sheep-rancher, I heard very plainly, coming toward me, the methodical, rhythmic beat of a drum.

R-r-r-ump, r-r-r-ump, r-r-r-ump, tump, tump—

Not knowing what to expect, I crept to the top of the hill, crawled into a dense thicket of young jack-pines, and looked into the valley below. The sight that met my eyes was even more startling than the sounds that had preceded it.

A few hundred feet down the slope, and

coming straight toward me, was the strangest procession I ever witnessed.

First, with a hemp rope tied to his belt, came a tanned, weather-beaten man, plodding along with slow, measured tread, and solemnly beating time upon a small drum—such a drum as is often seen about Christmas-time. The rope led back to the halters of an equally solemn-looking pair of sorrel broncos, between whom was slung a long pine box, of unmistakable proportions, wrapped in a flag. Bringing up the rear, head drooping and tail between legs, straggled a large collie dog.

Beyond the procession, perhaps a half-mile down the slope, squatted a log cabin, a corral, and some outbuildings, all clustered in a verdant cup made by the surrounding hills. From the roof of the cabin I could make out a flagpole on which flew a flag—at half-mast! Almost at my feet, just far enough below the summit to be sheltered from the winds, but overlooking the entire scene, yawned a shallow grave.

R-r-r-ump, r-r-r-ump, r-r-r-ump, tump, tump—

On up the incline toiled the party till at last, puffing and sweating with the exertion of the steady climb, they came to a halt beside the newly made grave and not more than twenty yards from where, too fascinated to move, I lay.

The man removed his hat and mopped his brow with a large blue handkerchief. The horses stood with nostrils distended and their sides working like a bellows. The dog, his tongue hanging out, sat down and kept moving his head from side to side.

"Well, Jeff!" spoke the man at last. "We're here."

Without further word he began laboriously to unfasten the trappings and ease the box to the ground. It was almost impossible for me to overcome my inclination to offer assistance, but realizing the embarrassment such a move might cause, I held back. If this strange person had wanted any help in his strange task, I reasoned, he would not be alone. Doubtless my intrusion would be vigorously resented; yet my position was such that I could not retire without being discovered.

Then, in the midst of my meditations, things began to happen which made me forget my predicament, forget that I was an intruder, forget everything except the thing before me.

The box had been lowered to the ground, and rested beside the grave. From one of the horses the man unslung a flat slab of granite, bearing a chiseled inscription; next a battered bugle, and lastly a double-barreled shotgun. Then he removed his tattered hat, laid it carefully on the ground, and turned toward the box.

"Well, Jeff!" he said. "You see I kep' my word. You recollect, when you went away, you said as how you might not come back—that is, you know, the way you went—an' as how you wanted I should plant you right here, where you could allus see the shack an' all—wit' mil'tary honors. You said that, Jeff, an' I promised I'd do the best I could—an' I—I done my damndest, Jeff, jest like you knowed I would. Ever sence I got the word that they got you, I been blastin' an' diggin' out that there hole and cuttin' yer epitaph on that there slab, as I reckoned you'd want it."

The man paused and wiped the sweat from his forehead with the big handkerchief. The horses stood slowly switching their tails, their ears twitching and their eyes staring down at the hole. The dog

continued shifting uneasily and occasionally whined very softly. After a moment the speaker continued.

"I don't know, Jeff, as how I've got everythin' laid out accordin' to Hoyle, but, as I said before, I done the best I could, an' we'll start by singin' the song we used to sing in the old days when we punched cows up in Wyoming."

The speaker cleared his throat, threw back his head, and started with a roar, which, as the song proceeded, dwindled to a squeak, broke, and ended at last in a sob.

"Cheer boys, cheer,
The gang's all hyere,
So w'at t'ell do we keer?
W'at t'ell do we keer?
Cheer boys, cheer,
The gang's all hyere;
So w'at t'ell—do—we keer—now?"

Again the big blue handkerchief came out, but this time it was not to wipe perspiration. The horses, who had jerked up their heads and stood with ears pricked forward, now sank back into their former pose. The dog had lain down, his nose between his forepaws, and he continued to whine softly.

"Now, Jeff," the singer resumed, "I reckon we kin go on wit' the services. We ain't got a very big crowd, but 'twarn't because we couldn't 'a' had 'em. Plenty would 'a' come jest to look on, but I wouldn't have it. You know, pard, we never did stack up strong alongside o' these mavericks out hyere. They allus seemed to think that because a couple pardners, what worked their eternal daylight on seven days a week, come to town wunst a month to celebrate and shoot up the place in a quiet, orderly manner, they warn't worth a tarnation."

"You know, pard, nobody never cared a Sam Hill fer us till you went to war. We warn't nothin' but a couple o' coyotes to them, an' that's why they ain't hyere now. I told 'em that up to Deadwood the day you come in, an' I reckoned you'd be a mighty lot better satisfied to have it that way. So you kin rest easy, Jeff, that ye're bein' planted by friends—wit' military honors."

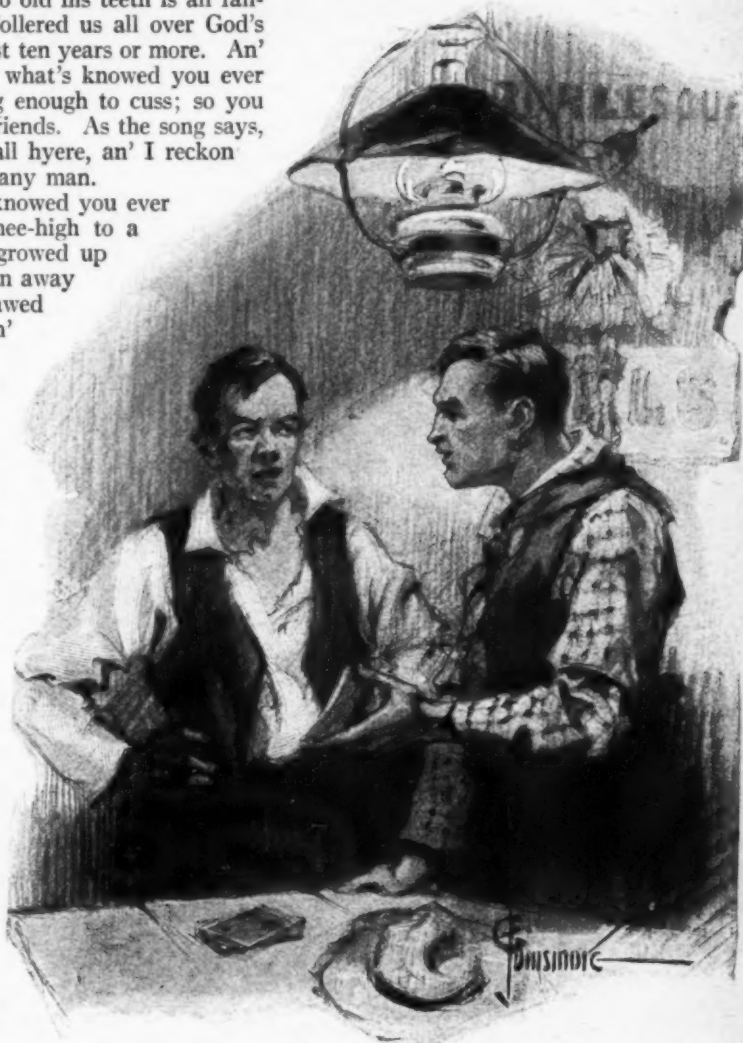
"Now there's ole Bob, what's carried you five years over the sand-hills o' Kansas, an' the plains o' Colorado an' Wyoming, an' the hills o' Sout' Dakoty. There's Pete, what's done the same fer me, an' they carried you up hyere on yer last ride. There's

ole Shep, what's so old his teeth is all fallin' out, an' he's follered us all over God's country fer the last ten years or more. An' hyere's me, pard, what's knowed you ever sence you was big enough to cuss; so you see ye're among friends. As the song says, pard, the gang's all hyere, an' I reckon that's enough fer any man.

"As I says, I knowed you ever sence you was knee-high to a grasshopper. We growed up together an' we run away together. We sawed logs together an' we panned gravel; we punched cows and we got drunk together; we bucked faro an' poker together, an' we pooled our stakes an' bought cows fer our claim up hyere. We lived hyere an' there together nigh twenty years, an' they never was a whiter or a squarer or a straighter-shootin' pardner than any man ever had than you.

"Well, pard, I guess they ain't much more to tell. When the war come on, we says one of us kin tend the place an' one kin go, though we wouldn't neither one had to go. Well, you recollect the night we drewed cuts to see which one it 'd be, an' the lot fell to you. So you went, an' they made a sharpshooter of you, an' put you out snipin' in shell-holes an' places, an' they give you a couple medals, an' then—then you gits—gits croaked.

"Well, pard, I got the medals hung up onto the picter that they had o' you in the paper, an'—an' I guess—that's about all. Now we'll sing the song you allus liked best. You recollect, pard, how we used to



"WE DRAWEED CUTS TO SEE WHICH ONE WOULD GO TO WAR, AN' THE LOT FELL TO YOU"

sing it together ridin' over these same hills huntin' up stray mavericks. I used to sing a line, then you'd repeat it, an' it sure did sound purty. I—I guess I'll have to sing both parts now to make it sound right, though I never could sing so good as when I had a drink or two, an' I ain't had none sence you went away, 'cause I-been savin' up to buy these hyere Liberty bonds; but I'll do the best I kin.

"Sweet Ad-e-line—sweet Ad-e-line!
My Ad-e-line—my Ad-e-line!
At night, dear heart—at night, dear heart—"

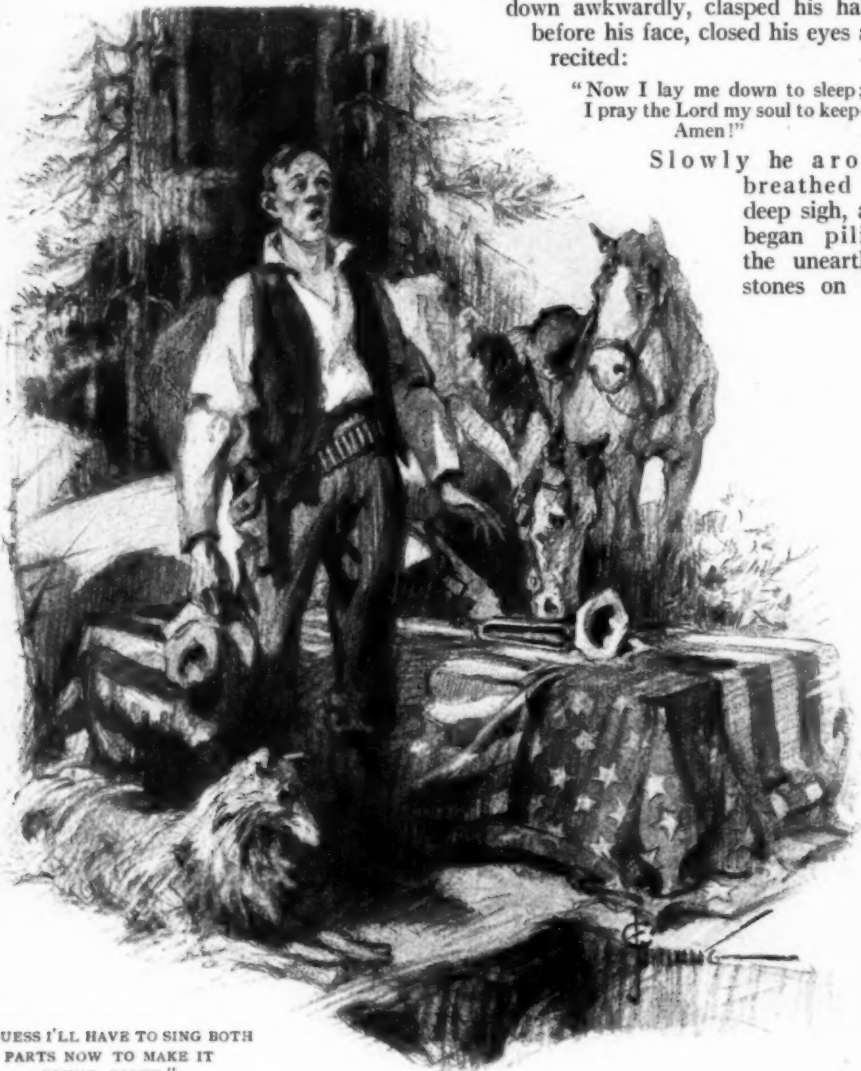
The singer finished bravely enough, but when it was over he sank to the ground, and for a few moments I trembled under the nerve-racking sounds of a strong man, unused to tears, sobbing out his sorrow.

"I guess we won't never sing that song no more, pard," he said.

Then he approached the flag-covered box, looped the halter rope around it, and lowered it gently into the grave. This finished, and the rope removed, he knelt down awkwardly, clasped his hands before his face, closed his eyes and recited:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep—
Amen!"

Slowly he arose, breathed a deep sigh, and began piling the unearthed stones on the



"I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SING BOTH
PARTS NOW TO MAKE IT
SOUND RIGHT"

The two sorrel broncos looked at him wonderingly, a little startled, but the dog, with full understanding, came over and crouched beside him, nosing his arm and whining in sympathy.

At last the storm passed. The man stood up and wiped a dusty hand across his eyes.

casket. All the while the dog stood by, peering into the filling grave and whining pitifully. Once the man stooped for a moment, and patted the collie's head; then he went on with his work until it was finished off with a neat mound. The granite slab was then put in place and propped up with rocks.

"As I says before, pard," he confided to the heap of stones, "I don't know as I got this all down accordin' to Hoyle, but I done the best I could, an' I reckon you understand just how it is."

He turned and picked up the shotgun. From his pockets he took two shells, loaded the piece, and, elevating the muzzle, fired the charges across the grave. The ponies jumped at the first report, but thereafter seemed not to hear. The dog looked around expectantly, as if he thought some sort of game was about to drop. Without a word the man ejected the shells, reloaded and fired, reloaded and fired, until the hills had echoed to twenty-two rounds.

"I couldn't find nothin' about that," he said, "except the President gets twenty-one shots, an' so I guess this is about right."

He laid the smoking gun down and took up the battered bugle.

"I don't know as how I kin do this thing justice, pard," he said. "I had a feller up in Deadwood play it over about twenty times fer me, an' I been practisin' two nights on it, but she don't seem to act jest right. Howsomever, as I says b'fore, I'm doin' the best I kin."

He brought the bugle to his lips, took a long breath, and began to play:

Ta-ta-ta-a-a
Ta-ta-ta-a-a
Ta-ta-ta, ta-cek-ta, ta-ta-cek,
Ta-ta-cek—ta-ta-ta
Ta-ta-ta-a-a.

Even with his lack of musical ability and his occasional slips, the call would have

been recognized by any one. It was the last word in military honors, that sweetest and saddest of all bugle-calls—taps, which signals the close of the soldier's day and the end of the soldier's life.

Just what happened next I do not know. My throat was choked and my eyes so blurred that I couldn't see clearly; and when I could, the man had packed up and was turning the ponies away from the grave. Then he picked up and replaced his old hat, stood very erect, faced the mound, and saluted.

"Good-by, pard!" he said, and two fresh streaks appeared down through the dust on his sunburned face. "I—d—done—the — best—I—could — wit' — mil'tary honors."

Then he turned and stumbled down the slope, leading the ponies toward the lonely-looking little cabin with its flag at half-mast. The dog, head drooping and tail between legs, brought up the rear of the procession.

When they were out of sight in a gully, I crawled from my hiding-place and took a picture of the headstone. That photograph is a treasured possession, which now hangs in a gold frame in my den. The words, which can be read plainly, are as follows:

HERE LAYS
JEFF GILROY
69TH INFANTRY, ARMY
KILT AT CHATTY THEERY
JULY 29, 1918
PLANTED HYERE AT HIS
RECKUEST BY HIS PARDNER
WIT MILITARY HONORS.

THE DAWN OF THE WORLD

It is night in the eastern mountains;
Then, over the ridge's crest,
A flashing lance of light is laid
On the desert's cool, gray breast,
That beats in a dune-waved sandy sea
On the mountains in the west.

It is dawn in the desert valley;
That flashing dawn-lance hurled
Against the desert's western wall
Breaks as the day's unfurled;
And then the empty valley holds
The dawns of all the world!

Orville H. Leonard

The Phantom Tryst

BY J. DOUGLAS GESSFORD

Illustrated by William B. King

THERE is a legend about that treacherous section of the New England coast, a few miles above Boston, that has lived among the simple inhabitants of old fishing hamlets since the American Revolution. And when Guy Paige returned from Italy, suffering from one of the worst cases of war neurosis that Dr. Crittenden had diagnosed, his ailment must soon have sent him to a sanatorium, had it not been for an affair that happened at his home during the most remarkable week-end I have ever known.

Before closing the Crow's Nest, as Crittenden had advised, Paige invited about twenty guests and told us to bring costumes for a Colonial ball. Crittenden and I drove up together from New York. As the afternoon hours slipped away into the twilight, he pointed to the northeast, where sinister clouds were piling themselves on the gray horizon.

"That means a bad night for the dance," he said, shaking his head. "The storm may bring a relapse to my patient, too."

"The storm?" I queried.

"This phantom ship business," he began. As he lighted a cigar I could see deep concern in his keen features. "The natives say that a ghostly vessel rides at anchor, during heavy storms, about a quarter of a mile off shore. Paige fancies he can see it, and the hallucination has so deranged his mind that his condition has become serious. Local folk-lore has added the fanciful legend that the ship will not sail until the arrival of some one for whom it has waited through the years."

"Well, hallucinations have been cured," I suggested.

"Very true, but there is something else."

"*Cherchez la femme*, perhaps?" I laughed.

"I doubt that," replied Crittenden; "but something is exerting an extraordi-

nary influence over him, though he won't admit it. He always evades my questions about the phantom ship; and the analysis of his dreams, which he never fully relates, shows a disturbing element that must be eliminated before he is rid of his mental disorder. During my last visit to the Crow's Nest I asked if anything there disturbed him. Before he realized, apparently, he mentioned an ancestral portrait. Then he stopped suddenly, and though I tried every possible way to make him continue, he said it was just a silly aversion and went to bed. I explored the house from cellar to attic after midnight; but besides a very old portrait that bears a striking resemblance to Paige, I could find nothing."

"Is this new element the cause or the effect of his nervous condition?" I asked.

"I think it is probably the cause. You see, he was too old for the ranks, and his volunteer service took him through the experiences of half a dozen men. To serve became his mania. The average soldier rested at times, but Paige—when not escaping sudden death as close to the enemy's front lines as he was allowed—would disappear for several days, and as suddenly return, to drop, prostrated, on his bed. I've seen him sleep for thirty-six hours at a time—have found him lying in his soaking wet uniform, too tired to undress. At headquarters they said he'd been sent on missions for the King of Italy—missions so dangerous that a new decoration rewarded each return. He held up fairly well for a while, but the danger and excitement finally proved too much for him. Ten years ago he might have stood it, but for a man of forty-five—"

Crittenden shrugged, relighted his cigar, and leaned back into the upholstery.

"You're sure there was no lady in Italy?" I asked.

Crittenden laughed.

"I'd be less sure of anything, if I knew there was a lady."

We passed through Boston as the early darkness of a clouded sky settled down into night. With it came wind and rain—such rain that our chauffeur was compelled to put on his oilskins, so little protection was afforded by the storm covering and side curtains.

cient clapboard houses, there were cheery windows; and ghostly halos hung about the wrought-iron wall lanterns, as they tried to penetrate the curtain of driving mist and spray with their spectral shafts. It was a place of grim legends and weird unrealities that awoke long vistas of thought.



"IT LOOKS LIKE A
REVOLUTIONARY FRIGATE"

The headlights picked out the road along the coast, over causeways and the tops of rugged cliffs. Heavy mists were driven in from off-shore. Through the spattered glass of the doors the seas were visible, dashing up to a twenty-foot breakwater and angrily tossing their spray as high again above it.

At last there appeared through the mists the old fisher villages on whose outskirts fashionable summer colonies have been built. As our motor sped through them, its lights momentarily accentuated the fantastic outlines of the clustered cottages, like dream hamlets which swiftly faded again into murky oblivion.

In one of these villages we stopped, and I leaned out the door as the chauffeur was being directed by an inhabitant in oilskins. Along a quaint old street, which was no more than a winding alley, flanked by an-

Above the low purr of the motor the waves were audible, dashing themselves to pieces at the base of the near-by cliffs. We breathed the salty, wind-swept atmosphere that is to be found only in a New England fisher village or along the coast of the British Isles.

We soon entered a stone gateway and followed a winding avenue of pines up to a large brick house. Iron lanterns on either side of the white doorway set forth the section within their radiance as a perfect example of Elizabethan architecture. Beyond, the mists which rode in from the sea enveloped everything.

Above the thunder at the base of the cliffs there came a deep boom like the firing of a surf-gun to a wreck on the shoals. The next instant a fantastic white shape

rose into the air from the jagged battlements which were being battered by the sea. It glistened in the rays of the door-lamps, rising to a height of at least fifty feet; then it spread out, descended upon the rocks with a loud splashing and hissing, and disappeared.

"The churn's workin' 'arder 'n I ever saw it, sir," said the footman who followed with our luggage.

He explained that it was a curious formation of the rocks which caused the waves to dash great volumes of water into the air. As it was only a few feet distant from the terrace, we were in danger of being washed into it and out to the whirlpools beyond if we went too close.

"I've 'ad orders to warn every guest on arrival, sir. A wicked sea to-night, sir," he said, cocking an eye off the reefs as he opened the door.

Crittenden and I hastened to our rooms, which were so perfect in their furnishings—four-posters and chests whose rich luster reflected the candle-light—that I should not have been surprised had the Marquis de Lafayette or General Gage himself stepped before the cheval glass to adjust wig or sword and complete the picture.

II

As we descended the stair in our costumes, there floated from the music-room a tenor voice of fine quality, accompanied by the delicate notes of a harpsichord. From the doorway we beheld the guests, all in resplendent costumes, some standing, others seated about the room, listening to the lovely melody. I noticed that Crittenden was enjoying it as much as I, although his attention seemed to be occupied by Guy Paige.

Deep in his chair, his head sunken upon his chest, his brilliant dark eyes riveted on the singer and his accompanist, Paige was indulging himself in the exquisite beauty of the song. His appearance showed at a glance that he was one of those dynamic beings who seem to exude personality. The splendor of his costume paled in the animation of his perfectly chiseled features and well-shaped head.

Above his chair, and to the right of the smoldering fire, hung the portrait that Crittenden had mentioned. It showed a man of the period of the Revolution, and, as Paige sat before it, it presented a remarkable likeness to him. On the opposite side

of the fireplace was a companion picture of a delicately featured girl of the same period.

While I was studying the portraits, the last note of the song blended into the age-old silence of the house, and Paige caught sight of us. There was a great sense of security in his face as he came forward to greet Crittenden. To me he said with evident cordiality:

"So close an associate of the great Crittenden is more than welcome in my house."

He at once introduced us to the other guests whom we had not met. With a few suggestions from Crittenden, Paige had chosen them from his vast acquaintance, and each was a character one often meets in the pages of the more carefully read magazines.

On my left, at dinner, was a charming young widow, prominent as a sculptor, who made most entertaining conversation. In her patches and powder she was attractive almost to distraction.

With her I chatted in the soft glow of the candles, not entering into the general conversation save for a casual remark, and experiencing real satisfaction in the pleasant intimacy that immediately develops between congenial people at the first dinner of a house-party. The winking gleams in the bright surfaces of the ancient dinner service, the soft murmur of voices, the costumes of satins and brocades, the women's white shoulders and soft laughter, and the shaded lights of that deep-shadowed room, presented a picture that rivaled, I'll venture, any scene in America. So charmed was I with my companion that I became aware, rather abruptly, of my lowered voice, which was audible only to her.

No one was paying any attention to either of us. Crittenden was leaning slightly forward, his intense manner reflected in the faces of the company. He had just finished speaking.

Sir Cholmondely Colthorpe's indifferent manner of speech lightened the situation somewhat.

"I say, Paige," he began, "you didn't tell me that there are any legends about this place other than the tale of the phantom ship. Had I known that there's a perfectly credentialed ghost here, I'd have saddled myself on you a fortnight ago when you first wrote me."

While ever the perfect host, Paige was

visibly disturbed at the mention of the subject; but he replied pleasantly.

"You know," he said, "the house was out of the family from the time of the Revolution until I bought it, just before the war, and I closed it when I went to Italy; so—well, really, I haven't given the thing any thought."

"It seems," said Colthorpe, "that my man has collected most remarkable tales from the servants. We'd not been here three hours when he came dashing up to my room, saying he'd discovered a wonderful new kind of ghost that doesn't prowl, but just haunts potentially. Extraordinary beggar!"

"His years in your service have been splendid training," smiled Paige.

"He tells me," continued Colthorpe, disregarding the interruption, "that he learned of the strange disappearance of a young girl who visited the Paige family during the Revolution. He spoke of an old romance connected with it, and said that many of the inhabitants believe she's still sealed in a vault somewhere in the house."

"Oh, what nonsense!" said Paige.

"Of course; but think of the story, Guy. He says it's come down from generation to generation. Stranger things have happened. Why, by Jove, if Dr. Crittenden would tell us more about that interesting state of suspended animation, I could easily imagine myself, in these ridiculous clothes, a perfect *Prince Charming*, and could start off on a mission to liberate milady from her lethargy. Perhaps she's no ghost at all; but when they say she's sealed—"

He broke off suddenly. His whole mode of light banter had changed.

"I say, Crittenden," he resumed, "is it possible that a person could be hermetically sealed for a length of time and then restored from apparent death?"

"I have seen it done in India," said Crittenden.

"But you don't know the length of the period?" queried Colthorpe.

"I have never specialized in catalepsy or hypnotism; but I made a short study of the art under one of the foremost practitioners, while I was in India, for the British government. The fakirs performed remarkable feats in mesmerism. I don't think the duration of a period of suspended animation has ever been determined;

but there are many cases on record. Dr. Hudson quotes several of them—that Indianapolis woman, for instance. Three doctors pronounced her dead, but her little brother refused to leave her. His pleas were so intense and so pathetic that she was not embalmed or buried at once. The doctors admitted that no decomposition had taken place, but absolutely no life was apparent, and she failed to respond to the most rigorous treatment. Yet, after the faithful little chap had maintained his vigil for fourteen days, the bandage slipped from her jaw, and the boy fancied he saw her tongue move. 'What do you want?' he whispered, and 'Water' came faintly from the supposed corpse."

"Good Heavens! How deuced interesting!" came the voice of the baronet from the shadows.

"It's true," said Crittenden.

"Why, it's positively uncanny!"

"There is the experiment of the fakir of Lahore," Crittenden went on, "who, at the instance of Runjeet Singh, suffered himself to be buried alive in an air-tight vault for six weeks. The case was thoroughly authenticated by Sir Claude Wade, the then British resident at the court of Ludhiana. The fakir's nostrils and ears were filled with wax. He was placed in a linen bag, securely locked in a wooden box, and deposited in a brick vault, carefully plastered with mortar and sealed with the raja's seal. British soldiers guarded it day and night for a month and a half; then the vault was opened and the fakir was restored to consciousness."

Several of the people about the table leaned farther forward, and in the silence which followed a soft voice said:

"I know I won't sleep in this old house to-night!"

"It would be far from my pleasure to disturb your slumbers, dear lady," smiled Crittenden.

"But feminine curiosity makes me want to hear more," she replied.

"Your wish is my law. Lieutenant Boileau relates that another East Indian was buried in a grave lined with masonry and covered with a huge slab of stone, the whole being strictly guarded day and night for ten days. When he was restored, he offered to submit to burial for a year or longer. Mesmerism is one form of suspended animation. There is also catalepsy, of which, at one time, according to Dr.

Hudson, there was an average of one case a week discovered in the United States. These phenomena are not of modern origin. They can be traced back through the ages of preserved records until lost in the twilight of tradition and fable. Modern investigation has centered upon the psychic aspect of catalepsy, and moral means are largely employed in its treatment. It is purely a sleep of the objective senses, a suspension of the vital organs, and can be induced in healthy persons by hypnotic processes. It may also supervene after a long period of illness or nervous exhaustion, and it refreshes far more than ordinary sleep."

The domestics had served the coffee and cigars during the early part of Crittenden's narrative, so that he finished speaking in a marked silence. That he had made a deep impression on Colthorpe was evident in the baronet's tense expression. The debonair indifference in his manner had vanished.

"Paige," he said, rising, "I am determined to go over this house to-night. Have I your permission?"

"Good Heavens, you're not serious?" exclaimed Paige.

Colthorpe nodded.

"I don't expect to find a family skele-

ton; but just now I'm in no mood for dancing."

III

As he left the room, I thought Paige seemed somewhat relieved, but he smiled pleasantly and answered the many questions that Colthorpe had elicited from the guests.

"I didn't think he'd hear those stories so soon," said our host; "but he's so used to this sort of thing that it's second nature. Colthorpe has slept in more weird places in his life of exploration and travel than any man I know. He has chased legends and ghosts through every haunted castle of Europe, and yet has never been rewarded. Now he's unearthed this story, which I had forgotten."

Paige seemed to say this with regret. All the time Crittenden's keen eyes had watched him intently, as he nervously darted his glances from one to another.

"What basis is there for these legends?"

asked the analytical Crittenden.



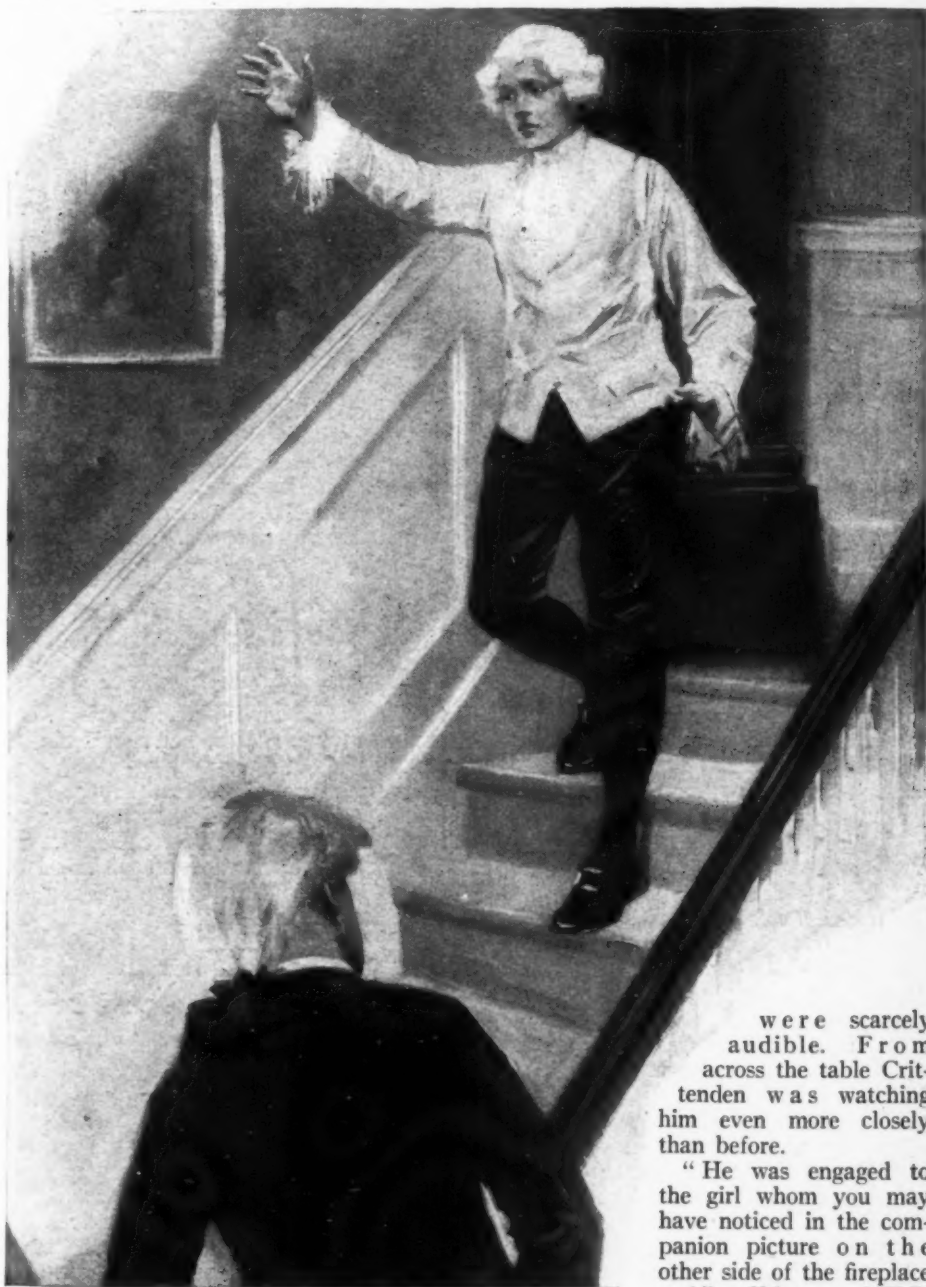
SIR CHOLMONDELY COLTHORPE BURST EXCITEDLY UPON THE LANDING.
"GUY," HE CRIED, "DO YOU KNOW—

Paige hesitated, as though at a loss to know how he should begin.

"The Paige family," he said, "built this house before the Revolution. One of the sons, whose picture hangs beside the fire-

place in the music-room, was in the Continental army—in the commander-in-chief's secret intelligence service."

As he said this there was a remarkable change in his manner, and the last words



were scarcely audible. From across the table Crittenden was watching him even more closely than before.

"He was engaged to the girl whom you may have noticed in the companion picture on the other side of the fireplace—Ailsa Shippen, of Philadelphia, who was stay-

—THAT YOU'VE A SECRET ROOM IN THE ATTIC WITH A GREAT CHEST IN IT?"

ing here with her father. Captain Paige was in New York under General Washington; and his father, with Mr. Shippen, was out in Concord on some mission for the patriots' cause. During the night a party of Hessians, who were occupying Boston, ransacked the house. The frightened servants did not return until after daybreak, when the marauders had gone; but there was no trace of Ailsa Shippen. Her hat and clothes were in her room, and her picture was left untouched, but that of Captain Paige was slashed diagonally across. The cut has been cleverly concealed. Her father's servant was found with a sword thrust through his neck, and he died without telling what had happened to his mistress. No trace of her has ever been discovered, but it is said that the phantom ship will not leave the coast until she sails away with it. Of course, these are mere fables of the fisher folk; and I'm very weary of legends."

Paige sighed slightly as his voice trailed off, but his expression brightened in reassurance as he turned once more toward Crittenden.

A few moments later, as we were passing through the great hall, Sir Cholmondely Colthorpe, who had been preparing for his expedition, came upon the staircase. His manner of casual indifference had returned as he stood there answering the jests of the company. He raised his candle and ascended the stairs. A glimpse of that splendid head and healthy figure was sufficient explanation why he had never seen any of the phantoms he had hunted.

After the third dance, Crittenden led me out to the terrace. A few feet away stood Paige, peering into the night and the seething madness of the sea. His attitude was strained, his position tense, and he gave not the slightest notice to the sheets of rain which beat upon the oilskins we had hastily thrown about us. Something out there in the swirling blackness beyond the churn seemed to hold him in this fascinated attitude.

He advanced slowly toward the edge of the rocks, and then, suddenly, as a deep boom sounded above the lashing wind and rain, that spectral volume of water rose again from the churn. For a moment it appeared that Paige would be caught under its descending weight; but he turned and ran from the danger, and so came almost into our arms.

The minute he saw Crittenden, the expression of fear left his face; but there was still that quick glance over his shoulder out to sea, as his brilliant dark eyes darted their nervous, piercing glances into the boiling surge.

"What is it?" asked Crittenden in a comforting tone. "What do you see, old man?"

"Look!" said Paige, standing between us and pointing off beyond the churn. "It must be anchored there!"

Crittenden spoke quietly to him again, and put his arm about his shoulder, but I noticed that Paige was shaking pitifully.

"There it is now! I can just make it out. Do you see the white sails straining at the halyards? A lantern is swinging from the topmast, and the white foam beats over the wooden decks. There can't be any life left aboard!"

"What kind of ship is it?" asked Crittenden, seeking to find some explanation of the phenomenon.

"It looks like a Revolutionary frigate. There—hear that bell now! It rings all night during every storm. Ah, Crittenden, you *must* make me sleep! Give me just a little—"

"Not yet," said Crittenden firmly, taking Paige by the arm. "Come inside now," he added.

The dancers were bowing and curtsying to one another as we entered the hall. The applause for the encore had subsided, when suddenly, from somewhere up-stairs, there came the report of a door banged shut in haste, followed by rapid footsteps descending the staircase. Then Sir Cholmondely Colthorpe burst excitedly upon the landing. His face was white; his wig and costume were disheveled; there was cobweb dust on the delicate satin of his waistcoat and his silken shirt-sleeves, which were visible in the absence of his discarded coat.

"Guy," he cried, breathing heavily, "do you know that you've a secret room in the attic with a great chest in it?"

Paige looked at him, astonished.

"What are you talking about?" he fairly snapped.

"About that sealed chest in the legend. At last I've found something that looks like the rainbow's end. Get some candles quickly! Crittenden, will you come along with me?"

There was no mistaking his manner.



SHE SMILED QUITE FRANKLY AND SLOWLY
OPENED HER EYES

Crittenden and I followed, with the other guests close behind Paige. Through rambling halls that led up several flights of stairs we followed this adventurer in the supernatural, and came at last into the chill attic that breathed the odor of two centuries.

The candles with which the men lighted the way cast fitful, grotesque shadows into the darkness and down under the eaves. The noises of the wind and the dull driving of the rain against the roof added to the uncanny atmosphere and sent the gooseflesh creeping over one, regardless of the armament of a cynical nature.

Finally Colthorpe stopped at an open

door at the far end, and, taking several of the candles, entered the chamber. The flickering light showed that it was small, with a low ceiling, and contained several pieces of dust-covered furniture. Doubtless it had been occupied long before by some servant. Against one of the white-paneled walls stood a chair, over which lay Colthorpe's satin coat.

As we entered, I noticed that Paige glanced hastily through the windows. The water from the churn rose in a ghostly spray, visible in the lights below. Then Colthorpe claimed our attention.

"I had looked all over the attic," he said, "until I came to this room, and noticed that it is paneled, while the others are plastered. By merest chance I found this."

With a slight pressure on one of the wide panels he caused a section of the wall to fall back, disclosing an old wooden chest lying in the dark aperture.

"A secret closet!" exclaimed Paige excitedly. "I never knew of this!"

IV

FOUR of the men carefully moved the chest out into the room, as Colthorpe was very anxious not to disturb its contents. While the lid was being removed, some one suggested Captain Kidd's treasure. Other guesses were hazarded, until a sharp remark from Crittenden caused every one to crowd close about it.

He was leaning over it, and the next moment I, too, inhaled a subtle fragrance of musk, mingled with some other delicate and indistinguishable odor. Within the chest, resting on a lining of cushions, lay a yellowish sack about five and a half feet in length. It was similar to those used to bury the dead at sea, yet of a finer material, which appeared to have been specially treated. From its shape it had undoubtedly contained that which gave it the rough outline of a human body.

"This is very reminiscent of India," said Crittenden. "And that odor is unmistakable!"

He cut the fastening with his knife, and then a deft slash opened the sack from top to bottom.

There was a gasp of astonishment and admiration. In that coffinlike chest lay a beautiful girl, who in life was none other than the original of the portrait by the music-room fireplace. And yet there was no sign of death in her appearance. She seemed to be sleeping, but there was no movement to her bosom. The silence of the moment was deafening. Paige stood fascinated, gazing upon the remarkable stranger, whose beautiful likeness to the portrait was uncanny, and who had apparently been the legendary inmate of his household.

Her face, framed in the dusky shadows of her black hair, was one of peculiar and wistful beauty. The features were as clearly chiseled as the old cameo brooch which caught the Paisley shawl over her shoulders. A slight upward curve at each corner of the delicate mouth hinted at saucy tricks of speech. One well-rounded arm crossed the pale lavender satin of her bodice; the other rested gracefully on the

cushions at her side. Beneath the full dress protruded two dainty little pointed slippers.

One thing in particular held my attention. In one hand was the shriveled stem of a rose, and on her dress lay the dust of what had once been the petals of the flower.

Crittenden clasped his fingers about her wrist for a moment, then laid the arm gently upon her breast. He took a position where he could look directly into her face. Acting under his suggestion, Colthorpe quietly had the guests withdraw as far from the chest as possible. All the lights were removed but one, which cast its gentle radiance upon her face. He began to talk quietly and soothingly to the girl. Leaning over, he placed both thumbs on her eyelids and drew them gently outward several times, alternating this movement with transverse passes with the palms of his hands.

He looked steadily at her closed lids. Once he turned away and asked me to open the window. Paige and I were so close that we could hear him telling her that she had slept long enough, and that he was going to awaken her. Then, after a time, his tone became less tense, and, laughing, he said that it really wouldn't do for her to sleep that way with ladies and gentlemen present.

A faint, delicate flush of color came into her cheeks at this—the first sign of life I had seen. Crittenden increased his efforts, making passes, during which he touched her occasionally.

For a moment she seemed to have sunk into a deeper lethargy; then her eyelids flickered, and Crittenden raised her from the cushions, applying a wet sponge—which Colthorpe had procured—to the back of her neck, and dropping cold water on her palms.

She smiled quite frankly, and slowly opened her eyes. They made me think of the sky on a gray day with little patches of blue showing through.

Crittenden took one of her hands in each of his, and held her gaze for several moments. The muscles in his arms, legs, and neck became rigid and tense, and I noticed that she seemed to be gaining strength. Colthorpe gave him a small glass which he put to her lips, and a few moments after drinking its contents she seemed much stronger.

Then she saw Paige.

"Anthony!" she exclaimed in a low and musical voice.

"No, madam, I am not he," stated Paige; "but I have worked all my life and ruined my health in my efforts to atone for the blot brought upon our escutcheon by Anthony Paige."

"Why, Anthony, is this some malady? Your speech is foreign. And your ship—the rocks—"

"Madam, Anthony Paige came from New York on a secret mission. He was last seen in Boston, where he completed his work. As no record of his capture was ever found, it was generally believed that he had deserted."

"Indeed, sir, were Anthony Paige alive, he would call you out for that! There was no more gallant officer in his excellency's forces."

"Then—his disappearance!" replied Paige. "I could hardly be expected to know. That was more than a hundred years ago."

"Fie, sir! Costumes and customs change in a century; but the only difference I find is in your customs. Since when has a brave gentleman been called a deserter after giving his life in the service of his country?"

"In the service of his country!" exclaimed Paige. "I don't understand."

"In honor of his splendid memory"—her eyes dropped a moment as she lowered her voice, which was wonderfully resonant—"an it please you, you shall hear of him, sir."

Paige bowed.

"Pray go on," he said quietly.

V

CRITTENDEN had made her comfortable in a large chair with pillows all about, and in a low voice she began thus:

"Anthony's father and my father are in Concord with Mr. Adams. They left two days ago—you know, since the British have held Boston, the secret committee of thirty no longer meet at the Green Dragon tavern. I remained here with Doro, father's man servant from India, and the other domestics. I had a letter from Anthony Paige in New York, telling me to watch for his ship off the churn; and two nights ago a strange frigate stole up under the cover of the dark. He came here, and after two hours drove to Boston—but not

as Anthony Paige. He was disguised as a fisherman, driving a cart. After finishing his work, he was to board his ship a short distance up the coast, and on his way to New York he promised to stop for me. Through the whirlpools and undercurrents of the water off the churn there is one channel to a place a short distance below, where a boat can be beached. Anthony was one of few who knew of it. To-night his ship—"

"To-night!" interrupted Paige.

"You asked for the story, sir."

"Pardon," he said.

"To-night his ship returned, and when I saw the lantern at the topmast I was afraid for him because of the storm." She listened to the noise outside a moment. "The wind was just as high as it is now. I was to meet him at the churn at midnight. We could see the white foam of the waves as they broke over the deck; and then Doro came in with news that nearly drove me mad. Captain Steinfeld, a Hessian officer quartered with the troops in Boston, has been paying unwelcome court to me ever since the British took the city. When he heard of my father's absence, he vowed he was coming to see me. With several other officers he started. They stopped sufficiently long at the village tavern for him to make a beast of himself, and to declare openly that he was going to take me back to Boston. Doro overheard, and hastened to warn me. As he came in, I was watching the frigate off shore. They seemed to be launching a boat out there at sea. Doro and I watched from the window. Suddenly we saw them just off the shoal rocks. The lantern described a great arc, righted itself—and then light and ship disappeared."

"And Anthony Paige?" exclaimed Gay Paige.

"There is an undercurrent of whirlpools out there, except for one narrow channel, that nothing can withstand. I have watched an empty hogshead drawn down beneath the surface, never to be seen again. As the ship vanished, there was a knocking at the door which developed into a deep crash; and we heard the voice of Captain Steinfeld! Doro brought me up to this room. We waited until the door splintered below. Then he looked deep into my eyes with those powerful black beads of his, and stroked my forehead soothingly with his long brown hands, telling me to go to

sleep. The last thing I remember was those commanding eyes of his. He said he would wake me when the Hessians had left."

Just then, up through the open doors and the labyrinth of hallways, there stole from somewhere, deep in that old house, the mellow chimes of a great clock. The girl stopped to listen, and counted the strokes quietly. As the last note of twelve sounded, she rose.

"He told me to meet him at the churn at midnight," she exclaimed. "He may have escaped the sea and rocks!"

She was out of the room before any one could stop her.

Crittenden was the first to act. I was close behind, with Colthorpe and Paige on my heels. Down the stairs, through the hall, and out upon the stone terrace we followed her. Just as I reached the doorway I had a glimpse of her a few feet from the churn. Then Crittenden came between us, and she was lost to view, fading like a wraith into the mist as a deep, ominous boom sounded above wind and wave.

As if out of the very earth arose that white, fantastic volume of water, glistening in the rays of the door-lamps. At a height of fifty feet it spread itself and de-

scended, splashing and hissing, to the cliffs. With it the girl had disappeared.

We stood on the terrace, not far from the churn, staring into the night. Paige appeared to be listening.

"The bell's getting fainter," he said, taking Crittenden's arm. Then suddenly, pointing out beyond the reefs, he exclaimed: "Look, it's sailing away!"

"What?" asked Crittenden eagerly.

"The phantom ship!" said Paige.

VI

I WAS smoking my pipe before the smoldering logs, preparatory to going to sleep, when Crittenden came in from Paige's room. He was smiling.

"What does it all mean?" I asked.

"It means that I've had to fool Paige abominably. Mind over matter! Power of suggestion! But he's cured. He's as well as he was before the war!"

"If my understanding or my sense of humor is a trifle dull, old chap—" I began, still bewildered.

"Simple," smiled Crittenden. "I discovered the little secret room during my last visit; and you'll remember that I had the privilege of inviting a number of the guests!"

TO A MOUNTAIN SPRING

You innocent and shining thing,
Will you give me a drink from your crystal spring,
'Mid yellow violets and mosses born,
While the roof of the woods glows gold with morn?
All the sweetness of earth is in this cup
I make of my hand, to sparkle and sup;
All the stars of the heaven bright and cold
Are in this gleaming draft I hold.
Oh, magic potion of rocks and dews,
Not I a single drop must lose,
For from this spring the dryads drink,
With mirrored breasts around the brink;
And here the faun his thirst would quench,
Hot with pursuit of his woodland wench;
And many a beaked and shaggy thing
Bends down to drink of this little spring.
Here is the water that makes men young,
That gives the singer his magic tongue
And gives his eyes to the dreaming seer,
That see all life and see it clear.
Though not to me these gifts you give,
It is enough to drink and live!

Richard Le Gallienne

Country Love*

A STAGE GIRL'S STRUGGLE AGAINST FAME AND FORTUNE

By Hulbert Footner

Author of "Thieves' Wit," "The Huntress," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. K. STARRETT

WHEN Eve Allinson learns that her rise to stardom in musical comedy is due to Brutus Tawney's financial power, and that she is generally considered to be the mistress of her plutocratic admirer—whom she has regarded as her "guardian"—her horror is so great that she resolves to quit New York. Under the assumed name of Merridy Lee, she answers an advertisement and is engaged by a kindly old gentleman named Jolley for his floating theater, which plays small towns and villages along Chesapeake Bay and the rivers thereabouts.

Tawney is furious on finding that Eve has escaped him, and believes that she has fled with a young man named Clough, who was dancing with her the night before. He orders Taylor, his financial agent, and Gibbon, manager of his theatrical interests, to trace her, and engages McVeagh, a famous detective, to direct the search.

IV

TOWARD the end of the afternoon Eve and Mr. Jolley alighted from the train at Chesapeake City and made their way in the direction of the water-front. Eve looked around for the "city," but discovered only an old-fashioned, bowery village; the city had existed only in the minds of its forward-looking founders.

As the water vista opened up before them, Mr. Jolley, with a proud wave of the hand, cried:

"There she lies!"

Eve gazed with strong curiosity. Among the humble sharpies, bug-eyes, and pun-gays lying at anchor, the Thespis loomed very imposingly, but her lines could scarcely be called beautiful. Her hull was like a gigantic baking-pan, decked over, and supporting a two-story house of the box-car style of architecture. The whole was lurid under a fresh coat of mustard yellow. Between the double row of little windows ran the legend in bold, black letters reaching from end to end of the house:

ORLANDO JOLLEY'S FLOATING THEATER

"Don't she look bright?" said the proprietor fondly.

"Splendid!" said Eve. "Like a brand-new Noah's ark."

"Took pretty near my last dollar for paint," said Jolley ruefully. "We got to give a show here Saturday night to get started on."

They stood on a dilapidated little dock. Mr. Jolley shouted lustily until a figure was seen to emerge upon the forward deck of the Thespis and jump into a skiff. As he drew close, Eve perceived a somewhat incomplete-looking blond young man with nice eyes and a cigarette. As he grasped the dock, Mr. Jolley introduced him proudly.

"My son, Mr. Rollo Jolley. He plays our juvenile leads."

The juvenile, secretly intimidated by Eve, nodded to her with a man-of-the-world air, and took her valise. Eve sat down in the stern of the skiff, facing him, and while he plied his oars in a lordly, indifferent style, his eyes kept stealing shyly back to her face.

Eve's spirits began to go down most unaccountably. No doubt, after they had been so high all day, a reaction was inevitable. At any rate the good, firm earth that she was leaving behind her suddenly seemed very desirable; she shuddered at the unknown. The mustard-colored paint

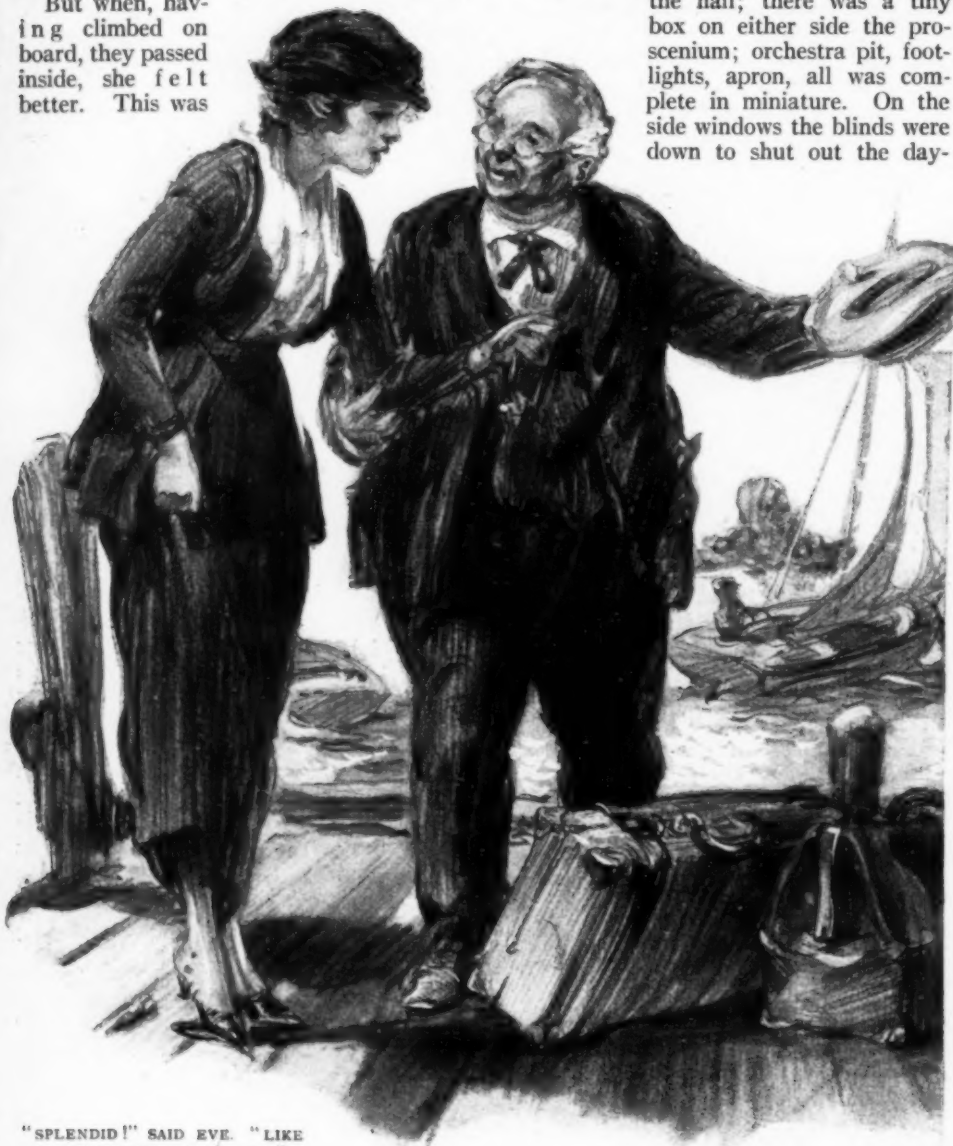
* Copyright, 1920, by Hulbert Footner—This story began in the July number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

on the Thespis may perhaps have had something to do with it; that particular shade of yellow always affected Eve unpleasantly.

But when, having climbed on board, they passed inside, she felt better. This was

Jolley deprecatingly; "but that will have to go until next season."

A little gallery ran around the back of the hall; there was a tiny box on either side the proscenium; orchestra pit, footlights, apron, all was complete in miniature. On the side windows the blinds were down to shut out the day-



"SPLENDID!" SAID EVE. "LIKE
A BRAND-NEW NOAH'S ARK"

something familiar. Dingy and absurd as the little hall was, with its blatant rococo decorations in green and white, it was nevertheless a theater, and, as such, it was graced with a touch of the magic of make-believe.

"She needs paint inside, too," said Mr.

light, and the footlights were on. The curtain was up, and the little stage revealed a boxed-in scene, the interior of a railway-station. Through the open window could be seen a switch-lever with its signal light.

"How darling!" murmured the easily pleased Eve. "Like a toy theater!"

A rehearsal was in progress on the little stage, and the juvenile lead was obliged to leave them. He disappeared into one of the little boxes, and presently emerged to take his place in the scene.

"Let us sit down here until Mrs. Jolley is at leisure," said Mr. Jolley.

The presiding genius of the rehearsal was a lady who seemed ludicrously disproportionate to the size of the stage. In her gingham dress and apron, her smoothly brushed black hair and steel-rimmed spectacles, she looked like a sober housewife who had been suddenly seized by the di-

The juvenile lead came in for no small share of her attention.

"Stick your chest out!" she cried. "Swing your shoulders! Dominate, I tell you! Dominate!"

Whereupon the incomplete youth gave a wooden imitation of the hero of melodrama. There was real fire in the old lady.

"Watch me!" she cried.

In deadly earnest, gingham apron and all, she proceeded with grand, sweeping gestures to portray a dominating youth. A rehearsal is a rehearsal; Eve never thought of laughing.



vine afflatus. A very dynamo of energy, she was everywhere at once, alternately declaiming, exhorting, and admonishing in a voice that ran the gamut from bass to falsetto.

"Mrs. Jolley," said her husband impressively. "A wonderful director!"

Eve could not quite get the hang of the proceedings on the stage.

"What is the play?" she whispered.

"'The Life of an Actress,'" replied Mr. Jolley. "Our greatest hit. We carry a complete production."

"Aren't you in it?"

"Oh, I only play the Pittsburgh millionaire who gets croaked in the first act."

"Will I be expected to take a part?"

"No, this piece is completely cast. You will do a specialty between the acts."

All the talk on the stage was of the Empire State Express, an open switch, and an empty box car on the siding. The hero was the telegraph-operator, and the villain had tied him hand and foot in his chair and left him there; but the noble fellow managed to send a message with his chin on the key.

The large lady appeared at the lonely way station. She, of course, was the actress who gave the piece its name. She explained that *Little Hazel* was tired, and that she had put her in the empty box car to rest. Ere she could free the hero, the villain came back. Standing her off with a revolver, he sent a message countermanding the hero's message; whereupon the large lady ran nimbly up a ladder and messed up the wires overhead with an imaginary ax. The villain only laughed sardonically, and said he had opened the switch anyhow. The large lady clutched her bosom, crying:

"My God! *Hazel's* in the box car!"

A loud scraping of sand-paper off stage announced the approach of the Empire State Express. The hero, with superb muscular action, burst his bonds, sprang through the window, and closed the switch.

They went through this again and again. Eve studied the other members of the company. *Hazel*, the ingénue, was a roly-poly girl who looked good-natured but was certainly no actress. The roly-poly quality proclaimed her the daughter of Mr. Jolley. The adventuress person, without her make-up, was a rather pinched young lady with a great wop of coarse bronze hair in a sort of a bird's-nest tangle that she achieved goodness knows how. It was a calculated effect.

Then there were two oldish men—one with silly, greasy gray curls, who began to strut and mouth as soon as he became aware that there were persons in the auditorium; the other a rather splendid wreck of a man with an indifferent air. The final visible member of the company was an angular, red-haired youth with a scornful air

and a capable eye. He was property man, carpenter, electrician, and general utility.

Finally the stage-director clapped her hands and cried:

"Curtain! Clear the stage and set!"

Appearing out of the box, she approached Mr. Jolley and Eve.

"My dear, this is Miss Lee," said the former nervously.

"How do you do, Miss Lee?" said Mrs. Jolley in orotund tones. "Pardon me for keeping you waiting, but I was not apprized of the hour I might expect you. Let us step out on deck, where we can at least see each other."

Out on deck it was very pleasant in the sunshine, after the April chill of New York. The little town was gilded by the westering sun.

"Chairs, Orlando," said Mrs. Jolley.

Her husband made haste to bring out camp-stools. They sat. Mrs. Jolley looked hard at Eve, and the latter changed color; but notwithstanding the elder lady's grand airs, there were both shrewdness and kindness in the eyes behind the steel-rimmed spectacles.

"H-m!" she said at last. Eve could not be sure whether it was in approval or the other thing. "I suppose you have talked over everything with Mr. Jolley?"

"I—I think so," said Eve.

"You seem very young. How long have you been on the stage?"

"Two years."

Eve had determined to stick to the truth as far as she was able.

"What companies?"

"'The Girl of Girls' and 'Maythorn'—musical comedies."

Mrs. Jolley looked at her again.

"I shouldn't have thought it," she said dryly. "What parts did you play?"

"I was in the chorus of both companies. Later they gave me the part of *Nina* in 'Maythorn'—a small part."

"Have you never had a speaking part?"

"*Nina* had several lines to speak."

"But this is a dramatic company!" said Mrs. Jolley, and she looked accusingly at her husband.

"My dear, you know we agreed that we ought to have a singer and dancer to lighten our performances," he put in hastily.

"But that's only a side issue," said Mrs. Jolley. "We require a young woman to play leads. I am too old!"

"Oh, no, my dear!"

"Oh, no," echoed Eve.

Mrs. Jolley silenced them with a raised hand.

"I am too old," she said majestically; "and Emily has no personality."

"Miss Lee has personality," said Mr. Jolley slyly.

Mrs. Jolley looked her over again.

"H-m!" she said non-committally. She turned back to her husband. "You heard her sing, of course?"

"Well, no, not exactly," he stammered guiltily.

Mrs. Jolley raised her protesting eyes to heaven. The action said as plainly as words: "Then what in Heaven's name did you engage her for?"

"You should have seen the others!" Mr. Jolley blurted out involuntarily.

"Well, we'll give you a try-out after supper," said Mrs. Jolley grimly. "I suppose you have an adequate wardrobe?"

"Well—no," said Eve.

"Where's your trunk?"

"I haven't any," Eve was obliged to reply.

"No trunk!"

"I—I had a wardrobe," faltered Eve, "but it passed out of my possession."

Mrs. Jolley, with a superb dramatic gesture, intimated that the situation was beyond speech.

"My dear," whispered her husband, "you and I have been up against it, too."

A series of alarming snorts escaped the lady. Her eye was terrible, but somehow Eve got the impression that the danger-point was passed.

A cry came from within: "Stage is set!"

Mrs. Jolley got up.

"We will talk about this again," she said grimly, and passed in.

Mr. Jolley gave Eve's hand a squeeze.

"It's all right," he said. "Your eyes won her. She's as soft-hearted as I am."

They followed her within. The little stage was now set as a cottage kitchen, and Eve's heart sank. How much longer were they going to rehearse? She was famishing. In the center of the stage there stood a large table set for a meal; at the back a smaller table and a dresser; at the side an oil cooking-stove.

Mrs. Jolley took charge of the stage, as before, but Eve guessed that this must be another piece, for the melting, mellifluous accents of the hard-pressed actress gave place to forthright tones of command.

"Emily! The Hamburger's in the ice-box, all mixed. Make it up into cakes. Rollo, you've got plenty of time to go ashore for oil before supper. Luella, your potatoes ought to be ready and on. Get busy, child!"

Eve watched, fascinated. The oil-stove was a practicable one, for Mrs. Jolley struck a real match, and the well-known blue flame sprang up. She then hastened to the dresser and rummaged among her pots and pans.

"Where's my flour-sifter? Who took my flour-sifter?"

"George had it sifting sand for his cement," answered an invisible voice.

Eve thought this a good line, and snickered. Mr. Jolley looked at her. Mrs. Jolley answered the unseen voice.

"If George don't produce it instanter, and *clean*, he'll get no biscuits for his supper!"

A hand presently thrust the sifter through a door. The roly-poly girl appeared with a pan of potatoes. Sitting at one end of the table, she cocked her heels on the round of her chair and started to peel, the end of her tongue moving in unison with the knife. At the other end of the table the tousled-haired lady shaped meat-cakes with vicious little pats. At the dresser Mrs. Jolley was making the flour fly. Never had a more realistic picture of domesticity been presented on the stage.

"Oh, I like this," said Eve. "What play is it?"

Mr. Jolley stared, then suddenly grinned all over.

"This is the greatest attraction of them all," he said. "Put on every night of the year everywhere. The name of it is—supper!"

Eve blushed.

When the company was summoned up on the stage, Eve felt as if she had exchanged the part of spectator at a play for that of actor. With the curtain up and the footlights on, she could not get away from the feeling that there was an audience out there, and that one must therefore be careful not to look in that direction. The others, however, were entirely unaffected. Indeed, could they have comported themselves with such naturalness in the presence of an audience, they would not have been earning a pittance in the floating theater.

Eve was introduced all around. The

roly-poly girl was Miss Luella Jolley; the tousled-haired lady was Miss Emily Russell, Mrs. Jolley's sister. Of them all only Miss Russell was inclined to be a little upstage with Eve. The old man with the silly curls was Mr. Hendricks—"Henry Hendricks," he interpolated. The rather magnificent one, who looked like an aging Michelangelo, was Mr. Mortimer. The red-haired youth was just George.

Being a company of

artists, it was not a silent company; indeed, everybody talked nearly all the time. Whether there were listeners was a secondary matter. The talk comprised a quaint mixture of nautical, theatrical, and domestic affairs.

"Any wind while I was away?" asked Mr. Jolley.

"Bit of a squall from the nor'west yesterday evening," said George.

"Did she drag any?"

"Not so's you could notice."

"Better unship your port anchor."

"Yes, boss; but the madam's kep' me busy on the stage."

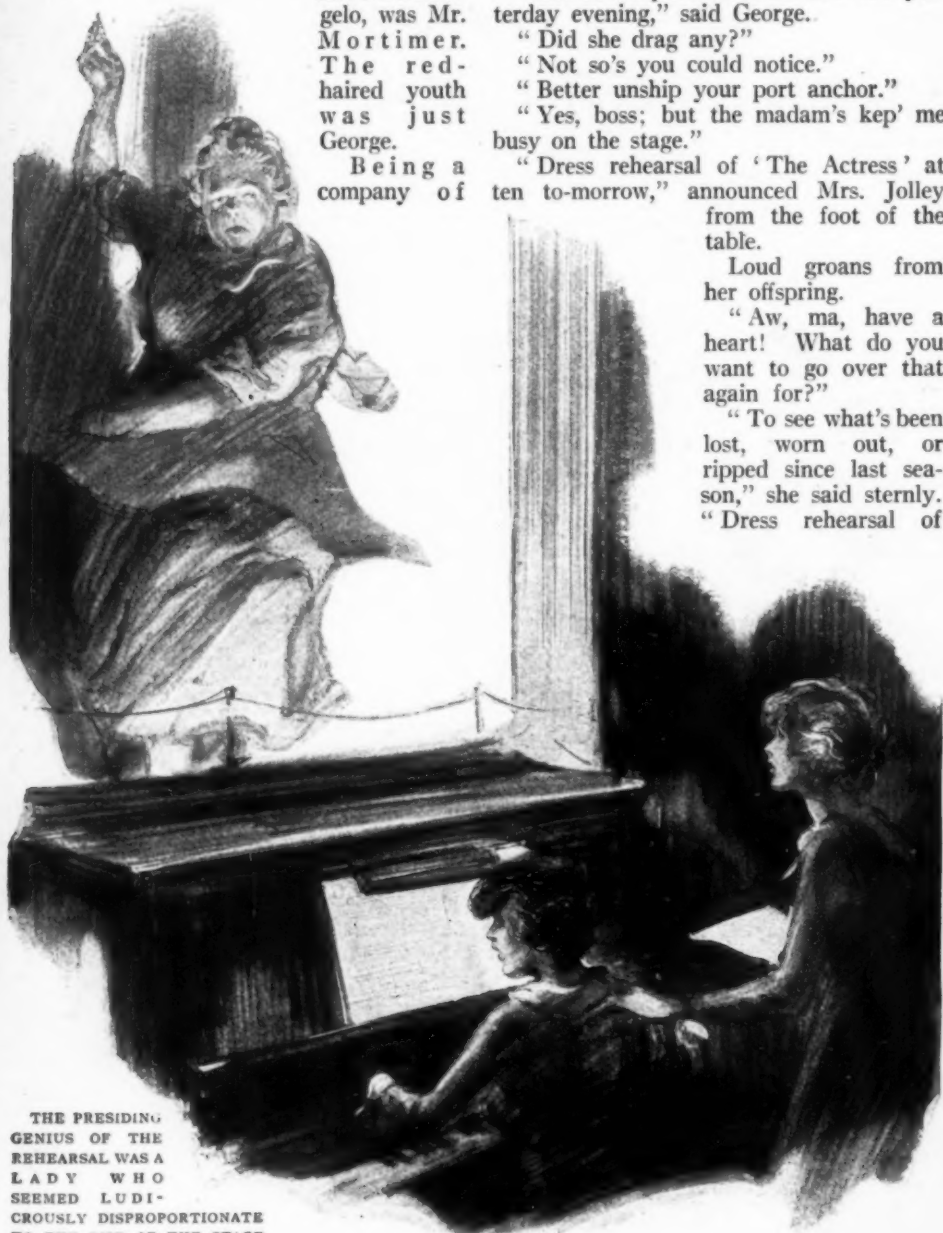
"Dress rehearsal of 'The Actress' at ten to-morrow," announced Mrs. Jolley from the foot of the table.

Loud groans from her offspring.

"Aw, ma, have a heart! What do you want to go over that again for?"

"To see what's been lost, worn out, or ripped since last season," she said sternly.

"Dress rehearsal of



THE PRESIDING GENIUS OF THE REHEARSAL WAS A LADY WHO SEEMED LUDICROUSLY DISPROPORTIONATE TO THE SIZE OF THE STAGE

'The Actress' at ten to-morrow, with scenery and props."

"An idea has occurred to me," began Mr. Hendricks with a sage wag of the head.

"No!" said Mr. Mortimer with solemn concern.

The youngsters giggled. Mr. Hendricks ignored the interruption.

"Instead of making my exit where I do in the second act, would it not be much more effective if I remained standing with folded arms at L. 2 E., surveying the subsequent scene with a sinister smile?"

"Yes, and cut me out of my best bit!" said Miss Russell sharply. "That's my scene."

Mr. Hendricks smiled at her indulgently.

"My dear Miss Russell, among artists the questions of a personal advantage never should arise!"

"Then why don't you get off when you're supposed to?"

"I was thinking of the play."

Rollo gave vent to an irreverent whistle.

"It's too late to introduce innovations now," said Mrs. Jolley diplomatically.

Mr. Hendricks drew himself up.

"When I played *Iago* to the *Othello* of the great Daniel Doremus—" he began.

Mr. Mortimer made believe to be seized by a violent fit of coughing. With dramatic byplay he extracted an imaginary bone from his throat, and pointed an accusing fork at the Hamburger. The roly-poly girl nearly fell off her chair in the excess of her mirth. Mr. Hendricks continued to talk in measured accents, but what he said was lost to the world.

When the noise subsided, he was heard to ask, with an air of ineffable scorn for the groundlings who surrounded him:

"Miss Lee, did you ever have the privilege of seeing the great Daniel Doremus perform upon the stage?"

"No," confessed Eve.

"Ah! His like will not be seen again. I shared the honors of many of his most famous impersonations. I will be glad to read you some of my notices."

"Thank you," said Eve.

"Pass your plate back, Miss Lee," said Mrs. Jolley.

"I'm ashamed," said Eve.

"Nonsense! The young must be fed!"

Mr. Jolley, still concerned with his nautical responsibilities, asked:

"How's that leak, George?"

"All took up, boss. At present she's as dry as the madam's fresh-wiped plates. Of course, when we take a crowd aboard, she'll settle, and some will come in."

"You want to watch that Saturday night."

"Sure!" said George without bitterness. "And sell tickets and mind the props and h'ist the curtain and play a part and be the locomotive and the buzz-saw! Any other little thing, boss?"

Mr. Jolley looked at his wife.

"If Miss Lee isn't going to appear until after the first act, why couldn't she sell tickets?" he suggested.

Eve, who couldn't make change for a postage-stamp, experienced a sudden sinking of the heart. However, Mrs. Jolley sat on the proposal.

"Orlando, I wonder at you! That's bad business. Our vocalist must be surrounded with every reserve."

"Yes, of course, my dear. I spoke unthinkingly. George will sell tickets, and I will attend to props, raise the curtain, and watch the water in the hold. After the first act—I haven't a thing to do except set the stage, hold the book, look after the dynamo, and keep an eye on the gallery."

"They're talking about keeping me!" Eve thought, with a lifting heart.

At the close of the meal young Rollo announced that a well-known comedian of the custard-pie school was showing in the movies, and he was going to take it in. He said this with a sidelong look at Eve, but could not muster up courage to ask her. Mrs. Jolley rose in indignation.

"That mountebank! That buffoon! Must I submit to hearing a son of mine sound his praises?"

"Aw, ma, you've never seen him!"

"I should think not! I wouldn't so far demean myself!"

"He makes half a million a year."

"Shame on you! Money isn't everything. You who have been brought up in the noblest traditions of the theater!"

"Besides, the movies are putting us on the blink," put in Mr. Jolley.

"Orlando! How can I teach the children to respect the king's English with such an example at the head of the table?"

"Scuse me, dear."

"Aw, what's a fellow to do in this hole, anyway?" said Rollo.

"Read a book and improve your mind," said Mrs. Jolley.

Rollo winked at his father.

"What's the use, ma? You've got a monopoly on mind in the Jolley outfit. Might as well make up your mind to it."

He went, of course, and Messrs. Mortimer and Hendricks accompanied him—the former, brazenly, the latter with an air of indulgent condescension. Mr. Jolley and George disappeared into the bowels of the vessel, intent upon one of their endless jobs of upkeep, and the four ladies were left to their own devices.

The indefatigable Mrs. Jolley suggested, in order to save time, that while she and Luella washed up, Emily should accompany Miss Lee in her songs.

First they had to choose a song, since Eve had brought no music. The dog-eared sheets of music on top of the piano were turned over and over. Fortunately, during the last year and a half, Eve had had the best tuition obtainable. She could read music pretty well and play passably. They finally settled on a popular ballad entitled "What the Violet Whispered."

The piano was in the little pit in front of the stage.

"Impossible to keep it in tune on the water," Mrs. Jolley deprecated.

Miss Russell took up her position on the bench, with Eve looking over her shoulder. Eve apprehended spitefulness in the wiggle of her accompanist's back and the false chords of the introduction.

"I'm afraid it's too difficult for you," said Eve sweetly. "Let me try."

Mrs. Jolley, intent upon her dish-pan at the back of the stage, nevertheless overheard and turned around.

"Nonsense!" she said. "Emily has played that hundreds of times!"

Miss Russell suddenly discovered the use of her fingers.

Eve, as nervous as if she were facing a roomful of New York managers, sang the song in what she had been taught was the best manner—that is, with simple feeling. At the end Mrs. Jolley rattled the dishes in the pan. It was not a reassuring sound.

"Very pretty, very pretty," she said, but her lip curled. "It won't do for Chesapeake City. Find something livelier."

This necessitated a longer search through the tattered sheets, for Eve said quite frankly that she could not sing "Every Little Sammee Left a Girl in Old Paree," or "Mr. Jazz-Man, Turn on the Juice," without feeling like a fool. Miss

Russell's lip curled. Eve finally said she would try "My Little China Girl."

The tune was rather pretty. At the end of the first verse Mrs. Jolley turned around, wiping her hands.

"Get up on the stage and put in the business," she said. "I want to watch you from in front. Luella, you put away."

Eve copied the words on a bit of paper, and obeyed. She sang the song standing motionless, with her fingers interlaced, and with the arch and wistful smile that had won all New York; but at the end of the verse there came no applause from the solid shadow toward the back of the house; merely two words in Mrs. Jolley's deepest tone:

"More business!"

The startled Eve did her best; paraded up and down, ogled a little, made play with her head and hands. Still it won her no meed of praise. Mrs. Jolley trod heavily down the aisle.

"Here, let me show you," she said. "I have no voice, but I can give you the business. Let me have that paper."

Eve stepped down into the auditorium. At the conclusion of the introduction the stout, serious-faced woman in the gingham apron tripped roguishly out on the stage, bridled at the audience, did a few dance steps, and shook a head of imaginary curls. It was almost too funny for laughter. Luella, up-stage, with a hand over her mouth, almost died holding it in. Eve did not laugh.

"Oh, they don't do it that way any more!" she wanted to say, but she did not dare.

There was nothing for it but to try and do it the same way, while Luella snickered behind her, and Emily, at the piano, sneered. Eve was helped by the recollection of a burlesque of a soubrette in one of her shows. She copied that, feeling like a precious fool. She sang the wretched song over and over—not with much success.

"Amateurish!" said Mrs. Jolley.

This to Eve Allinson!

"That's enough," said the directress at last, seeing her pupil about to dissolve in tears. "We can work all day to-morrow. I'll show you your room now."

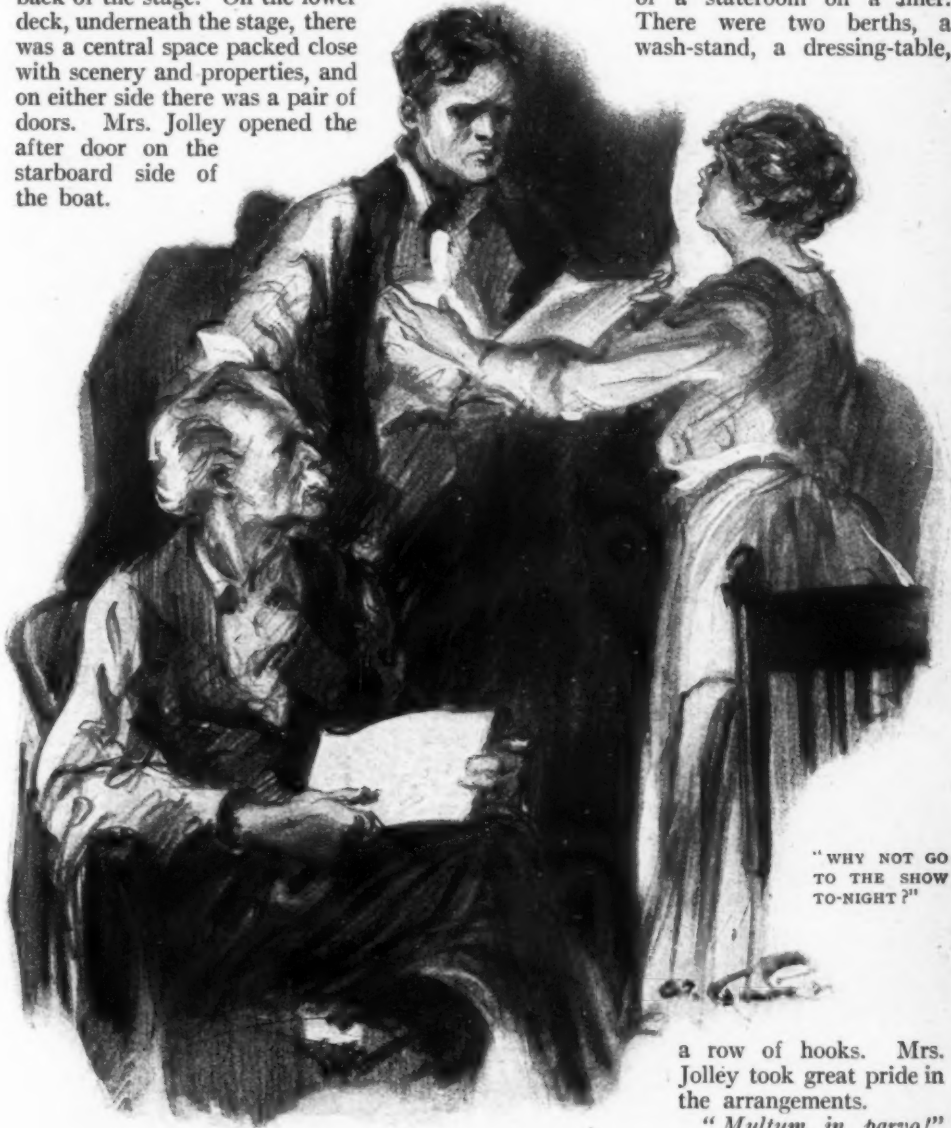
Eve was humbly grateful. All evening she had been wondering how the company disposed of itself for the night. From the stage every part of the boat's interior was visible, but she had seen no provision for

beds. Did they set that indispensable stage for bedrooms at the end of the day, she had wondered uneasily?

But Mrs. Jolley led the way to a little staircase leading down at the back of the stage. On the lower deck, underneath the stage, there was a central space packed close with scenery and properties, and on either side there was a pair of doors. Mrs. Jolley opened the after door on the starboard side of the boat.

Jolley and I are next door to you; Emily and Luella have room three, on the other side of the boat; Mr. Mortimer and Mr. Hendricks are in room four."

Eve saw a chamber the size of a stateroom on a liner. There were two berths, a wash-stand, a dressing-table,



"WHY NOT GO
TO THE SHOW
TO-NIGHT?"

"This is your room," she said. "It used to belong to the boys."

"But am I turning them out?" asked Eve.

"Oh, they'll go up in the pilot-house. Boys can stow themselves anywhere. Mr.

for two trunks between the dressing-table and the door. Your clothes hang above the trunks; a cupboard over the wash-stand for make-up and small articles; shelves beneath for shoes; two drawers that pull out from the lower berth."

a row of hooks. Mrs. Jolley took great pride in the arrangements.

"*Multum in parvo!*" she said. "There is room

It was rather cramped, but wonderfully ingenious, and as neat as a new pin. The bunks were spotless, and a fresh, sweet air agitated the muslin curtains hanging at the little window.

"What a dear little room!" said Eve.

Mrs. Jolley was visibly pleased.

"Sleep well!" she commanded with majestic affability.

When the door closed behind her, Eve looked around again.

"How different from my last room!" she thought, and quickly added in her mind: "I like it! I like these people. They are real people. Oh, I hope they let me stay!"

In the cheery light of day, and with something doing every minute, it was easy enough for Eve to keep fearsome thoughts at bay; but when she lay down in her little bunk, that nightmare shape began to stir. She looked into the darkness aghast. It seemed to her that poor Eve Allinson, who had never hurt anybody, was dead, and her name slandered, while this poor new-born Merridy Lee was like a fledgeling cast out of the nest.

The most terrifying thought of all was spared her. She could not conceive that the nightmare shape might even yet reach out and snatch her.

Nature was kind to her. She did not lie awake long.

Eve did not cease to marvel at Mrs. Jolley's activities. Early in the morning, when she went up on the stage, Mrs. Jolley was already sweeping out the auditorium. Afterward all the seats had to be dusted. Eve helped with this. Then there was breakfast for nine to be got, and between breakfast and rehearsal Mrs. Jolley contrived to work in half an hour's instruction for Eve. When the rehearsal started, she had George put Eve ashore with instructions to search the local stores for songs.

After dinner she put Eve through her paces again. Eve worked hard to please her, and Mrs. Jolley conceded grimly that she was improving a little. While she criticised Eve from the auditorium, she was likewise engaged in making over one of Luella's dresses for Eve—with one eye on Eve and one on her sewing. After supper the indefatigable woman sat down on the stage, and, oblivious to the noise that surrounded her, worked over the script of a new play that they designed to add to their repertoire.

On Saturday morning they were towed in to an unused wharf and made fast alongside. All day the Thespis hummed with activity. Eve watched for chances to make herself useful. Seeing this, the other members of the company dropped whatever traces of strangeness remained. They accepted her as one of themselves. Luella was already calling her "Merridy"; Emily repented of her pettishness, and became friendly. As for the two youths, one followed her with calflike eyes and one with scornful looks, but both were equally smitten.

This first day of the season put a strain on everybody. At half past seven, when the doors opened, the supper dishes were not yet washed, nor the stage set for the first act, nor anybody dressed. Even the capable Mrs. Jolley's eyes were becoming glassy. Eve saw a real chance then. She had George carry out the smaller table on the little afterdeck, and she washed the dishes out there while the women dressed and the men set the stage.

Later she volunteered to act as prompter, in order to guard against the accidents incident to the first performance of the season. This gave her an oblique view of the whole show. Just before the curtain went up, word came back that George was "packing them in," and everybody began to feel better. Capacity was something over two hundred.

The first scene of "The Actress" represented the heroine's dressing-room. When Eve saw this lady for the first time, she had an impulse to rub her eyes. Mrs. Jolley, in an elaborate golden coiffure, rouged to the eyes and wearing a *svelte* corset, was simply not recognizable as the sober, capable housewife of an hour before. And with what enthusiasm she threw herself into her part! How she declaimed and slapped her bosom and stamped her foot in a transport of outraged virtue! The house loved her; you could hear them purr in approval.

By comparison with Mrs. Jolley, the hero—Mr. Rollo Jolley—showed up rather tamely in their first scene together. Indeed, a voice from the back of the house was heard to cry:

"Cut loose, Jeff! Cut loose! Give the girl a run for her money!"

Naturally, young Mr. Jolley's feelings were somewhat ruffled. As he came off, he hissed to Eve out of the corner of his mouth:

"Did you hear that fresh guy? I'd like to get hold of him, that's all! Say, how do they expect a fellow to make love to his mother? It's fierce!"

Later in the scene there was a slight *contretemps*, for when the villain—Mr. Henry Hendricks—advanced to break in the door of the virtuous actress's dressing-room, the door swung open, and he had to lean forward and close it before he could smash in a panel. Mrs. Jolley was visibly chagrined, and George tore his hair; but the audience was grateful for the laugh.

The second scene of the first act represented the famous supper at which the Pittsburgh millionaire—Mr. Orlando Jolley—met his doom. He was laid out cold with a champagne-bottle, and they hid him under the groaning board. Later, when the chief of police—Mr. Evan Mortimer—rushed in and pulled the table away from the corpse, the hind legs came off, and a cascade of dishes and papier-mâché victuals descended on the dead man. They were practicable dishes, too—the same, indeed, that Eve had lately washed. An astonished grunt escaped the dead man, but, true to his training, he never moved.

When the curtain went down on the first act, the moment for Eve's debut arrived. Her hands were like ice, her tongue a ball of wool under her palate. As a matter of fact, owing to Mrs. Jolley's intensive cramming, she was a bit overtrained.

Emily went out and, taking her place at the piano, played the introduction. George pulled the curtain-roller in, and Eve made her entrance. She was limited to a path of about eighteen inches between curtain and footlights. She looked very sweet in Luella's girlish white frock with a broad blue sash.

It would be nice to tell how Eve scored a tremendous hit and started Jolley's Floating Theater on a cruise of unparalleled prosperity; but nothing of the sort occurred. The sweetness of her aspect drew a spontaneous hand here and there, but only here and there. In a manner of speaking she was too sweet; the worthy Chesapeake citizens looked for a song artist to show them a plump leg and a mop of ropy curls. Eve was more like the sort of thing they got at Sunday-school entertainments, and their sense of the fitness of things was offended. They were fed up on girlish simplicity; they refused to rise to it like jaded New York.

Eve felt this critical attitude before she opened her mouth, and pluckily rose to meet it.

"I'll get them!" she told herself.

Had she not "got" hundreds of the most difficult audiences in the world? But then she had been encouraged to be herself, while now she was struggling against the absurd burlesque that Mrs. Jolley had sought to impose upon her. As a result, neither was she herself, nor could she realize Mrs. Jolley's robust ideal; she was nothing.

Long before she got to the end, Eve realized that she had failed; she finished with a lump in her throat. She received polite applause, no more. She backed off smiling, curtsying, and with a dreadful panic in her breast.

"What has happened? What is the matter with me? Have I lost the power to please?"

Most of all she dreaded having to face her instructress. Mrs. Jolley was indeed waiting for her off-stage with an expression sufficiently grim; but when she saw Eve's face she snorted in her peculiar fashion, and actually patted the girl's shoulder.

"Very nice, very nice," she said.

Eve shook her head, and the tears began to gather.

"No, I was rotten!" she murmured.

"I've heard worse," said Mrs. Jolley dryly. "You have pluck—that's the main thing. What you lack is aggressiveness. You needn't go on again until you are more used to them." She apostrophized the unseen audience. "Numskulls! They know nothing. They expect it to be shoveled out to them. I am a success because I go out there and dare them not to like me. That's what you've got to do—jump down their throats. Watch me, now!"

In spite of herself, Eve smiled. Wiping her eyes, she took up the prompt-book for the second act.

Mrs. Jolley went on and proceeded to "shovel it out." No question but what she was right, Eve thought. The railway scene went big, likewise the sawmill. The simple Eve wondered wistfully if she would ever be able to do it.

Finally the actress precipitated herself into the arms of her slender young lover, who visibly braced himself to withstand the impact.

"Don't weaken, Jeff!" cried his tormentor in the back of the house.

A roar went up—good-natured laughter, though. The audience surged out boosting the show.

Afterward that tireless woman, Mrs. Jolley, served a snack of supper. The takings of the evening were just short of a hundred dollars, and everybody was in the highest spirits—that is, everybody except Eve; but they were all nicer to her than if she had covered herself with glory.

She refused to be comforted.

"Mrs. Jolley tried to let me down easily," she thought, "but she wouldn't let me go on again. What a disgrace! I'm no good any more! They'll send me back to New York to-morrow—New York!"

The name brought that nightmare shape to its feet in Eve's mind. It resolved itself into the likeness of a man with a great swollen body and eyes that coveted; a man to whom other men bent their heads as to a master. There in the midst of the light-hearted crowd Eve shuddered violently. In New York without a friend, without a cent of money, what would she do, what would she do, she asked herself hysterically?

After they had risen from the table, Eve could stand the suspense no longer. Choosing a moment when Mrs. Jolley, at the kitchen dresser, was out of ear-shot of the others, she asked in the offhand tone employed by the young when they speak of what is near their hearts:

"I suppose I'm to go to-morrow?"

Mrs. Jolley had put off her wig and her stays, and had washed her face. Once more the dark hair was tightly drawn back into a little bun, and the steel-rimmed spectacles were on her nose. For the moment she forgot her grand airs and smiled at Eve like the good soul she was at heart.

"Well, no," she said. "Orlando and I have been talking over your case. I don't believe you'll ever bring them to their feet shouting, but you're a real nice little girl, and in a family company like ours that's something. And after all, as Orlando says, you can't expect to get a musical-comedy star for fifteen dollars a week. So don't you worry, child. I'll teach you the rudiments of our art."

It never occurred to Eve to resent this. She went off to her little room happily.

V

TRAVIS COUNTY, Maryland, forms a long, narrow peninsula between Chesapeake Bay and the Pocomahock River.

Toward its mouth the Pocomahock is a great estuary much too wide to be bridged, so that "old Travis," as they are fond of calling it, is cut off from the world at large except along its northerly border. Few people from the outside world have occasion to visit Travis, and nobody passes through.

These facts are related in order to account for the indigenous culture which has developed down there in the course of the generations. Down in Travis they have their own notions of things; they still hold firmly to conventions which the rest of the world has allowed to fall into desuetude. Indeed, they have rather a scorn for the rest of the world.

To descend from the general to the particular, the same facts explain why Page Brookins, an up-to-date young man, had not been to a show more than half a dozen times in his life—that is to say, a regular show, for of course he had attended the performances of the Players' Club at King's Green, the county seat; but as the players were either his cousins or his pals, that hardly counted. Town was a long eighty miles away, and there was no railroad to take one there, but only a leisurely steamboat which consumed twelve hours upon the journey.

True, Page owned an antique flivver that he could run when nobody else could; but he hesitated to trust it so far from home. Anyway, he had to work too hard to make trips to town.

All the girls in Travis County were crazy about Page Brookins; they openly avowed it. If it had come to his ears, he gave no sign of knowing it. It is to be feared that Page had actually rather a low idea of the intelligence of the sex, though theoretically he revered woman as his fathers had done before him.

It is interesting to inquire into the reasons for so universal a preference among the girls. True, Page was extremely good-looking, with his plummy black hair, his proud gaze, and his aquiline profile—a real Brookins. His figure, too, was in the family tradition—lean, rangy, and deep-chested. He reminded the old-timers of his grandfather, Handsome Jack Brookins, and revived the tradition of a still earlier Brookins whose sobriquet had been "the duke." The Brookinses of two hundred years past were sleeping in the yard at Stopford Chapel.

But it could hardly have been Page's good looks alone, for there were many other comely young fellows in the county, and it is well known that girls are rather blind to comeliness except in conjunction



THE CAR WOULD
STILL GO FOR PAGE,
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AILMENTS

with other qualities. They are not like their brothers in that respect. It may have been Page's reserve, which is a provocative quality to the feminine breast, but it was more likely the suggestion of a fiery determination in his level gaze and close-shut mouth. He had a capacity for keeping his mouth shut quite rare in youth. Whatever the contributing factors, Page had "style." Down in Travis they do not use the word in that connection, but they apprehend the quality.

That suggestion of a fiery determination did not belie

Page; he had it. Direction had suddenly been given to it at a moment some three years before—Page was twenty-three now—when he had accidentally overheard Luke Costen, the storekeeper, say to a stranger: "The Brookinses? Oh, that stock has petered out. Nowadays they ain't no more than a name hereabouts."

The worst of it was that it was true; Page was forced to admit the truth of it.

In the pain he suffered at that moment he became a man. He vowed to himself that if he lived he would make the name of Brookins something more than a name in Travis.

It was a sufficiently hopeless job. The Brookins lands, which had once extended for nearly four miles along the river, had now shrunk to a pitiful hundred acres of scrub pine and washed hillside, with a field or two of bottom-lands worked out until they produced corn-stalks no bigger than your thumb. The little house to which Page's father had moved when Luke Costen bought the old Brookins homestead was all but falling about their ears. Any money for improvements was out of the question; indeed, they scarcely saw money from one year's end to another.

Nevertheless, Page studied the bulletins of the State Agricultural College, which everybody gets and nobody reads, and began to take his measures. He had two older brothers, but they, despairing of the way things were going at home, had long ago taken themselves out into the world, and he could expect no help from them.

He said nothing to his mother of his new plans, but she read in the altered expression of his eye what was happening, and her heart rejoiced. She said nothing, either, but she was always there with moral support and sage counsel. She was only a Dawson from up the county—a family of no distinction; it was strange that the infusion of the plebeian strain had revived in Page the finest qualities of the old Brookins line. Old Jimmy Brookins, Page's father, helped, too; he had the knowledge and the experience, if Page would supply the driving force.

With appalling labor Page cleared some patches of woodland. These little virgin fields produced good crops, and the money he received was applied to fertilizing the old fields, and to planting them in green crops to turn under. Already the results of his labor were beginning to show. He had two half-bred cows and a good calf to start his herd, and a strong team of mules.

But the pace was a grueling one. His mother's heart often ached to see the look of exhaustion in her son's young face when Page came up from the fields. Already permanent lines had formed at either side of his nose and around his mouth; they did not detract from his comeliness, but gave it character. One could foresee what a

handsome and rather terrible old man Page would make—very different from his father, who was already a handsome old man, but soft.

In particular, at the end of a killing day in May, Page came in to his supper looking so white and done that the tears all but sprang to Miss Molly's eyes at the sight of him. Mrs. Brookins was still "Miss Molly" to all the countryside. It was dangerous to speak to Page, but she resolved that it must be done.

"You're overdoing it," she said in a very offhand way.

Page shook his head impatiently.

"It doesn't pay in the end," she quietly persisted. "If you gave out, we'd be back where we were in the beginning."

"I sha'n't give out," he said with a peculiar ring of bitterness. "I wish I could!"

"What do you mean?" she asked sharply.

"There's a kind of fever on me," he said in a voice full of unconscious pain. "I try to work it off and I can't."

Miss Molly was genuinely alarmed. She was too wise, though, to make any fuss. She had to take care what she said, Page was such a skittish colt; so she said nothing, and waited to hear more.

"I don't sleep well," he told her.

"You *are* working too hard!" she cried.

He shook his head.

"If it wasn't for the work, I'd go clean off my head. I wish I could work until I dropped in my tracks!"

"Oh, Page!" she said.

Her eyes filled. He laughed suddenly and touched her hand. The laugh irradiated his face, which was full of pain, too.

"You needn't look so tragic," he said.

"If I was a girl, you'd just call it a fit of nerves. That's what makes me so sore at myself. It's nothing you can put your hand to; but I can't rest. I can't get any satisfaction out of anything. Something seems to be hounding me."

Her eyes widened.

"Oh, don't worry," he said with another laugh. "There's no crime on my conscience. I wish there was! But everything seems just flat and stale. I can't keep my mind on anything. Yet the sight of a fine morning or the moon shining drives me wild. I hate the moon! I want—dog-goned if I know what I want! I'm a fool!"

She understood at last, and a breath of relief escaped her. This was not a tragic matter—at least, not for anybody but Page. She lowered her head to hide the smile that made her eyes soft; he could not endure to be laughed at.

"You ought to have more amusement," she said.

"Amusement!" he said. "That's the flattest thing there is. What do you mean? To go calling on a girl or join the Five Hundred Club? What other kind of amusement is there?"

"Why not go to the show to-night?"

He looked up.

"What show?"

"The floating theater's at the island this week. I suppose everybody in the county knows it but you, you old stick-in-the-mud! One of their bills was left in our letter-box."

She got it, and spread it out before him. He read:

ORLANDO JOLLEY'S FLOATING THEATER

Will be at Absolom's Island, May 23 to 28

THE JOLLEY DRAMATIC COMPANY
HEADED BY THE FAMOUS STAR

MISS ROSA RUSSELL

Proffer the following productions:

Monday night—"THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS"

Tuesday night—"WEDDED AND PARTED"

Wednesday matinée—"DORA THORNE"

Wednesday night—"THE MOONSHINER'S FEUD"

Thursday night—"A ROYAL SINNER"

Friday night—"EAST LYNNE"

Saturday matinée—"LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET"

Saturday night—"TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM"

MUSICAL SPECIALTIES

Page affected a superior air.

"Barnstormers!" he said. "If they were any good, they wouldn't be showing down here."

Nevertheless, Miss Molly saw that his interest was aroused. There was the beginning of a sparkle in his weary eye. To tell the truth, there was magic in the very word "show." It suggested a lift out of the intolerable flatness of life. The recollections of the few shows he had seen were marked with white stones in his mind.

"Sometimes they're not so bad," said

Miss Molly hopefully. "It's worth taking a chance on."

"Too much trouble to dress," grumbled Page.

"Old man!" taunted his mother. "It might be your father talking!"

"I might go," said Page indifferently. He fully intended going now, and only wanted a little persuasion in order to save his face. "Will you come with me?"

She shook her head.

"Can't leave your father. He gets so depressed when he's left. Why don't you call up Cousin Anna Sutor and ask her?"

Page made a face.

"I've had enough of Anna. Fine girl, and all that, but like a bull-bat—only one note. Whatever you say to her she comes back with: 'Ain't it the truth?' On the level, I've tried to see how many times I could make her say it. She never missed; but I lost count."

Miss Molly laughed.

"How about Daisy Craddock, then?"

Another shake of the head.

"Daisy hasn't even one note. She just giggles."

"Bee Wade?"

"Too sentimental. Makes me feel like a fool."

"You're hard to suit," said Miss Molly, with a sigh.

"I know it," said Page dejectedly. "I can't help it. They're wonderful girls, but not for me. None of them will do."

From his tone his mother understood that he had considered each one and had discarded her.

"I know them too well," Page went on. "I've known them all since they were little girls in pig-tails who told tales to the teacher. It's a great handicap, not knowing any girls but those you've been brought up with. There's no mystery about them. If you won't come with me, I'll go alone."

But he still sat brooding over his plate, and Miss Molly finally suggested that it was time for him to get ready.

"The floating theater 'll keep," said Page carelessly; "but as long as we've opened this subject, I'd like some information on it."

"What subject?" said his mother, biting her lip.

"Girls," said Page.

"Well, fire away," she said. "What is it you want to know?"

"What is the matter with them? Or is

the matter with me? Why do they attract a man only to repel him with their silliness? For they are attractive, dog-gone it! I reverence women, but there doesn't seem to be anything to them."

"There's more to them than shows on the surface," said his mother.

"Why should they want to hide it?"

"I don't know. It's the thing to do. It's expected of girls."

"I bet you weren't so silly when you were a girl."

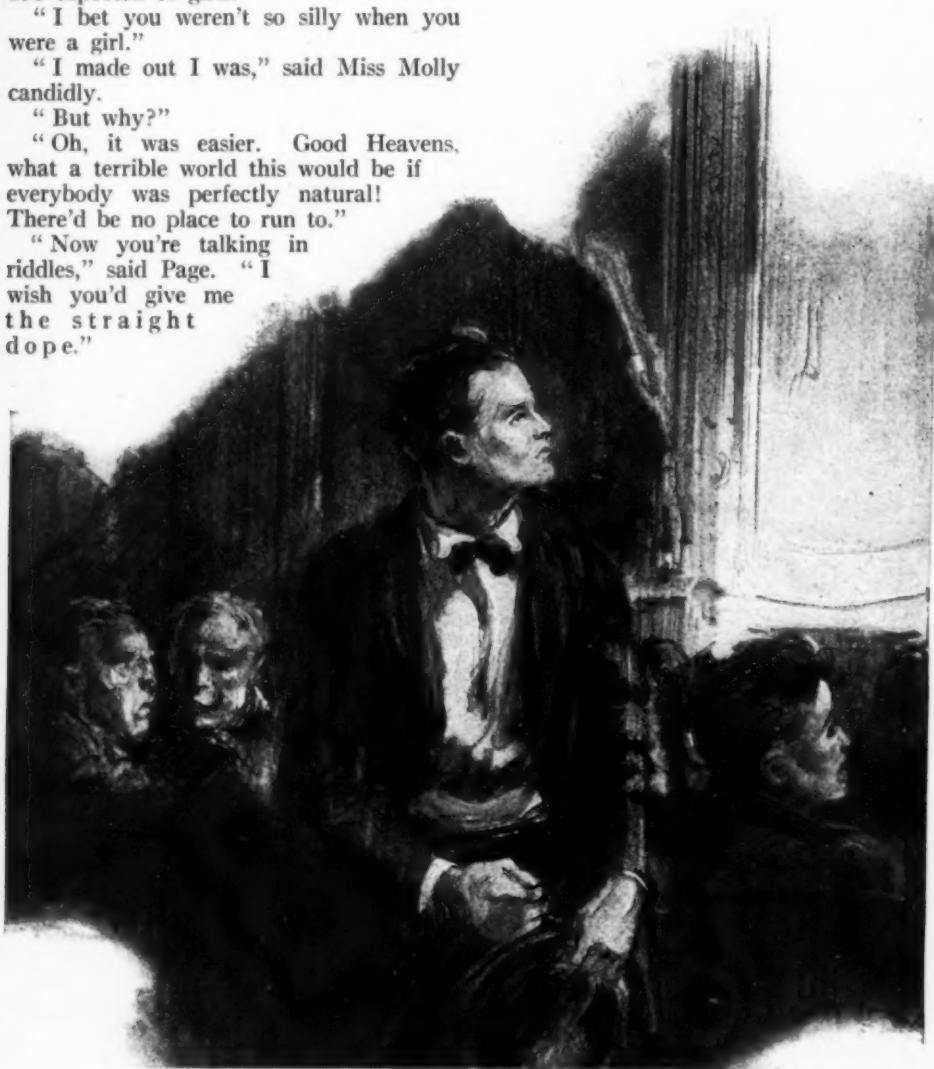
"I made out I was," said Miss Molly candidly.

"But why?"

"Oh, it was easier. Good Heavens, what a terrible world this would be if everybody was perfectly natural! There'd be no place to run to."

"Now you're talking in riddles," said Page. "I wish you'd give me the straight dope."

place nothing I said would mean anything to you without you had the experience yourself to measure it by. But I'll tell you this—our girls are as fine as any girls anywhere; and in spite of what the old women say they're just as fine as ever they were. Don't you be mistaking the chicken over the fence for a bird of paradise just because it's not in your run. You say you



HER EYES SPOKE DIRECT TO HIS SPIRIT, AND IT FLEW TO HER LIKE AN ARROW.—

"I wish I could," she said, laughing, and looking like a girl herself. "But in the first place I can't give my sex away to a man, if he is my son, and in the second

know these girls too well, but the truth is you don't know them at all. Go and make real friends with them, and they'll surprise you. Force them to be natural. They like

a man who does that. There, now, I've given away one of the secrets of the lodge!"

"Force them?" said Page, a little scan-

looking at him in a way he didn't understand. "That's the worst of it!"

"Then what am I to do?" persisted Page.

"Forget about it, and go get ready for the show."

With the wisdom born of experience, Page went out to make sure that he could



—GONE WAS HIS FEELING OF EMPTINESS, OF AIMLESSNESS, OF FRUSTRATION

dalized. "How could I do that? When you're with a girl, she always runs the conversation, doesn't she?"

"I suppose she does," said Miss Molly,

start his flivver before he dressed. He rolled her out of the barn, and, before wasting his strength, prudently counted over in his mind all the things that must

be done before he could hope to get an explosion.

Page's flivver was a runabout. Everybody knew the absurd little craft riding high on her toy wheels, poking her little button nose out in front, and rearing her disproportionately big bonnet high in the air. Ellick Sutor, Page's cousin, who was a wag, had christened her "Madeleine," and the name stuck.

Madeleine possessed a strongly marked individuality, stubborn yet responsive to kindness. For the garage mechanic at King's Green, who was an impatient fellow, she would do nothing. He had given her up long ago. But for Page she would still go, though she had half a dozen ailments, any one of which ought to have landed her on the junk-pile before this. Page had a sort of affection for the crazy old girl; he took her disabilities into account and humored her moods.

To-night, as the moon was shining, he let down the bonnet with care and tied it securely. After blowing through the feed-pipe and wrapping it carefully with tire-tape, doing something with a wire under the floor-boards, and sticking a couple of match-sticks in the vibrator, he cranked her, and in her own good time she started with a roar that might have been heard almost to Absalom's Island.

He rushed into the house to dress before she changed her mind. When he came out again she was still running, though enveloped in a cloud of steam. He made haste to empty a pail of water down her throat, and took a five-gallon can in the car with him, for Madeleine was afflicted with an unquenchable thirst. He started.

In the side road every faculty was concentrated on keeping Madeleine to the straight and narrow path, for the old girl, being gone in her front spring, had a tendency to leap bodily out of the road upon hitting any little obstruction. Besides guarding against this, Page had to keep the wind-shield from jumping out of its socket, had to watch the match-sticks in the vibrator, and had to listen to Madeleine's multitudinous voices, each of which raised its separate complaint.

Reaching the State road, he stopped and gave the feverish Madeleine another drink. Proceeding on the comparative smoothness of the highway, his subconsciousness attended to Madeleine, while his conscious mind was free to turn to other matters—

or, rather, to the one matter that filled it. Not that his mind was clear at all; there was a heat steaming up in his breast that made all his thoughts confused. Thoughts and feelings were all mixed up together.

Girls! Girls! Girls! How charming, how unsatisfactory, how terrifying! Why was it that in imagination he burned for them, while all the actual girls he knew only repelled him? Why was he obliged to become so stiff and unnatural in their presence? His mother had hinted as much; he had known it before, but couldn't help himself. It had not been so with his grandfather, Handsome Jack. If the stories were to be believed, Handsome Jack had loved half the girls in the county; never had there been such a lover.

"But that was loose love," thought Page primly. "I only want one!"

The moon shone in his face. The fragrance of the night, compounded of a score of subtle scents that he recognized, was delicious in his nostrils. In the shadow of the woods bordering the road great masses of laurel—they call it "ivory" down in Travis—bloomed with a wan loveliness in the half light. The moon's brilliance seemed to strike into his very breast, increasing the disquiet there. The lady of the moon had her head thrown back, and her half-seen lover was passionately pressing his lips to hers.

"I should have stayed home," thought Page. "Everything makes me think of it. At night it's worse. I sha'n't sleep!"

His thoughts went round in a sort of circle.

"Perhaps I ought to go ahead and make love to them anyhow. Maybe the right feeling would come then. There is a wall that must be broken down somehow. Perhaps the thing to do is to pick out the best one in cold blood and go after her." He imagined himself saying the things he had read that men said to girls—but they didn't ring true. "I'd never be able to get away with it," he thought miserably. "Maybe you shouldn't talk at all, but act first."

He imagined himself weaving an arm around little Anna Sutor, drawing her close to him, while her head fell back on his shoulder and her face turned up like the moon-lady's. Her mouth was most kissable. He shivered with delight; but the kissable lips parted, and he heard in Anna's nasal voice:

"Ain't it the truth?"

He flung her from him, figuratively speaking. It was the same with all of them—wonderful girls, but they had no magic for him. He lifted his face to the moon.

"Somewhere there must be a girl for me," he thought. "A quiet girl, a smiling girl with lovely ways, and beautiful—oh, beautiful enough to quiet me! She's somewhere, I know, and I'm nearly out of my head with wanting her, and tied here hand and foot! Oh, God, if I could start now and search the world until I found her!"

Page drove slowly, for he knew that if he pushed Madeleine she would make him pay. When he crossed the causeway to the island, he found the village deserted. Everybody was at the show. The floating theater was moored alongside the tomato wharf, down at the far end. A galaxy of electric lights hanging out in front made a festive show. The play had already started when Page arrived.

He parked Madeleine among a brigade of antique flivvers in which she was not at all conspicuous, paid his half-dollar, and passed in. The little theater was full, but he found a single seat toward the rear. The play was "The Life of an Actress." On the stage the heroine was sitting in her dressing-room, holding a spirited colloquy with the villain on the other side of the locked door. The brute smashed his way in and proceeded to strangle her, but was interrupted in the nick of time by Jeff, the noble telegraph-operator, who providentially happened to stroll on the stage. Jeff incontinently threw the villain out while the house whistled in approval.

"Ha, ha! You shall hear from me again ere long!" cried the departing villain.

The supper scene followed, where the Pittsburgh millionaire came to his untimely demise, and the noble actress saved Hazel from a fate worse than death.

Page watched it all with a lack-luster eye. He conceded that the actors were working hard and putting up a good show; but it had nothing for him. The matronly actress and the roly-poly Hazel failed to satisfy his thirst for beauty. Still, he might as well be there as anywhere else, he told himself. It passed the time.

When the curtain descended on the first act, he faced the intermission restlessly. He decided to go outside to smoke a cigarette. As he was about to pass out of the door, some chords on the piano caused him

to turn his head. The curtain was pulled back a little, and a girl came out in front—one he had not seen before. The lights at her feet threw odd, piquant shadows on the upper part of her face. She was smiling—not like an actress's smile. Page stayed.

His heart began to beat most unaccountably. Her smile was both merry and wistful. It was young, it was real, it was one with the moonlight and the night fragrance of the pines; it gave meaning to that which enraptured and which stung; it was beauty. Her eyes spoke direct to his spirit, and it flew to her like an arrow. Gone was his feeling of emptiness, of aimlessness, of frustration. He heard within him as plainly as if the words had been spoken:

"That is what I want!"

She sang, but he scarcely heard the song, nor did he heed the arch byplay which accompanied it. All that he instinctively realized was an assumption. That was how she earned her living. His burning glance sought to pierce beyond it, to discover the real woman. He was aware only of those eyes and that smile.

She came to an end, and the people applauded. Page, abruptly brought back to earth, glared around him savagely. Of a sudden the surrounding faces, with their knowing smiles, looked swinish to him. How dared they patronize her with their lukewarm approval? Those rough-necks, those oyster dredgers! They would do better to humble themselves in the presence of something so rare. This was a feeling, not a thought; it made him grind his teeth. Perhaps a whirlwind of hand-clapping would not have displeased him, but these clods took the wonderful girl as a part of their fifty cents' worth.

However, she had gone, and the light of the little theater went with her. Practical considerations occurred to Page. First, her name. He had neglected to get a program on the way in, and he was shy of borrowing one from his neighbor, for fear of betraying himself. He saw a crumpled program under the seat in front. Fishing for it with his toe, he picked it up and spread it out with studied carelessness. He read:

BETWEEN ACTS ONE AND TWO, MISS MERRIDY LEE
IN SONGS

"Merridy Lee!" He tasted the syllables as a connoisseur lets a rare wine roll

under his tongue. "But it may not be her real name," he reminded himself.

"Between Acts Two and Three," the program continued, "Mr. Evan Mortimer, entertainer and sleight of hand. Between Acts Three and Four, Miss Merridy Lee."

He would have to sit through two in-

ward, his heart beating with a thick anxiety. Suppose his senses had deceived him! Suppose it was a false alarm! Surely she could not be as perfect and desirable as he remembered her.

When she appeared, a sigh escaped him, and he sat back. Her eyes and her smile were absolutely reassuring.

By whatever marvel she had come there, there she was. She was quiet; she was beautiful; she was fine. Henceforth through life she was his mark. No doubt of it was possible.

His eager eyes now took in the details



"THE GIRL WILL BE FORTHCOMING. BY GOD, I'LL FIND HER IF IT TAKES ALL I POSSESS!"

terminable acts to get another sight of her!

Those acts seemed to last for an hour apiece. When at last the curtain fell on the great sawmill scene, Page sat for-

which had escaped him in the confusion of his first sight of her. He jealously looked for flaws, and he found none. She was beautiful all over; the light was netted in her rich hair; her neck was like a poem, her round, slender arms suggested tenderness; most strangely beautiful was the clear pallor of her arms and neck. Even her feet were beautiful. Her slippers were laced on with narrow ribbons, and the ribbon outlined a perfect instep. As to her dress, Page was no adept. All he knew was that it was satisfactory; she dressed like a lady.

She sang a love-song, and it made him exquisitely uneasy. She didn't mean it, of course, and therefore it meant nothing. But suppose the dull fools that surrounded him should not understand that it meant nothing, and should take it to themselves! Page glared around again. Or suppose she *should* mean it some time for some particular man—for him! Suppose her face softened on him, Page; suppose her lovely arms—Consciousness reeled at the thought.

And then she was gone again, and Page stared helplessly at the place where she had been. He suddenly became angry with himself because he had not taken her in sufficiently. His senses hadn't been sharp enough to seize her and hold her intensely until such time as he was able to see her again. As soon as she had gone, to his despair, her image had faded from his vision, and he could not bring it back as he wished.

Like one in a dream he left the little theater, cranked Madeleine, and drove home.

He had found his heart's desire. There was to be no more groping in the dark, no more futile self-questioning. But he had not thereby found peace of mind; he had only exchanged one form of torment for a sharper.

As he tossed on his bed, the practical difficulties in his way crowded thick upon him. How was he to become acquainted with her, all inexperienced as he was? There was no machinery provided. He couldn't very well get the manager of the show to introduce him, for the manager was doubtless an ignorant fellow who wouldn't understand the feelings of a gentleman.

Page saw nothing for it but to march up to the girl and introduce himself. He

turned hot and cold at the thought. How in the world could he make her understand at sight that he was no trifler, or worse? Suppose she did not understand, and turned him down! He ground his teeth at the thought.

Nevertheless, it had to be done, and done to-morrow, for she would be within his reach for five days only. He considered dozens of excuses for approaching her, and discarded them all.

When at last he did fall asleep, it was only to be harried by the dreams of a Tantalus. She was on the stage, holding out her white arms to him, but an invisible force held him from going to her; or he arrived at the tomato wharf only to see the Thespis pull out in the stream; or he was searching for her endlessly and frantically in a fog, hearing her, knowing she was near, but unable to find her.

That same day had seen Mr. Maurice Gibbon sitting in his office in the Forrest Theater Building, nervously chewing a cigar. From time to time his hand reached for the telephone receiver, only to draw back again. The successful theatrical manager, the accomplished man of the world, was actually trying to screw up his courage to the point of requesting an interview with his patron, Mr. Brutus Tawney.

Tawney was a dangerous man to approach these days. More than once Gibbon had been the victim of an appalling explosion of wrath; but the thing simply could not be put off any longer. The forthcoming production for Eve Allinson, which was intended to establish a new high-water mark in musical comedy, had been left hanging in mid air, so to speak. Whole establishments of scene-painters, costumers, furniture-makers, were held in idleness awaiting orders; others were clamoring for money for work done. The very rent of Gibbon's office was due, and he was without funds.

In the end the telephone receiver had to come down. On inquiring at the office of Tawney & Co., Gibbon learned that the head of the firm was at Birchlea, his country place on Long Island. Calling up Birchlea in due course, the manager got Tawney himself on the wire, and humbly preferred his request.

"Have you any news for me?" Tawney eagerly demanded.

"No," Gibbon was forced to reply.

There was a silence, during which Gibbon imagined the other man cursing with his hand over the transmitter. Finally Tawney barked:

"What are you doing back in New York, then?"

"I was obliged to come to town for a day, sir," said Gibbon humbly.

"Why?"

"I will explain if I may see you for a few moments."

"Oh, Lord!" said Tawney disgustedly.

"Motor out, and I'll give you quarter of an hour before dinner."

Gibbon found his patron sitting in a basket chair on the terrace at Birchlea. At his feet were spread the famous gardens, level below level, the borders of spring blossoms just bursting into color. Over the tops of the trees beyond was spread the unequaled panorama of Long Island Sound with the sun sinking in glory. The big man in the chair saw nothing of it; his eyes were bent on the tiles of the terrace; his cigar had gone out in his hand. Neither had Gibbon any thought for the view; his apprehensive gaze was reserved to his master.

"Well?" said Tawney, with the briefest of glances at the other.

"What a magnificent prospect!" stammered Gibbon, who had not looked at it.

Tawney ignored the remark.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"What am I to do about the production?" Gibbon blurted out. "Everything is blocked and held up. Masters, Richardson, Insull, a dozen others, are bombarding me night and day with urgent telegrams and long-distance calls. That's why I had to come back to town. I've got to tell all these people something!"

"To hell with the production!" growled Tawney. "What about the girl?"

Gibbon spread out his hands.

"What good is your production without her?" said Tawney bitterly.

"Then you want me to call off everything, to stop all work?" said Gibbon eagerly. "That's something."

"No!" shouted Tawney, suddenly purpling with anger. "She'll be found! She's *got* to be found!"

Gibbon was helplessly silent.

Tawney glanced over his shoulder through the open windows of the house. Hoisting his great bulk out of the chair, he

led the way down some steps to a lower level of the terraces, where they were safely out of ear-shot.

"What have you been doing the last few days?" he demanded.

Gibbon explained how he had been conducting a city-to-city search among the various musical comedy companies on the road.

"That's infantile!" said Tawney contemptuously. "Can't you think up something better than that?"

"McVeagh's orders," said Gibbon sullenly. "You told me to put myself under him."

Tawney was in no humor to be just.

"Have you no head of your own?" he sneered.

"I'm not a detective," muttered Gibbon.

"What *do* you call yourself?"

Gibbon lowered his eyes.

"Thinks he's safe in venting his bile on me," he thought bitterly; yet he dared not openly resent it.

"You've all been running round like a flock of scattered sheep!" sneered Tawney. "Not a head in the whole woolly flock of you! No plan, no ideas, no initiative, no brain-work!"

"Have *you* any suggestions?" muttered Gibbon.

Tawney ignored it.

"I wish you'd keep away from me until you have something to show," he said violently. "To listen to excuses simply exasperates me. I'll let you know when I want you."

He turned back toward the steps.

"But, Mr. Tawney, I must know what to do about the production!" cried Gibbon desperately.

Tawney flung back over his shoulder:

"Find the girl. That's all I'm interested in."

Gibbon followed him to the steps, reduced almost to tears.

"But I must know what to do about the show. Everybody is hounding me. I must either go on with it or stop!"

Tawney turned around on the top step.

"Go ahead with it," he said peremptorily. "Complete everything as planned. I don't want to hear anything more about it. Go to Taylor for funds. The girl will be forthcoming." He raised a clenched fist. "By God, I'll find her if it takes all I possess!"

(To be continued in the September number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

The Art of the Actor

A WELL-KNOWN PLAYER GIVES HIS VIEWS AS TO THE METHODS BY WHICH
SUCCESS CAN BE WON IN THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE
PROFESSION OF THE THESPIAN

By Leo Ditrichstein

THE art of the actor is, of course, the art of make-believe; but at the same time, paradoxical as it may appear, the successful actor must "make believe" in earnest. He must devote as much consideration to a farcical rôle as to a tragic one, just as the painter must apply his colors as carefully for a peasant as for a potentate, or as a sculptor must model a bacchante as faithfully as an empress.

Shakespeare has directed the actor to "hold the mirror up to nature," and most players heed this injunction, though many do not observe that their mirrors are dusty, or even cracked. No matter how many years an actor remains on the stage, and no matter how many parts he has played, he must still strive to improve his technique and must still hope to develop and progress.

In various commercial enterprises, the person at the head of a business simply sets certain forces in motion, and then the organization practically runs itself. In the dramatic profession, conditions are very different. As soon as an actor rests on his oars, or on his laurels, he is done for. As soon as he ceases to go forward, he stands still; and as soon as he stands still, he goes backward.

As a young man I turned to the theater, not because I was stage-struck, in the usual acceptance of that much misused term, but because the drama interested me intensely as a mode of expression. From the very first I sought to make the most of whatever opportunities were offered me. As these opportunities were not thrust upon me, I had to learn that real success comes from within, not from without.

In the course of time, through constantly studying and constantly striving, I got better parts. Even when a rôle did not ap-

peal to me, I looked upon it as another chance to broaden my experience, and I labored as earnestly over an unsympathetic character as over a sympathetic one. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, especially on the stage. It is the characterization that counts.

When at last I was in a position to pick and choose for myself, deciding upon my own parts in my own plays, a still more difficult problem presented itself—the necessity of restraining myself as I had been restrained by others. I must not merely follow my own inclinations, or simply indulge my own preferences. I must still seek to perfect my art, the art of David Garrick and Sarah Siddons as much as the art of Leo Ditrichstein—in fact, the art of the theater, the cult of Thespis.

THE "EASIEST WAY" ON THE STAGE

There is an "easiest way" in the dramatic profession, as in various other walks of life. On the stage, the easiest way is to create a collection of mannerisms, and then to secure vehicles for the exploitation of these mannerisms, continuing year after year in a series of productions that produce nothing but one's personal peculiarities. Under such conditions one ceases to be an artist, and becomes merely an automaton.

Remembering that all great actors of the past had been schooled in comedy and tragedy, melodrama and farce, I resolved to follow in their footsteps, not only changing my facial make-up and vocal inflection with each characterization, but also my point of view. No subject is too great for dramatic treatment, and no detail is too small for consideration.

I can now look back and recall how earnestly I studied my bit in "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," in 1893, and what pleas-

ure I gained from *Zou-Zou*, in "Trilby," in 1895. This was followed by appearances in "A Stag Party" and "Under the Polar Star," and by rôles in plays I had written myself or adapted from Continental sources—"A Southern Romance," "Are You a Mason?" "Tit for Tat," "Before and After," and "The Writing on the Wall."

With equal enthusiasm, I prepared for "The Lily," "The Concert," "The Temperamental Journey," and "The Great Lover." During all this time I was constantly engaged in work connected with the theater, acting parts and writing plays. In rapid succession came "The King," "The Matinée Hero," and "The Marquis de Priola," each piece representing a different phase of human nature.

Last season, by way of a complete change in medium and treatment, I decided upon "The Purple Mask," a costume play and romantic melodrama. Naturally, a performance of this sort requires an entirely different mode of treatment from a drawing-room comedy or a psychological study. A swashbuckling *Priola* would be as preposterous as an analytical *Armand* in "The Purple Mask." The actor must be all things to all men.

THE UNDYING CULT OF SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare is, of course, the patron saint of the theater, and every lover of the drama worships at his shrine. I have always longed to interpret a Shakespearian rôle, and during the past twelve months I have given special attention to the tragedy of "Othello." It is my intention to offer this play as my next production, essaying the rôle of *Iago*, one of the most fascinating studies of the immortal poet.

I have not only pondered the lines and studied the business, I have haunted libraries and picture-galleries, with a view to familiarizing myself in every possible way with the costumes and decorations of the period. It is recorded that the great actors of the eighteenth century played the parts of *Hamlet* and *Romeo* in satin knee-breeches and powdered periwigs, gaining fame not on account of these inaccuracies, but in spite of them. We have, at any rate, advanced in our recognition of the importance of correctness in dress.

When an actor becomes a star, with something to say in regard to the choice of the play in which he will appear and the personnel of the company by which he will be surrounded, his responsibilities become more than merely personal. I have always made it a point of being considerate of the feelings of players in my support, but at the same time I expect as much earnestness from them as I myself evince.

Actors should be prompt at rehearsals, exact in their lines, precise in their business. After a play has been produced, the same interpretation should be repeated each night, unless the original one can be improved upon. When an artist stands before his canvas, there is a picture to be painted; when a sculptor stands before his clay, there is a figure to be modeled; and when a company assembles on the stage, there is a play to be presented. There is no time for any other consideration, if the best possible performance is to be given by each member of the cast.

The actor should seek to establish himself in his ancient and honorable profession by mastering the full possibilities of whatever rôle is given him, and success will assuredly come as a reward—when merited.

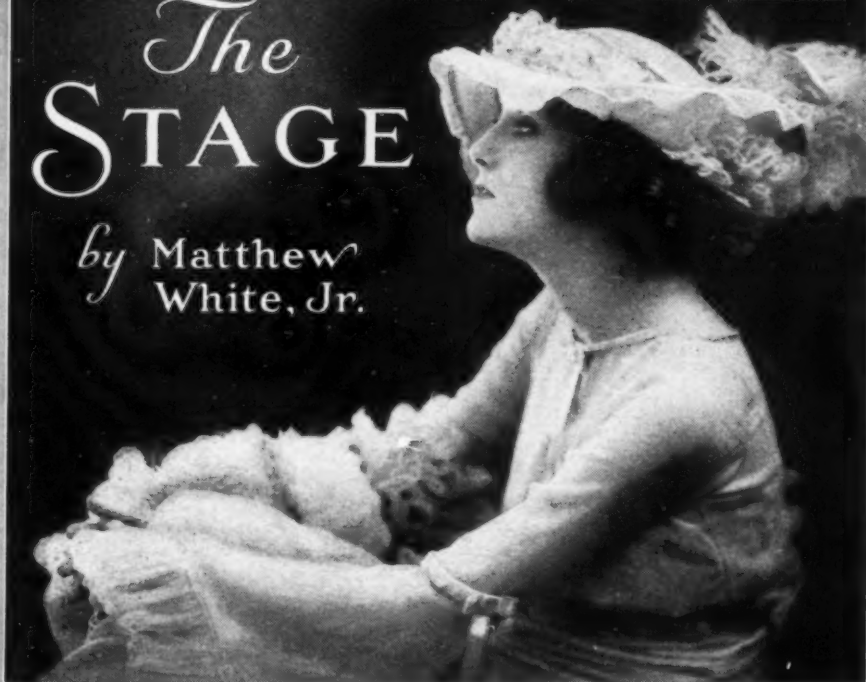
PATHS THAT WIND

PATHS that wind
O'er the hills and by the streams,
I must leave behind
Dawns and dews and dreams;
Trails that go
Through the woods and down the slopes
To the vales below;
Done with fears and hopes,
I must wander on,
Till the purple twilight ends,
Where the sun has gone—
Faces, flowers, and friends.

Gilbert Gordon

The STAGE

by Matthew
White, Jr.



JESSICA BROWN, WHO HAS A LEADING PART IN "CINDERELLA ON BROADWAY," THE NEW SUMMER SHOW AT THE WINTER GARDEN

From a photograph by White, New York

WHAT is it that constitutes national drama? A certain well-known New York manager declared at a public dinner, not long since, that neither the United States nor England possessed any, nor did he see any hope that they would acquire such a commodity.

When I mentioned this to John Golden, producer of "Turn to the Right," "Three Wise Fools," and "Lightnin'," he went up in the air.

"You know and I know and the public, unless it has gone crazy, knows that that is all bosh!" he cried, pacing up and down his office. "I resent the attitude of a certain so-called high-brow clique, which seems to feel that it owns the destinies of the American theater. The American drama as it exists to-day is built on foundations of cleanliness and laughter. This fake clique would like to see substituted for this healthy native product a flood of plays of the foreign type, dealing with

rape, arson, homicide, matricide, parricide, and suicide—all of which ought to be kept on the other side. A lot of bespectacled, long-haired, mincing fakers would have us believe that this is the only sort of thing that appeals to the superior intellect. They would be delighted if we could produce a Maxim Gorky, with his loathsome 'Night's Lodging,' or a Eugène Brieux, with his plays about unmentionable diseases. Eugene O'Neill, in 'Beyond the Horizon,' has proved that we do not need to go to the cesspool for genuine tragedies of American life.

"But serious plays are much easier to write than comedies, just as it is easier to be a tragedian than a comedian. Wilton Lackaye has said that an onion can make people cry, but that there has never been a vegetable invented that can make people laugh. I once wrote two playlets for vaudeville—'The River of Souls,' a tragedy, and 'The Clock-Shop,' a comedy. I

turned out the first in three hours, and it ran two seasons. The other cost me several months of hard work, and lasted three years."

At this point I ventured to suggest that in my opinion, if there had been a "Lightnin'" available when our ill-starred New Theater was opened, in 1909, there might have been a different tale to tell of the fortunes of that luckless institution. Out of the many productions put forward in its initial season, only two were of native origin—"The Cottage in the Air," by Edward Knoblock, a "Prisoner of Zenda" sort of thing, with its scenes laid in Germany and England, and "The Nigger," a melodrama by Edward Sheldon, which was more successful, but too somber and limited in its appeal to gain enduring prosperity. This reference to the lack of healthy humor set Mr. Golden off again.

"In the line of laughter," he declared, "Winchell Smith and THE PUBLIC—I hope, Mr. White, that you will print 'the public' in larger type than Mr. Smith—have demonstrated that they know what they want in our theaters."

Which prompted me to remind him that of all Mr. Belasco's mighty ventures, none lasted as long as the absolutely wholesome, laughter-laden "Boomerang."

"How can any one possibly believe," continued Mr. Golden, "that there is no hope for the future of the English-speaking theater if he will pause long enough to realize that we still have living J. M. Barrie, Bernard Shaw, John Drinkwater, Eugene O'Neill, and Winchell Smith? I think Smith should be mentioned, not necessarily because his plays have high literary value, but because his average of successes has been far above that of any other living American. His failures have been scarcely noticeable, and his successes the biggest successes of the American theater."

"The fake high-brows have said very little about William Harris, Jr. Here is a young manager with the courage of his convictions, who produced in 'Abraham Lincoln' a play of quality, of literary value, and at the same time containing a strong and healthy interest. I would rather have been known as the producer of 'Abraham Lincoln' than any play I have done. I don't believe your long-haired, long-eared gentlemen agree with me."

"There is room for the literary drama.

By all means let us have it, but must it be twined around a drain-pipe? Thank God, the public says no! I say to those millionaires who are continually being appealed to for subscriptions to take these amateur fakers and dilettanti of the drama out of their Thimblebox Theaters and put up new buildings for them: 'Please, Mr. Millionaire, leave them where they are, to stew and rot in their own nests!'"

You may recall that in the April MUNSEY I footed up the types of shows on view at the peak of the season, and in the list found ten comedies, all American and all hits. Nine of these ten American comedies were absolutely clean; and it is for this type of play that most of the American theatergoer's money is paid out.

Paris managers were wont to complain that everybody knew how much the theaters took in, because the government decreed that a certain percentage of their receipts must go to the poor. With the war tax on tickets that still prevails, it is equally easy to calculate the receipts of our own theaters. Reports from the Internal Revenue office in New York indicate that nearly eight million dollars in January, and almost seven millions in February, were passed in through box-office windows.

Is it any wonder, then, that while many dwellers in the big town wonder where they are going to lay their heads when their leases expire next October, almost a dozen new theaters are planned? Some way, somehow, money has been found to finance them, and builders have been persuaded to lay off strikes that these additions may be made to the fifty producing houses that already impinge on Broadway.

Possibly, if the booking powers were not divided into two camps, we might contrive to get along with fewer theaters.

To illustrate how the existing system works, suppose you are a new manager with a play in which you have confidence. It has made good on the road in its spring try-out, and you are anxious for an opportunity to test it in Manhattan. Most of the theaters here are controlled by either the Shuberts—who have the longest list—or by Erlanger interests. These firms are also producers, and it is natural that they should wish to give their own shows first choice. If they have a vacancy for outsiders, there are sure to be many applicants for the opening. What more natural, then, that they should put a price on the



EVA GRADY, IN THE FOURTEENTH EDITION OF THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES AT THE
NEW AMSTERDAM THEATER FOR THE SUMMER

From a photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston, New York



DOROTHY DICKSON, WHO IS ONE OF THE PRINCIPALS IN THE TUNEFUL MUSICAL COMEDY, "LASSIE"

From a photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe, New York

concession by asking an interest in the piece, in return for a theater in which to give it its New York chance? If it fails, they lose nothing except the profits they might have made; if it wins, they share with the original investors, who have taken all the risk. Is it any wonder that the in-

dependent managers are hustling to get theaters of their own?

More than once, last season, the extraordinary spectacle was presented of an attraction opening in a small theater, where the takings, even with the house filled to its utmost capacity, would not pay the ex-



ALMA TELL, FEATURED IN "THE FALL AND RISE OF SUSAN LENOX," A DRAMATIZATION OF
THE DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS NOVEL

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York



EVA LE GALLIENNE, THE GIRL WHO TELLS SO MANY FIBS IN THE COMEDY OF 1875.
"NOT SO LONG AGO"

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

penses of the production. This was done merely to establish the piece in the eyes of the booking powers, in the hope that in the course of a week or two some larger auditorium would be vacant into which it could move. The fact that in almost every case the result was a disappointment will not end the practise. Hope springs eternal in the breasts of those who back theatrical entertainments.

Belief in the continued drawing power of the musical play is indicated by the fact that three of the new Broadway theaters are to be dedicated to this type of offering. One sponsored by Sam Harris and Irving Berlin, in West Forty-Fifth Street, will be called "The Music Box," and will be opened with a revue by Berlin himself. One of the two new Selwyn houses now almost completed, the Forty-Second Street,

will specialize in musical comedy. The Shuberts are starting a new theater on Forty-Ninth Street. Walter Jordan, the playbroker, will have one on Forty-First, and there will be another in Greenwich Village.

As if this were not enough, I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Coburn will build, and that William Morris, made rich through Sir Harry Lauder, is also to possess a theater of his own. Then one can already see, at the corner of Broadway and Forty-Fifth Street, the rising walls of Loew's huge State Theater, which will doubtless be operated as a picture house on a big scale.

Since I wrote the foregoing, A. L. Erlanger has announced the immediate erection of two new theaters, one atop the other, adjoining the Little in Forty-Fourth Street. The ground-floor auditorium is to be called the Model, with a seating capacity of fourteen hundred, and will doubtless house musical shows, while the Novelty, overhead, will claim preeminence as the biggest roof theater in town. Add to the above the Selwyns' other house, the Times Square—which is to open with Florence Reed in "The Green Jade," by H. Broughton Tall, a new playwright—and you have a fairly complete list.

Of course, it is quite on the cards that not all of these eleven new theaters will be ready for use during the season of 1920-1921, but at least seven represent *bona-fide* contracts with builders, and I mention them in order to give my readers an idea of the confidence that investors seem to possess in enterprises based on the entertainment of the public.

Wagenhals and Kemper, by the way, might be added to the foregoing list with their idea of a National Theater, but I fancy their preparations for a new house haven't as yet reached the architect's stage. Their choice of a name, too, seems unfortunate, even though it may be appropriate to the ambitions of these managers, who made a fortune out of "Seven Days" and "Paid in Full," and then dissolved partnership. It is difficult enough, at best, to give a nation a theater which shall be an expression of the national life. To label a new house as such at the outset only places an additional handicap in its path. Such a center is a growth, not an endowment.

If theaters do not always materialize according to announcements, heralded plays are still more liable to fail to arrive at the

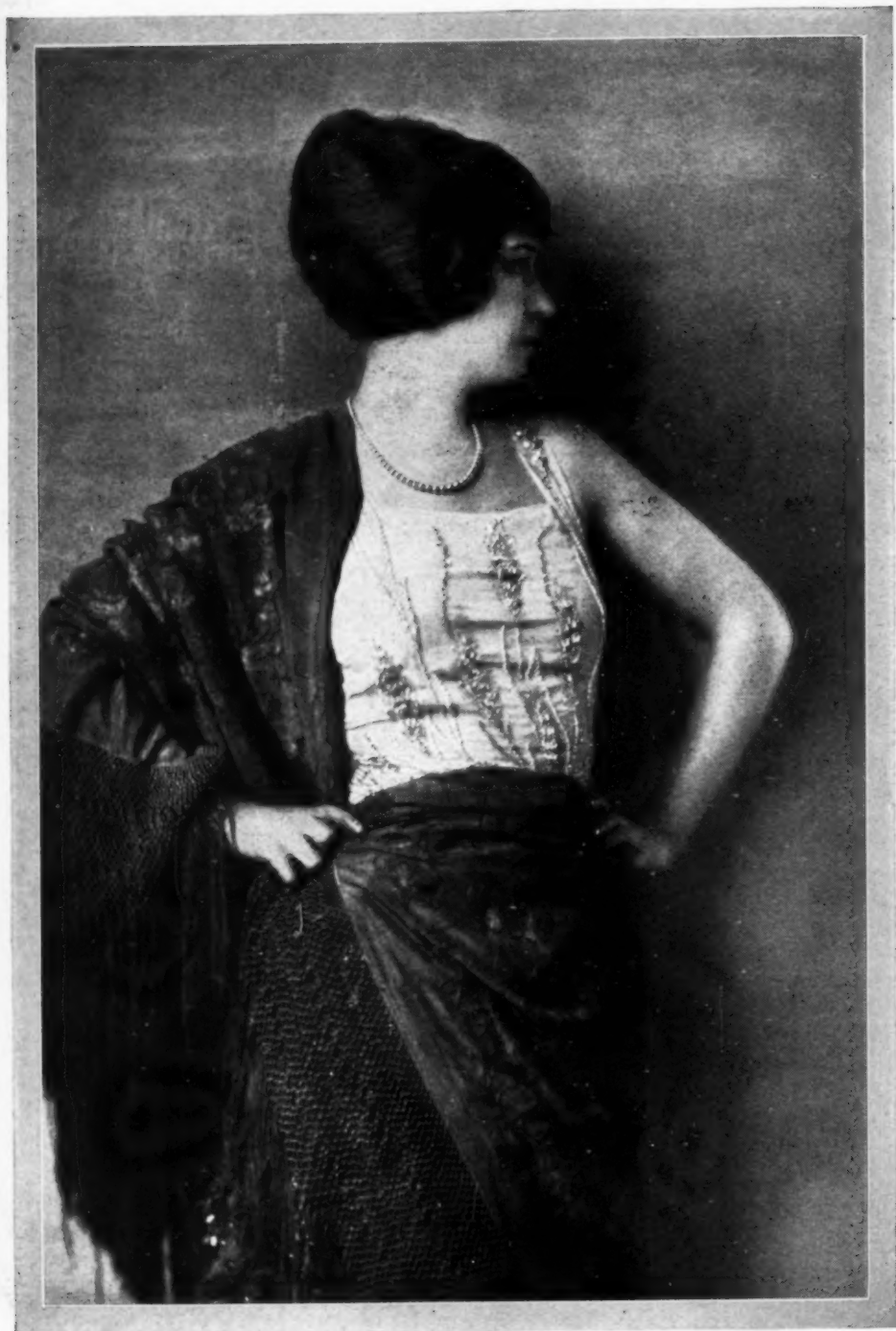
footlights. Ambitious playwrights were wont to feel safe in congratulating themselves, once their scripts were accepted and their advance royalties paid, that at least they would have the pleasure of seeing their characters made to walk in flesh and blood before their eyes, even though in the final Broadway test the public turned thumbs down on the piece. Now, with increasing frequency, they must be content with receiving their one check and beholding their names in season forecasts.

There are many reasons for this. Among them are difficulty in getting the right people for the cast in the mad scramble for types that now obtains; trouble about the bookings; and the fickleness of public taste, which will go chasing off after the newest fad in drama, to the utter neglect of a craze it seemed quite willing to follow six months before. Time is a factor that must not be ignored. If new plays could be put on as quickly as a newspaper is printed, there might be a different story to tell.

Yet the public is no fool. Because it approves one play, there is no certainty that it will support another of the same type, even if the second piece be sprung on it at what seems the psychological moment. This was conclusively demonstrated last season in the short shrift meted out to Percy Mackay's "George Washington," which, although written long before John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" reached this country, was not put up for a Broadway run until the latter play was in the height of its prosperity. "Washington" failed in two weeks, because it was a poor piece of work, fatally burdened with extraneous matter.

The same fate will befall the numerous other historical dramas with which the coming year promises to be studded, unless they deliver the goods. Indeed, I shall be agreeably surprised if any of them get by. Among the heroes and heroines to be treated are Mary Stuart, by Drinkwater, who may also have ready one on Robert E. Lee; Benjamin Franklin, for James K. Hackett; Whistler to reopen the Little Theater; and Edgar Allan Poe, with Allen Dinehart as the American poet.

Much more likely to score, in my opinion, is history no older than a couple of years, as treated by the famous French playwright, Eugène Brieux, in his critical comedy played at the Paris Odéon, last winter, as "*Les Américains Chez Nous*."



GRACE LA RUE, LEADING WOMAN IN "DEAR ME," A CHICAGO SUCCESS WHICH IS DUE ON BROADWAY DURING THE COMING SEASON

From her latest photograph by Maffett, Chicago



SIDONIE ESPERO, WHO IS CARMENCITA IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY HIT, "HONEY GIRL,"
ADAPTED FROM "CHECKERS"

From a photograph by Aseda, New York

Leo Ditrichstein proposes to produce it here as "The Americans in France"—without himself in the cast. The irritation of the French at the methods of the Ameri-

it is worth noting that four of last year's hits harked back to the great conflict—"Clarence," "Civilian Clothes," "Buddies," and "The Famous Mrs. Fair."



ANN PENNINGTON, LEADING WOMAN IN GEORGE WHITE'S "SCANDALS OF 1920," ONE OF THE SUMMER SUCCESSES ON BROADWAY
From her latest photograph by Lewis-Smith, Chicago

cans while waiting for a boat home is set forth, and there is conflict of national traits as well as of every-day interests. In spite of frequent assertions that our people were sick of anything having to do with the war,

Another Continental possibility for the coming season is a dramatization for Lionel Barrymore of "Blood and Sand," by Vicente Blasco Ibañez, whose "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" will probably



KATHLEEN COMEGYS, WITH HENRY MILLER AND BLANCHE BATES IN
"THE FAMOUS MRS. FAIR "

From a photograph by Sarony, New York



HAZEL DAWN, WHO IS TO BE STARRED IN "THE WINGED GOD," A NEW COMEDY
BY CRANE WILBUR

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York



JOSEPHINE VICTOR, FEATURED AS ZABETTE IN "MARTINIQUE"

From her latest photograph by Ira D. Schwarz, New York

never reach the footlights, having failed to arrive there when their prancing would have been more or less timely.

While speaking of the Continent, I may mention that we are due for a revival of Ibsen through the visit to New York of Mme. Hammer, the Norwegian star, a native of Bergen, where Ole Bull and Grieg were also born. She would doubtless still be playing at the National Theater in Christiania did not her husband's business

require his presence in America a great part of the time, so she came over here five years ago and took up her residence on an island in Puget Sound, where she has been assiduously studying English in preparation for her Broadway debut, which will probably be either in "Hedda Gabler" or as *Rebecca West* in "Rosmersholm."

Having picked such a rich London plum as "Abraham Lincoln," William Harris, Jr., has stuck in his finger again and taken



FLORENCE REED, WHO IS TO BE STARRED BY THE SELWYNS IN "THE GREEN JADE,"
BY A NEW PLAYWRIGHT

From her latest photograph by Charlotte Fairchild, New York



WILDA BENNETT, LEADING WOMAN IN THE CHARMING OPERETTA, "APPLE BLOSSOMS," WHICH
RAN ALL LAST SEASON ON BROADWAY

From her latest photograph by Campbell Studios, New York

a chance on "The Young Visitors." This, a dramatization of an amusing story written by a precocious child, was brought out in London on February 24, and ran until May 15. There are seventeen scenes in the piece, the sets being designed and colored as a little girl of nine might have drawn them. The whole production is done in whimsical style, and stands an even chance of catching on big as a freak performance, which it will be the fad to have seen, or of falling down at once, overwhelmed by its own utter silliness.

Another English offering out of book covers that we are pretty certain to get on Broadway is "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," now running at the Savoy, where an American actress, Peggy O'Neil, scored heavily in the name part. The play was written by Gayer Mackay and Robert Ord, from a novel by Gertrude Page, and the story surrounds *Paddy Adair*, who is the darling of her father's heart because she is the next best thing to a boy. Miss O'Neil was only one of three American actresses to make big West End hits last spring, the others being Edith Day, in "Irene," and Mary Nash, in "The Man Who Came Back."

Speaking of London, the Gaiety over there has gone back over twenty years to revive an old musical show, "The Shop Girl," just as the Century here resurrected "Florodora"—which would indicate that the call for this type of thing exceeds the supply. Indeed, London variety has been practically ousted from its old haunts by the demand for houses in which to present either the "legitimate" or revues. In Piccadilly Circus, for instance, at the Pavilion, you may now find the immense spectacle "Afgar," which Morris and Gest may bring over here. At the Empire, in Leicester Square, there is "Irene," and diagonally opposite, at the Alhambra, "Broken Blossoms" held the screen. "Joy-bells" have long been ringing at the Hippodrome, where the splash of the plunging steeds into the tank was years ago silenced. "The Whirligig" is the bill at the Palace, and "The Man Who Came Back" finds a home at the Oxford. This is as revolutionary a booking arrangement as if in New York "Abraham Lincoln" were playing at the Riverside and "The Night-Boat" at the Colonial.

"John Ferguson," by the bye, failed to duplicate its New York success in London,

getting no more than two months at the Lyric, in Hammersmith, where "Abraham Lincoln" lasted a year.

As usual, the new play for Maude Adams—who on account of illness did not act at all last season—will come from London, and of course it will be by Barrie. "Mary Rose" is its name, and it was produced at the Haymarket last April with Fay Compton in the lead. As you might expect, the piece is a fantastic one. It covers a period of thirty years, showing the heroine at the ages of nineteen, twenty-three, and forty-eight. I have read the story of it as detailed in the London *Stage*, but I frankly admit that I am not much wiser as to the plot than I was before I did so. Indeed, if you expect to enjoy the piece, I advise you to try to find out as little as possible in advance about it. To endeavor to explain Barrie's plays is like taking up a bit of thistledown between one's thumb and forefinger. An important rôle in the London representation falls to Robert Loraine, who distinguished himself as a flier in the war, and who has since been playing *Cyrano*.

As I intimated a few pages back, it is a thankless task, these days, to print an exhaustive forecast of managers' plans. They have made them in plenty, and so far in advance that as early as May 23 the New York *Times* gave over a couple of columns to a recital of them, even to the extent of naming the various Broadway theaters at which the attractions might be seen. This year I mean to content myself with mention of one or two possibilities in which I think my readers may be especially interested, or around which some out-of-the-ordinary history may attach.

There's Alice Brady, for example. After her two seasons of unexampled prosperity in "Forever After," everybody will be curious to learn with what sort of play she intends to follow it up. Mr. Brady's choice seems to have fallen on "Anna Ascends," by Harry Chapman Ford, a new writer. The story calls on Miss Brady to be a young Syrian girl recently arrived in this country.

Henry Miller thought he had a new piece for Ruth Chatterton in "Just Suppose," but as the plot is built around the Prince of Wales on his recent visit here, Miss Chatterton decided that the prince would probably attract most of the attention, so she passed up the play.

The Odd Measure

A True Story of Lawless Justice

*How a Murder
Was Avenged
and a Murderer
Punished*

TWO partners kept a country store in one of our less thickly populated States. Both of them were elderly, gentle, inoffensive men. One day two ruffians rode up to the store, went into the little building, and shot down the two old men. The murderers gathered up such spoils as they cared to take and rode away with the bold effrontery of their type.

The sheriff of the county took two or three men and followed the trail for a mile or two. Then, with a porcine shrug of his shoulders, he announced that it was "no use, already, to go any further." He disbanded his little posse and returned to the business of collecting the fees of civil processes and other non-dangerous affairs.

The two bandits laughed and went their way in the mountains thereabout. What harm menaced them, indeed, when the representatives of the law were so ill-disposed toward going into danger? The sheriff was permitted to continue in his office. Some day, perhaps, he will lose it by being defeated in a county election. Apparently there was no law for the restriction of the activities of the desperadoes, and they felt entirely safe. But they did not count on one of the odd factors of the American character.

Here was a wild, arid, difficult country. Ranches are far apart, and people live in little ranch groups, almost tribal in their isolation. They do not ride forth without firearms, and sometimes they sleep under their beds, rather than on them, because the midnight bullets of enemies are likely to fly over the beds, at about three-inch heights above the mattresses.

Now there was a rancher who had liked those two old storekeepers, and he thought it was a shame to have them killed by two thieving scoundrels. The law did nothing, so the rancher went out into the surrounding country and stationed himself at points commanding a view—but never with his head against the skyline. His hired men had informed him as to the identity of the murderers, and he knew the ruffians and their evil reputation by sight and habit.

One day the worse criminal of the two happened along a certain desolate trail, and without preliminary or warning he fell dead—a bullet through him. The turkey vultures found the body at their quick leisure, and *caramba*, who knows what had happened to so bad a man, who had done wrong to so many?

Justice will be served. In the long run it is served, with an exactness that chills the soul of the offender. As Emerson said, the dice of God are always loaded. If social order fails of exacting its dues, then a crude personal sense of propriety steps in to serve the human instinct. When the organized processes of law fail, the individual takes up the public burden, with all the mistakes, frailties, and selfishness of the one-man kind of law.

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Grain with a Pedigree

*The Strange Story
of Marquis Wheat,
Which Has Proved
a Boon to Canada
and the Northwest*

THE curiosities of literature shrink beside the marvels of agriculture. Some hundreds of millions of bushels of Marquis wheat, now grown annually on the continent of North America, are all descended from a few grains isolated in 1903. The story of Marquis wheat is as interesting as the plot of many a romantic novel.

Back in 1841 a Scotsman who had been working for a farmer named David Fife, near Peterborough, Ontario, returned to his native country under promise to send to his employer a Scottish bonnet, or Glengarry. As soon as he arrived in Glasgow he bought the bonnet, and, taking a stroll along the Broomielaw, came upon a boat unloading a cargo of fine wheat.

He filled the cap with a sample of the wheat, and sent it off to his friend Fife in Canada.

Fife sowed the seed in the spring of 1842, but cattle broke into his garden, and only three ears, or heads, came to maturity. Being interested in his friend's gift, Fife saved the wheat, and, in 1843, had a pint of seed, which multiplied as the years went by; and by 1870 Red Fife, as this new wheat was called after its color and its owner, became a favorite in Ontario. It was also known as Scotch Fife and as Glasgow wheat—though it was not grown in Scotland, and the experts, when they examined it, pronounced it a Galician variety. Investigation proved that the vessel in the Glasgow docks in 1841 had come with a cargo of wheat from Danzig, the chief export outlet for Galician grain.

Red Fife was the staple Canadian wheat in the seventies, but it had one defect—it was slow to ripen, and the early frosts blackened many a first-class field of it. In 1888 a botanist named Saunders crossed it with more than fifty other varieties, but failed to solve the problem. The flour thus produced was too yellow for the market. In 1903, however, his son, Dr. Charles E. Saunders, chanced to hit on an ear of Red Fife which he crossed with Hard Calcutta, and in the following year he succeeded in growing twelve plants. The yield was less than a pound of seed, but it ripened early, and the grains were plump. He named it Marquis, after the then governor-general of Canada, the Marquis of Lorne. By the autumn of 1906 he had two-thirds of a bushel.

In 1907 all the seed that could be spared—twenty-three pounds—was sent to the experimental station at Indian Head, Saskatchewan. It lived up to expectations, and two years later four hundred samples were distributed to Canadian farmers. Their reports were enthusiastic. The early wheat, so long sought, had been found. Since then its fame has spread widely, and Marquis wheat is now grown not only in Canada, but in Minnesota and the Dakotas, where rust has hitherto played havoc, and where early harvests prevent losses through frost.

* * * * *

The Long History of the Traffic Problem

After the Romans, the First Builder of Good Roads Was McAdam

ONE hundred years ago John Loudon McAdam taught the world how to build roads. Many centuries earlier the Roman armies built great arterial roads all over Europe, but Europe had lost the secret. Up to McAdam's time they had been trying to adapt the wheels to the bad roads; but the Scottish engineer looked at the problem the other way, and considered how a thoroughfare should be constructed to stand the strain of the traffic. The records show that the length of turn-pike roads in England was increased by a thousand miles in the ten years that followed the invention of his plan; and at the same time an era of road-building began in the United States.

Eulogizing the genius of McAdam, and discussing the history of the traffic problem, Lord Ashfield—better known in America as Sir Albert Stanley—points out that in the Middle Ages practically the only method of locomotion on land was either to ride a horse or to walk. Wheeled vehicles were not introduced into England until the sixteenth century. As they began to multiply, attempts were made to better the condition of the mud roads by insisting that the wheels of the cumbrous wagons should be widened, so that they might act as a kind of steam-roller. But all the while, the real method of conveyance was by water. In the seventeenth century about forty thousand watermen were plying on the bit of liquid history called the Thames. Between the City of London and Westminster there was no road, practically the whole of the traffic being carried on by the river.

In 1625 the first hackney carriage made its appearance in London, and nine years later the first sedan chair came into existence. In the eighteenth

century Lord Harcourt, who lived in Kensington—long ago merged into London by the steady growth of the British metropolis—wrote:

The road between this place and London has grown so infamously bad that we live here in the same solitude as we should if we were cast upon a rock in the middle of the ocean, and the Londoners tell us there is between them and us a great, impassable gulf of mud.

Then came the genius of McAdam, who discovered how to build a road; and soon the stage-coach appeared, and eventually the horse omnibus, which was introduced to the streets of London by a man named Shillibeer.

"Railways followed sharp on the heels of the bus," says Lord Ashfield; "but up to the present time there has been no attempt on the part of the government to coordinate the use of roads and railroads." Emphasizing the difficulties of the transport problem, he points to the marvelous growth of population in England, especially in the London area. "At the opening of the nineteenth century, the population of London was about a million people. To-day it is roughly eight millions of people, all requiring transportation of one kind or another."

The solution of England's traffic problem is now in the hands of Sir Eric Geddes, another Scot, whose problem is no whit less difficult than that faced by McAdam a hundred years ago, and it need hardly be added that a different and still more tremendous task confronts those responsible for effecting a satisfactory and efficient reorganization of our American transportation systems.

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Reclaiming Mesopotamia

*Can the Former
Fertility of That
Ancient Land
Be Restored?*

SIR JOHN HEWETT has issued the first report on Mesopotamia since Britain took over the mandate for that region. The scheme for the agricultural development of the country, he says, was started in 1918. The area sown that year amounted to nearly six hundred thousand acres, and the yield of wheat and barley was about three hundred thousand tons, besides large quantities of fodder and vegetables. Irrigation works on the Euphrates cost three million dollars; five millions were spent on the port of Basrah. A comprehensive scheme of railroad construction has been begun, telegraph and telephone lines have been opened, and a fleet of light steamers is plying on the rivers. Sir John reports that the Arab cultivators seem to realize that the new administration has interested itself in their well-being.

Mesopotamia, the Irak of the Arabs, the Babylonia of the Greeks, looks to the Tigris and the Euphrates for its life. Irrigation is the great problem, as there is no rainfall. Every drop of water for cultivation must be led out of the rivers, but their discharge is extremely variable—about eight times as great in April as in October. They are always silting up their beds and scooping out new channels, leaving half the country a desert and making the other half a swamp. Yet the soil is exceptionally rich, the lower part of the country being an immense alluvial delta, more than five hundred miles long, which the Tigris and Euphrates have deposited in what was originally the head of the Persian Gulf. The Arabs call this fertile region the Sawad, or Black Land, and it is a striking contrast to the bare ledges of Arabia and Persia, which enclose its flanks.

The Sawad was first reclaimed by men who had a mastery of metals and a system of writing. These Sumerians, about four thousand years before the Christian era, lived on *tells*, or mounds, heaped above the flood level. Sargon, of Akkad, ruled the land some fifteen centuries later; Hammurabi ruled it from Babylon in or about 1900 B.C., and the capital has never shifted much more than a hundred miles since then. Babylon on the Euphrates and Bagdad on the Tigris control the Sawad. From these points throughout the ages, Sumerians, Assyrians, Chaldeans, Persians, Greeks, Arabs, and Turks have dominated.

In the seventh century of our era, a few years before the Arab conquest, great floods burst the dikes; the Euphrates broadened into a swamp, and the Tigris deserted its former bed. In the thirteenth century the Mongols finished the work of the floods, and under the alien and deadly rule of the Ottoman Turk the Sawad had no chance of recovery. Can it still be reclaimed?

"The Tigris-Euphrates delta," wrote Sir William Willcocks in 1911, "may be classed as an arid region of some twelve million acres. All this land is capable of easy leveling and reclamation. The presence of fifteen per cent of lime in the soil renders reclamation very easy compared with similar work in the dense clays of Egypt. One is never far away from the giant banks of old canals and the ruins of ancient towns."

* * * * *

New Light on Primitive Man

*The Caves of the
Mendip Hills
Have Revealed an
Early Chapter of
His History*

THE discovery of *homo paleolithicus* and his works in the so-called Hyena Den—a cave in the limestone rocks of the Mendip Hills, in England—opens anew the question of the antiquity of the human race. An account of the excavations made by Mr. Balch, curator of the museum at Wells, was recently made public, and it shows that the caverns of the Mendips are not merely fossiliferous, but a veritable mortuary of animal and human remains.

For nearly a century the discovery of the bones of man and the works of his hands in the cave deposits of Europe, associated with the remains of the extinct hyena, bear, elephant, and rhinoceros, has been taken as evidence that the date of the origin of the human race must be placed much further back than had previously been supposed.

Southwest of the little town of Cheddar—famous for its cheese—is the ravine of Wookey Hole, where the river Axe gushes from its underground source. Here the Mendip investigators, continuing the work begun some forty years ago by Professor Boyd Dawkins, have explored caves containing extensive deposits of the pleistocene period—an age far antedating the earliest historical record.

Here they found remains of the pouched marmot, of two species of hare, of the lemming, the cave lion, the spotted hyena, the brown and the grizzly bear, the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, the bison, the wild boar, the Irish elk, and—most interesting of all—our own ancestor, the cave-dwelling *homo paleolithicus*, or man of the primeval stone age. It is believed that the rhinoceros and the lemming migrated to the Mendip valleys from the more arctic regions to the north—in the pleistocene period vast glaciers, like those of Greenland, stretched down as far as South Wales—and that the cave man pursued the mammoth in the lowland forests with his rude stone implements.

What gap of time exists between the paleolithic man of the pleistocene and the neolithic man of a later age is uncertain. The neolithic people of the Mendips, however, in the opinion of the excavators, came across what are now the Straits of Dover, not then a part of the sea, and are to be identified as kinsmen of the stunted, oval-headed, black-haired Mediterranean tribes. These immigrants, in turn, gave way to the blond round-heads of the bronze age. Finds in Wookey Hole and near-by caverns show that the men of the bronze age smelted iron, made edged tools and spindle whorls, and used nets. They seem to have been weavers, carpenters, and potters, and to have kept herds of cattle and trained dogs. With the coming of the Romans into Britain, their arts seem to have declined. It is the belief of the excavators, based on their finds in the Mendip caves, that the Romans invaded a civilization far from uncouth and barbarous, but already on the wane.

It is not unlikely that the new discoveries made in the Hyena Den will prove even more interesting to the anthropologist than those of the Brixham

The Strange
Disease of
Ailurophobia

Even Great
Soldiers May
Dread the
Domestic Cat

Cave, in Devonshire, in 1858, which did so much to prove that the race of man was far more ancient than the traditional chronology admitted.

* * * * *

ARE you an ailurophobe? Dr. John Freeman has been writing in the *British Medical Journal* about people who are subject to the curious complaint which causes its victim to bolt from the room should a cat enter it. The etymology of the term goes back to Herodotus, who first saw a cat in Egypt, and straightway named the animal *ailuros*, or "tail-waver." The people of the Egyptian city of Bubastis, he says, were specially devoted to their cats, and he adds that "in whatever family a cat dies, every individual cuts off his eyebrows."

Folk-lore has much to say for and against the cat. Throughout the Middle Ages cats and sorceresses always went together. Richelieu was devoted to his cat, but Napoleon dreaded the domestic pet. After the battle of Wagram, while making his headquarters in the Austrian emperor's palace at Schönbrunn, the conqueror of Europe was heard in the middle of the night calling excitedly for help. His attendants rushed in, to find him trembling violently and lunging desperately with his sword at a cat hidden behind the bed curtains.

Lord Roberts was another victim of ailurophobia. When Miss Merrick was painting his portrait, her cat had to be banished from the studio during the whole time the sittings lasted, nor would the hero of Kandahar travel on a ship as long as a cat remained aboard.

Persons who suffer from ailurophobia detect the presence of a cat though they neither see nor hear it. This was explained by the late Dr. Weir Mitchell, who said that it is due to olfactory emanations distinguished by some as odors, and felt by others, not as odors, but in the results on nervous systems unusually and abnormally susceptible. Dr. Freeman insists that cats cause not only asthma, but temporary blindness, hysterical convulsions, and lockjaw to those who are subject to ailurophobia.

Dogs, on the other hand, have always stood high in the opinion of eminent men. Mr. Lloyd George is devoted to his pet dog. Mr. Gladstone had a Pomeranian that hardly ever left him. Lord Rosebery is the hero of an unusual anecdote in dog-lore. When a young man—so the story runs—he was crossing the Irish Sea from Holyhead to Dublin, and his dog fell overboard. The captain refused to stop the ship.

"If you won't stop the ship for a dog, you will stop it for a man," said Rosebery, leaping into the sea.

The ship was stopped, and man and dog were rescued.

EDITORIAL NOTE—During the war between this country and Germany there was published in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* (July, 1918) an article written by the alien property custodian and entitled "The Vast Amount of Enemy Property in the United States." It was intended to inform the public concerning the administration of the Trading with the Enemy Act, and to impress upon citizens the necessity of cooperating with the government, and it was published by this magazine solely for the purpose of aiding in the successful prosecution of the war. It contained a reference to certain woolen mills which, the article stated, were being operated under the direction of the custodian as enemy-owned properties, their management having been disloyal to the United States, and their business having been conducted for the benefit of German interests. By an unfortunate error there was included a mention of the Forstmann & Huffmann Company, which operates one of the largest and most important woolen plants in the country at Passaic, New Jersey, as having been one of these German-owned concerns. We have ascertained that this was incorrect, and that there is no basis for any imputation affecting the loyalty and honorable conduct of the Forstmann & Huffmann Company, or of its president, Mr. Julius H. Forstmann, who has been for many years a prominent and respected citizen of Passaic, and who has actively assisted in the prosecution of the war. We publish this correction prompted by a desire for the fairness and accuracy which have always been the aims of the *MUNSEY* publications, and with the hope of repairing, so far as possible, an injury unwittingly done to a loyal American business institution.

A Pilgrim to the Past

BY HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

THE ashes of Sir Henry Irving had scarcely been hidden under the marble slabs of Westminster Abbey when the newspapers of England vexed the air of the silly season by asking:

"Who is our greatest actor now?"

"Harold Stanhope!" came back an almost unanimous roar from the mouths of the multitude.

And yet few were aware that Harold Stanhope was not an Englishman. He had been born in America. Still, twenty years of England and the English stage had shaped him into an English type—in speech, in looks, in manners. England accepted him—nay, claimed him—with an eagerness almost unseemly.

The usual "tempting offers" had been made him by managers in America. Gently and firmly he had refused them all. With incomprehensible calmness he endured now and then the deadly insult of "expatriate"—a term regarded by uncosmopolitan minds as almost synonymous with "leper" or "felon." Perhaps, it was whispered, he had really committed a crime and was afraid to go back. Stanhope was only a stage name. No one knew his real name; but actors, like criminals, find it advisable to adopt an alias.

One summer it was announced that Stanhope was to go on an American tour. A great—that is to say, a rich—commercial impresario of New York had at last persuaded him to visit America with his company. The English papers wished "our leading tragedian" all success. The American papers bade the "famous English actor" a hearty welcome, and sent a convoy of reporters to interview him on the steamer; but they got from him nothing more than the information that it was his first journey to the United States, and that he had a passion for pumpkin pies which imperiled his soul.

The impresario's exultation over his success in coaxing the great star across the sea reechoed in two hemispheres. He vaunted his enterprise until the luster of Stanhope's name almost vanished in the fierce glory of his own. This glory, this honor, he shared unselfishly with the city of New York. He felt that no living actor could withstand the white glare of its theater-land, or the rustling showers of its crisp currency. And yet—and yet—

The real motive for Stanhope's invasion of his native land was inspired by a much more obscure person than the impresario, and a much less important place than New York. It was not a low hunger for gold or wider fame that drew him, but a noble hunger for a patch of native earth. It was not mammon, but memory; not man, but woman.

For several weeks the cities of the Atlantic coasts blazed and reverberated with his name. His pure and subtle art, the impetus and force of his personality, his fine, aristocratic manner, inspired hurricanes of hero worship and fusillades of flowers from battalions of the fair. Thousands rushed to see the man who had hitherto been only a name. For two afternoons he was the talk of each town. Then, curiosity having been punished by satiety, he was eclipsed by a picturesque murderer, who received thrice the amount of attention and avalanches of flowers thrice as huge.

Stanhope dismissed his company in New York and sent it back to London. Alone at last, he then boarded a train and lost himself in the stupendous vastness of the Middle West. The great mother earth of which he had been made accepted him, the exile, the expatriate, with the incomprehensible tolerance of mother love. Those great facts—the wind, the wheat, and the prairie flowers—were as friendly as they had always been.

Memory after memory arose as with hammers and knives to assail his soul. When he reached Clacker's Hill in a hired carriage, drawn by a bony horse with the staggers, that hot July afternoon, his emotions were plastic, his heart like wax, ready for the new impressions of the old, old things. The undying sentimentalism at the root of him was reaching up for his heart and head.

The years began to drop away from him. The sight of an old oak he used to climb when he was sixteen filled him with something of the afflatus of sixteen. How strange that the tree was still living! When the spire of the old church thrust itself into the blue, he seemed once more to feel the wind that blew through his long hair on the night when he climbed it to nail a black pirate flag to its peak! When the dusty wagon clattered down the dusty main street of the village, he thought how thin and false his sensations had been when playing *Ulysses* returning to Ithaca, a month ago.

Twenty years had swept over the world, sowing broadcast change, destruction, innovation; but Clacker's Hill had escaped. There was practically no alteration. The church was painted white instead of gray, the wooden fence had been replaced by a brick wall. The general store had been enlarged. A tiny garage had been built next to the doctor's house, and the name of the doctor was new. The "opera-house" was the same as ever, its windows as dusty; but there were new bill-boards, and on these fresh bills, announcing an entertainment the following evening. A shingle cottage or two displayed its proud modernity amid the older houses of channeled "rustic" or clapboards.

All this Stanhope saw as the battered carriage crawled through the town. The bony horse stood still with a shock before the Vicksburg House, still the leading hotel in the place. Stanhope expected to see the round, gigantic form of Tim Sayers, the proprietor, fling open the rickety wire fly-door and tread thunderously upon the warped and creaking floor of the veranda. But no, it was an Italian who appeared—Peter Bertolini, a small man with jet-black eyes, hair incredibly black, and a three-days' growth of beard on cheek and chin.

"Pleased to see you, mister," he said, seizing the actor's bag and extending a wine-stained hand with blue-black nails.

"Could you put me up for a night or two?" asked the actor.

The British locution puzzled the Italo-American host.

"Put you up?"

"Yes, give me a room."

"Oh, plenty a room!"

Stanhope signed his name on the grimy register—or rather, a name—Frederick Martyn. It was expedient that he should remain incognito in Clacker's Hill.

Stanhope was installed in the best room in the house. It was the bridal chamber, said Bertolini. As Stanhope stared about the dingy, threadbare, dusty room, he wondered what rosy dreams had suffered an early blight amid all this cheerlessness.

At four o'clock the actor amazed the staff of the hotel, which consisted entirely of Bertolinis, by ordering tea. Tea at that hour of the afternoon! Bertolini felt that he had an eccentric to deal with, and resolved to charge extra for this indulgence. After three sips of the acrid beverage served in a ponderous thick cup in the melancholy and neglected dining-room, Stanhope strolled forth.

Clacker's Hill was already aware of him and his name. There was an expectant curiosity in the eyes of the few natives he met. He wondered guiltily whether they would recognize in the tall, pale ascetic with the drawn cheeks and prematurely gray hair the blond, rosy-cheeked youth who had left twenty years ago, sporting a fluffy beard, a small-brimmed brown hat, and a green suit with enormous lapels.

"There goes the Britisher," he heard one young native say to another.

He felt safe. The population seemed amazingly raw and juvenile. He did not recognize a single face.

II

NEAR the end of the village there had been a small candy-store. Candy-store? He would have called it a sweet-shop now! His heart beat faster as he approached this. It was in a state of desolation. The windows, broken and dusty, were covered with boards decorated with the stained and tattered posters of an itinerant circus. Here, long ago, Stanhope had bought hundreds of bags of cinnamon and coconut taffy for Sophie! He had hoped to see old Mrs. Quirl with her large spectacles, still smiling maternally amid her glass jars and brass scales.

All things in the village suggested Sophie, and made the memory of her more vivid, yet nothing embodied her any longer. He resolved that he would go to the cottage where she used to live with her aunt.

There it was, off the dusty road, with the little garden in front—the same and yet not the same. It had now an alien

come back at last, after a trifle of twenty years. Now, under the fierce onslaught of remorseful memories, he caught himself wishing that he had never left.

The place was redolent of Sophie—the miraculous Sophie of sixteen, flowerlike, angelic, a young and fragile muse, a nymph of grace and beauty. Had she only been at his side during these twenty years! She would have graced his great and empty London house, would have been a guiding star to him, an inexhaustible inspiration. What, after all, were fame and riches without love? And Sophie had been love.



air. There were many infinitesimally minute changes. Yet here she had lived. In that little parlor behind the little square-paned windows he had sat with her, kissed her, silent sometimes for an hour, staring at the fire—she with dreams of just such another cottage for themselves—he with wide, vague, restless longings for glory and the great world.

He had obeyed those longings, and—how skulkingly, how cruelly!—had left Sophie and Clacker's Hill. He had left Sophie, promising to come back. There had been no precise engagement. It had been merely understood that he was to come back. Well, he had kept his word—he had

THE VISITOR WAS CERTAIN THE GRAYBEARD DID NOT RECOGNIZE HIM. "EVER HEARD OF A YOUNG FELLOW NAMED CHOAN?" HE ASKED

He had felt this with fierce and profound conviction after playing for two hundred and fifty nights the part of an elderly, famous, worldly bachelor, just like himself, who had returned to the love of his youth. The rôle haunted, obsessed him. Sophie, the simple and childlike, the precious flower, blushing unseen in obscure Clacker's Hill, the unclaimed and undiscovered gem! Perhaps she was dead; perhaps she was married. He could not realize that she must now be thirty-six or more. It was—incredible thought!—twenty years.

Swayed by his romantic memories, and almost trembling under the burden of his blossoming sentimentality, he walked up to the cottage and pulled the old door-bell. A youngster with bare feet and beslubbed mouth opened the door. There was a blast of soapy steam, hot and damp, in his face. From the vaporous cloud emerged a sharp-faced woman with pink, bony arms, which she wiped on her blue apron. The leading tragedian of England raised his hat.

"I am sorry to trouble you, madam, but could you tell me anything of a family named Greaves that used to live here?"

"Never heard of 'em. How long's it been?"

"Twenty years."

The woman stared. A suspicious light came into her eyes.

"No, I don't know nothing about 'em. B'fore my time."

She drew in the boy and shut the door.

Bertolini had never heard of the name. It was before his time also.

Stanhope resolved to look up some of the older inhabitants—Joseph Matters, for instance, or Hercules Colby.

The first of these ancient, slippered pantalons mumbled in his armchair and spoke of having "heard tell" that the Greaveses had moved somewhere—"four or five mile from here, Karton way." It was certain the graybeard did not recognize him.

"Ever heard of a young fellow named Choan?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! He wasn't the least good, Mr. Martyn. Went down to N'York and got took up, I howsum believe, for some crooked business."

Thus Matters, prodding his pipe. Stanhope next invaded the kitchen of old Hercules Colby, who sat shelling peas with his daughter-in-law.

"Name's f'milur," said Colby. "Heard o' some such family out Shellyville way."

"Do you remember a chap named Choan?"

"Choan? Choan? Oh, yes, used to know him well. Good-for-nothing fellow, but right handsome, he wuz. High-skying airs he put on. They found him one morn'ing cut to pieces near Aurora Crossing. I allers said as he'd come to a bad end."

Colby hobbled to the mantelpiece and reached for some pale-green tickets; and before Stanhope left the old man had sold him four half-dollar seats for an entertainment at the opera-house the next evening.

"Me daughter-in-law's on the committy, ye see," said Colby. "An' I tell yer, it's worth more 'n the money to hear Ralph Bunton recite."

When Stanhope, alias Martyn, returned to the Vicksburg House, he found several of the leading citizens of the village seated in the office. The walls were hung with posters announcing to-morrow's entertainment at the opera-house. On these posters the name of Ralph Bunton glared black and huge. The leading citizens stared as Stanhope entered.

"Too bad it is!" one of them was saying, an individual with a tremendous red mustache and great hands, lime-covered, which betrayed the mason.

"His throat's sorer 'n a thousand frogs," said another, a little wizen man with a blond beard and a shrill voice—the local chemist.

"There ain't goin' to be much money taken 'thout Bunton, ye mebbe sure," added the third dolefully.

This was Mr. Selbers, a lean, withered person, with parchment cheeks, a cartilaginous neck, and a sharp Adam's apple. He should have been the undertaker, but, being the tobacconist, was a mere accessory.

Stanhope sat down. Snatches of conversation reached his ears. The leading citizens were loud in lamentation. Bunton, the star of the entertainment, would be unable to participate because of a sore throat. There was no one to take his place; the affair was doomed. The orphans' fund would endure vast loss.

Stanhope rose and approached the group.

"Gentlemen," said he, "it is possible that I might help out, if you care to accept a humble substitute for Mr. Bunton."

"Are ye an actor?" asked the tailor, turning up a mild, watery eye.

"Oh, I've acted—here and there," said Stanhope. "What is Mr. Bunton's line?"

"Tragedy, sir; Shakespeare," said the cadaverous one.

"He wuz a goin' to give us *Markus Antony* and *Hamlet*," volunteered the lively little tailor. "Are ye up in those?"

"Oh, I've played those parts," said Stanhope modestly.

His offer was accepted. Mr. Frederick Martyn would substitute for Mr. Ralph Bunton in Shakespeare recitations. There were affable introductions.

"It's too late to change the bills and programs," said Mr. Harris, the mason,

leader of the leading citizens; "but our stage-director 'll announce ye to the folks."

"Right ye are!" said Mr. Selbers, exercising his Adam's apple.

"Ye're the last number—the idee is to keep 'em late—best thing last, ye know."

This from the tow-headed Mr. Pinter, accompanied by a magnanimous leer.

III

THE next evening, having distributed his three superfluous tickets among members of Bertolini's family, Stanhope went to the opera-house. In front of this temple of the muses there extended a long line of wagons, buggies, and saddle-horses, as well as one or two dust-covered, antiquated motors, eloquent of distance overcome and effort made in order to revel in the glories of the performance.

The vestibule was volcanic with costumes and the golden splendor of a huge brass hanging lamp, which buzzed like a gigantic bee. Farm folk, young couples, and more "leading" or "prominent" citizens of Clacker's Hill stood about, chatting joyously. At Stanhope's approach these groups were smitten with silence. All eyes were turned upon him. One loud feminine whisper reached his ear.

"Oh, Jen! Ain't he handsome?"

"Yep, but look at his gray hair, will yer?"

The hall within was dimly lighted. Oil lamps hung from the ceiling and the columns that supported the single gallery. There was a scent of petroleum in the air, and already it was very hot. The foot-lights likewise were lamps. They threw a mellow glow upward on the cracked and faded curtain, which at first glance seemed to be some sort of monstrous tropical jungle with enormous long-stemmed flowers and brilliant pampas plumes. On close scrutiny this fiery chaos resolved itself into the "Siege of Vicksburg"—a riotous network of rockets, bombs, bursting shells, and spouting mortars. The curtain had been donated twenty-five years before by Tim Sayers, whose generosity had been aspersed as a mere advertisement for his Vicksburg House.

In the frescoed panels on either side of the proscenium there grinned and gibbered two horrible faces—versions of the tragic and comic muses, according to the leading decorator, Mr. Harris, of Clacker's Hill. The floor, polished by many dances, was

covered with loose and errant wooden chairs. The hall was already half full of simmering portions of audience. Boys were riotously busy selling great quantities of lemonade and candy—a revelation to Stanhope of one reason why it had been deemed expedient to "keep 'em late." The audience was struck by a temporary paralysis of the facial and vocal muscles as Stanhope, dark, tall, and silver-haired, was ushered to one of the front seats.

Audience and performers were to be in direct *rapport*. There was no silly make-believe of the performers first appearing from behind the scenes. The orchestra—a piano, a violin, and a clarinet—began to play. The hall filled, the lights went up, the temperature soared.

"Lem'nade! Lime-drops!" cried the boys.

Stanhope felt strangely nervous. He had faced vast audiences in the greatest theaters of Europe and America; he had played before kings. But now he, the returned prodigal, was to play before his own people—his own family, to whom he was now only a stranger. Their judgment would be swift, pitiless; their standards mysterious, antiquated, unknown.

The curtain rose. A polychromatic background, consisting of a wild riot of monstrous roses and lilies smothering a painted terrace with colossal urns and peacocks, exploded in the face of the audience. The first number was a violin solo by one-third of the orchestra, who detached himself, and with great awkwardness ascended the stage. Thunderous applause.

Then came three songs by the Clacker's Hill Quartet—four youths of assorted sizes in garments of decorous black, who sang dolorously out of tune, but perspired heroically. Once more thunderous applause, interspersed by separate cries for the tenor and bass. These were hailed by their Christian names.

Followed a large, bland Mr. Roilers of capacious grin, who performed miraculous feats with cards, handkerchiefs, and tumblers. The audience gurgled with surprise and suspired in "Ah's!" and "Oh's!"

Each number was announced by the stage-manager—a red-faced youth with a long, tow-colored, Napoleonic lock jiggling across his care-corroded brow. He felt the enormous weight of his responsibility, and showed it in dramatic poses and a vibrant, slow articulation.

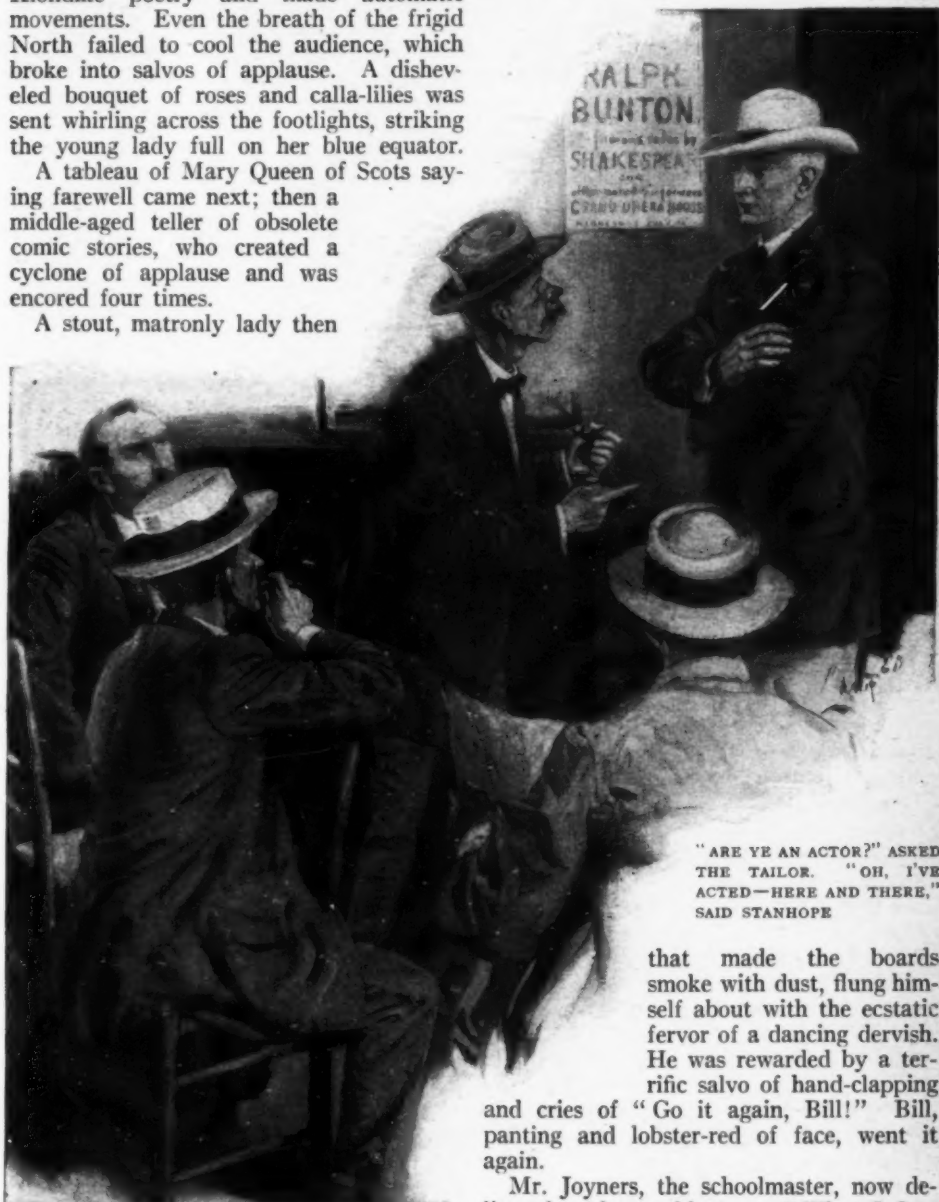
A flaxen-haired girl in a white dress and broad blue sash, who bore a remarkable resemblance to a wax doll, now mounted the boards. This ox-eyed puppet recited Klondike poetry and made automatic movements. Even the breath of the frigid North failed to cool the audience, which broke into salvos of applause. A disheveled bouquet of roses and calla-lilies was sent whirling across the footlights, striking the young lady full on her blue equator.

A tableau of Mary Queen of Scots saying farewell came next; then a middle-aged teller of obsolete comic stories, who created a cyclone of applause and was encored four times.

A stout, matronly lady then

"The next number will be Mr. Will Dardle in a clog dance," shouted the youth with Napoleonic lock.

Mr. Will Dardle, with a terrific clatter



"ARE YE AN ACTOR?" ASKED THE TAILOR. "OH, I'VE ACTED—HERE AND THERE," SAID STANHOPE

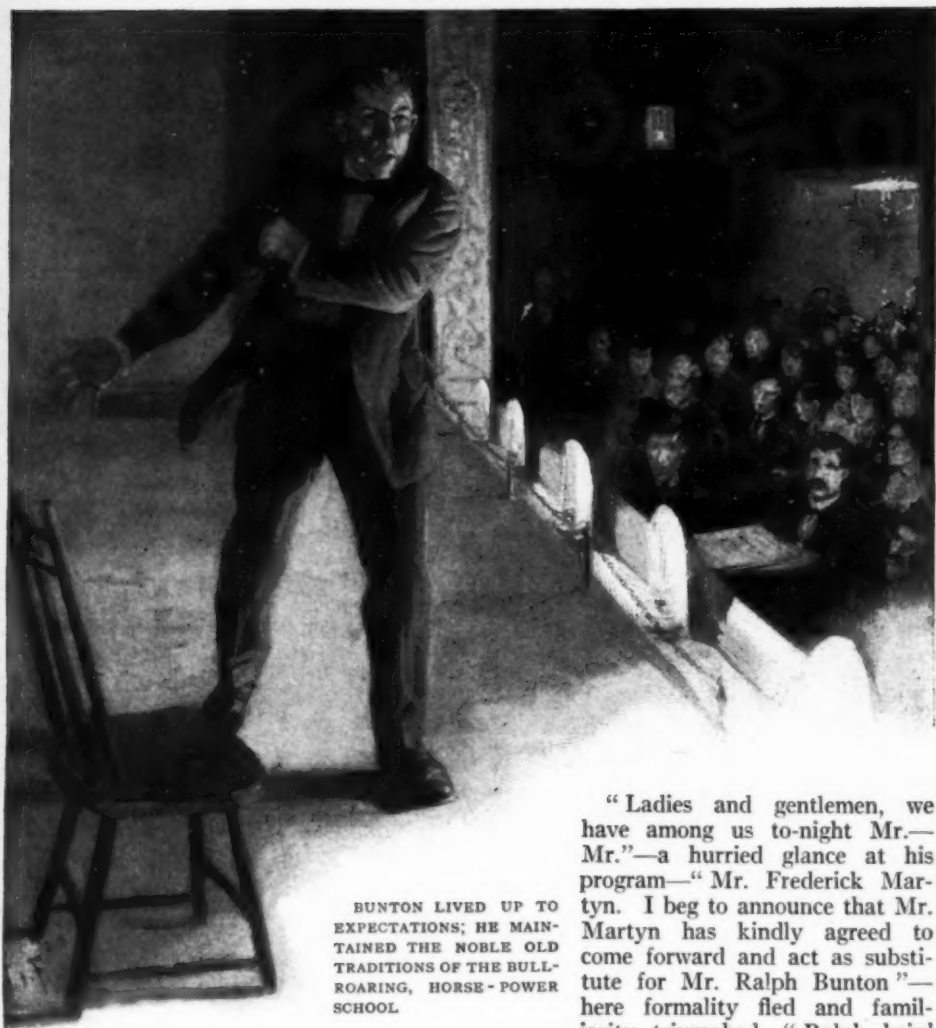
waddled upon the stage, bobbed her head, and sang a sirupy sentimental song. Appreciative applause, chiefly masculine—the women in the audience being engaged in criticizing the prima donna's costume.

that made the boards smoke with dust, flung himself about with the ecstatic fervor of a dancing dervish. He was rewarded by a terrific salvo of hand-clapping

and cries of "Go it again, Bill!" Bill, panting and lobster-red of face, went it again.

Mr. Joyners, the schoolmaster, now delivered a short address on "What I Saw in Bermuda," and received a respectable but conservative amount of encouragement from the parents present.

The younger people, who had already heard the Bermudian adventures *ad nau-*



BUNTON LIVED UP TO EXPECTATIONS; HE MAINTAINED THE NOBLE OLD TRADITIONS OF THE BULL-ROARING, HORSE-POWER SCHOOL

seam, damned him with faint praise. Mr. Sol Mencken, the village postmaster, edified and convulsed the spectators by his expert skill at ventriloquism. Uproarious stamping, shouts, and clapping.

"Lem'nade! Lime-drops, here y'are!" cried the boys.

Stanhope grew more and more nervous. He would have faced the most severe and cynical critics in the world rather than this elemental backwoods audience. He felt strangely out of place.

And now came the red-faced master of ceremonies, his tow-colored lock bobbing with a noble enthusiasm. He cast a benevolent smile at Stanhope, gave a throaty rasp, and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have among us to-night Mr.—Mr."—a hurried glance at his program—"Mr. Frederick Martyn. I beg to announce that Mr. Martyn has kindly agreed to come forward and act as substitute for Mr. Ralph Bunton"—here formality fled and familiarity triumphed—"Ralph bein'

laid up by a sudden 'tack o' laryngitis, and sorry to disapp'int ye. Mr. Martyn!"

A broad, ingratiating, toothy smile, something like that of an eager lion contemplating a fat martyr, beamed in Stanhope's direction, and a large, red hand was extended hospitably over the footlights.

There followed a buzz of voices and an encouraging round of claps. Stanhope ascended the few steps to the stage. As soon as he faced the audience his confidence returned. He would give his best to these children of the prairie.

IV

"I HAVE been asked," Stanhope began, "to give you two Shakespearian recitations

—*Hamlet's* soliloquy and *Mark Antony's* speech. I fear that I shall render them very badly in comparison with Mr. Bunton, whom you are naturally, and I am sure justly, disappointed not to hear to-night; but if you will do me the honor of giving me your kind attention, I shall do my best in rendering these famous and familiar passages."

The exact and cultivated English, the elegance and winning charm of the tall, impressive figure, cast a spell upon the audience. Here was a remarkable phenomenon, a strange being, different from themselves, and hailing from a different world. Who was he? What was he? Stanhope felt the hungry stare of hundreds of eyes drawing his secret from him.

He sat down in the rickety chair and bent his forehead upon his hand. Then, like mellow minted gold, each syllable clearly stamped by the wonderful modulation of his voice, the familiar lines came forth. There was a new beauty in them, with all the ancient wo.

The tragedy of ages rang in Stanhope's marvelous voice. The lines seemed like bars of gold and silver that held back some iron horror or madness. As he listened, charmed by his own voice, Stanhope felt that he had never given them with a nobler, more restrained art.

"—And lose the name of action."

The words seemed to float on great wings through the house and then die in the shadows near the roof. There was a silence. Then came a few hollow claps from a pair of horny hands. Four or five others joined in. A scattered ripple of polite applause swept over the audience. He had failed! It was not what they had expected! They were puzzled, dubious—yes, disappointed!

Suddenly Stanhope caught sight of a face in the third row.

Sophie! The identical, winsome Sophie he had known twenty years before! The living Sophie, still miraculously young—as young as when he had left her—a radiant girl! There was no mistaking her, for she sat there vividly incarnate of his very memory of her. Her eyes were looking into his own, curiously, but without recognition.

Stanhope controlled himself instantly, with the instinct of the disciplined actor. He bowed, and a gracious smile stole over his ascetic features. Then he launched

himself into the address by *Mark Antony*. The anger, the craft, the passionate scorn of the famous speech throbbed and trembled from his lips. The hackneyed lines were reborn in light and fire. This was greeted with louder applause, yet applause hesitant, constrained—applause tendered in courtesy rather than admiration.

Stanhope had noticed a commotion near the rear of the hall. A tall, burly individual was being besieged by four or five young men, who were arguing with him in tense and violent whispers. Many of the people in the rear seats were gazing in this direction rather than toward the stage.

Stanhope returned to his seat. The stage-manager made hurried flights back and forth between the animated group and the stage. Then he sprang once more before the footlights. His whole body radiated some tremendous news.

"Friends!" he bellowed. "Ralph Bunton's here, and is ready to give us something. His sore throat's got better!"

Ralph Bunton lumbered upon the stage. A feverish curiosity had driven him to the opera-house. He had heard the stranger recite, and had smiled in disdain. Now, wearing a jaunty air of assurance, the gigantic lout stood there, basking in his popularity.

The whole perspiring theater warmed with a sudden sympathy. Bunton's black hair bristled with an electric response. His small eyes glittered. He must live up to his reputation. He would demolish this pretender with whirlwinds of energy and eloquence!

"A bit o' slow music, Mike!" he yelled at the violinist.

The music oozed forth. Bunton flung himself into a despairing attitude. The *Prince of Denmark* soliloquized in the strains of Stentor. Every sentence was an explosion or a roar, accompanied by fearful grimaces and desperate gestures. Many of the words were mangled or strangled at birth. In the bodkin passage Bunton added a touch of grim realism by drawing forth a huge clasp-knife and making a desperate lunge at his ribs.

Tremendous applause and shouts greeted these heroic feats. The still more cyclonic speech of the Roman triumvir made the hall quiver and the lamps flare. Bunton had lived up to expectation, he had maintained the noble old traditions of the bull-roaring, horse-power school. Through its

acclaim of him, Clacker's Hill expressed its disapproval of all silly subtleties, all decadent modern theories of histrionic art. They knew how Shakespeare should be acted, and they wanted no innovators.

Stanhope rose from his chair, the imp of his ironic humor urging him on.

"Silence!" roared the stage-manager; and there was silence of a sort.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Stanhope, summoning all his art, his eyes fixed upon the fresh face of the miraculously re-incarnated Sophie, "I feel more than ever the generosity of the applause you gave me, when I contrast my own feeble efforts with the heroic ones of Mr. Bunton. I see plainly that he has set you the highest standards in the rendition of the immortal Shakespeare—standards of power to which my own are but dust and ashes. I am moved by Mr. Bunton's acting—strangely moved. It would move any one—anything. It is dynamic, full of what I believe is called the cosmic urge. If Mr. Bunton will deign to accept the congratulations of an exponent of the timorous and effete school of acting, they are his. Perhaps you will give me some little credit as a judge, for in my own part of the world, where I have some slight reputation, even as an actor, I am known by my stage name of Harold Stanhope."

The luminous name was without effect. The fame of Stanhope had not penetrated this remote world. The old saw about prophets was equipped with sharp and serviceable teeth. The applause was merely for Stanhope's tribute to Ralph Bunton.

The audience began to leave. Then a female voice was heard in the gallery. It began with a gasp and ended with a shriek.

"It's Bill! It's Bill Choan!"

There was a heavy flop.

"She's fainted!" came the cry.

Stanhope was thunderstruck. He had been recognized! He had been called by his real, his hated and abominable name! He saw the incredible vision of Sophie rush with a startled face toward the gallery. The stage-manager shepherded the audience out. The fainting woman was carried down from the gallery and laid upon a settee.

"Water!" came the cry.

Ralph Bunton rushed up with a glass he had seized from one of the boys with badges.

"Hi, that's lemonade!" yelled the boy.

But the contents of the glass were already dashed over the face of the prostrate dame. Ralph's experience with fainting women was limited; he had a dim idea that they required the same treatment as dogs in a fit.

The woman moaned plaintively. The callous-hearted musicians packed up their instruments. Soon there was no one left in the hall except Ralph Bunton, the stage-manager, the unknown woman, Sophie's double, and Stanhope himself. Sophie was uttering sharp, impatient commands to the confused and helpless Ralph, and wiping the lemonade from the pale face.

"Hold up mother's head, Ralph, can't you?—and fan her!"

Ralph held up the swooning woman's head, and fanned away with his program. Stanhope looked down on her. She was a middle-aged person in a queer black bonnet that made her look still older. Her face, though not uncomely, was lined with wrinkles and marred by saggings of the flabby skin. Her bare hands were red and knuckly. Her hair was drawn back from her forehead. At her neck was a huge brooch—a crescent of agate with long jet pendants. When his eyes fell on this, Stanhope gave a cry:

"Sophie!"

V

THE prostrate woman opened her eyes. She opened her soft, pathetic mouth, full of small, even teeth, unnaturally white, and smacked her lips. Her gaze fixed itself on Stanhope's face. He caught a glimpse of a pink vulcanite plate in the roof of her mouth. Then she sat up.

"Bill! Ye're Bill Choan, ain't ye?"

"Yes," said Stanhope, smiling, and bent down and took her hand. "And you are Sophie—Sophie Greaves!"

The lady underwent an amazing transformation. She was suddenly converted into an ecstatic eruption of energy, wild, hysterical. A pair of arms shot up and embraced Stanhope's neck, his head was drawn down, and a resounding kiss was implanted on his mouth.

"Oh, Bill, you've changed so, but I knew it was you! And now you've come back after twenty years. And you wasn't killed at Aurora Crossing!"

"No—" stammered Stanhope, who even then caught the flaws in her grammar. "Unfortunately—no!"

"Engaged? Your daughter?" asked Stanhope.

"Yes. Don't you think she's the very picture of me? She and Ralph 'll get married soon's he can raise another five hundred dollars to buy Gressler's farm."

"But Ralph's thinking of going on the stage now, mother!" cried Elsie in a shrill voice.

"Yes," said Ralph awkwardly. "I think I'd do all right—specially since this gentleman here—"

"Boy, you'll settle down on that farm, or you'll not marry Elsie!" said Mrs. Pelton, with a metallic gleam in her eye. "None o' your actin' nonsense now, remember!"

Stanhope saw the havoc his ironic praise had wrought.

"A stage career is full of terrible disappointments," said he gloomily, shaking his head.

"He's jealous!" whispered Elsie into the ear of her hulking swain.

The generous Ralph was moved to propitiate the envious stranger, to soothe the terrible disappointment he had suffered that evening.

"I'll tell you just what was wrong with that there actin' of yours," he began magnanimously. "What you want is to give it to 'em strong, so's you can shake 'em up. Give 'em plenty of action, too, red-hot. 'Peared to me you was a bit too shy to make much of a hit."

"Thank you very much for the expert advice," said Stanhope, with a courtly bow. "I'll try to do better next time."

"Mr. Pelton always used to say there was great perils on the stage," said Mrs. Pelton, with a slight touch of retrospective melancholy. "He knew a lot about them things."

"He used to say?" asked Stanhope, puzzled.

"Oh, yes, Henry's gone. I'm a widow, now, William!"

There was an arch and almost optimistic accent on the last phrase which froze Stanhope's marrow, and opened to him new vistas of unimagined perils. Were his romanticism, his capitulation to memory, his sentimental bondage to the former Sophie, to lead him from disillusion into disaster? There was an ominous cordiality in this withered little widow, a flaring-up of strange signal-fires. She was picking up the threads of their past, and, womanlike,

widowlike, weaving them together across that gap of twenty years.

He cursed himself inwardly for a sentimental ass. Why should he have wished to peer behind the scenes of his youth? Why had he ventured to meddle with the past? The play of life had gone on these twenty years, even here in Clacker's Hill; and he had half expected to find the players the same because the play, because the scenery, was still the same!

Time, the scene-shifter, was a *grand farceur*. His lovely little muse was now acting the coy, comic widow—her daughter was now playing the eternal ingénue. Twenty years ago, the mother had been the counterpart of the daughter. In another twenty years, by all the laws of environment and evolution, the daughter would be the counterpart of the mother.

And he, England's foremost tragedian, was acting the part of a foolish old beau dizzily pirouetting about in shadows of sentimentality and beguiling himself with warmed-over romance. His fear of the past was foolish; that first love of his was a monstrous fetish which had haunted him all these years. He saw now that it was nothing more than that damnable moral inheritance of his puritan ancestry, his accusing conscience, pointing its livid finger at him for his running away from Sophie two decades ago. If he had not run away—he glanced at the wilted and commonplace Mrs. Pelton, and the last vestige of the accusing conscience went smoking up in an incense of gratitude.

"Do you remember this, William?" asked Mrs. Pelton, pointing to the ponderous agate brooch. How harsh her voice had grown!

"Yes," he said with a shudder, as he glanced at the array of mineral specimens.

"It's a regular tombstone."

The sinister symbolism of the remark was utterly lost upon her.

"It's very pretty, William," said she. "I've worn it all these years so's to remember you."

"I think it very ugly," he said. "You must accept another brooch, to—to remember me by."

"You're not going away again?" cried Mrs. Pelton in alarm. "You're not a goin' to leave Clacker's Hill?"

Stanhope, with gloom on his brow, was about to admit the tragic, the almost unbelievable fact; but fear, or the instinct of

the artist, intervened. He suddenly shone like the sun from behind a cloud, and smiled, shedding a rosy, cheerful radiance about him.

"Come, come now!" said he, with an affectionate glance into her eyes, and assuming his best stage paternal manner. "That—ah, that is a question we must not settle lightly. It is a question that requires much earnest thought!" A mellow, benevolent laugh rounded out the hollow deception. "Now you must all come and be my guests to supper at the Vicksburg—if Bertolini can conjure up anything resembling a supper. I say, Mr. Stage-Manager, won't you join us?"

They left the opera-house. A double-seated buggy stood before the entrance. At the Vicksburg House, Peter Bertolini revealed sudden and astonishing resources of commissariat.

After the supper, Stanhope drew his brother actor aside for a moment and said solemnly:

"Buy that farm and marry the girl!"

"Can't do it, Mr. Martyn—I mean Choan. Gotter have five hundred more."

Stanhope first thought of this in pounds, then reflected it was but dollars.

He bade them good night. Sophie Pelton's hand lingered warmly and emphatically in his own. He pressed her fingers. It was very dark. Something poignant

came swiftly out of the past like the fillip of a spectral hand. After all—after all, she was only thirty-six now.

He crushed the roseate devils down and helped her into her seat. Ralph Bunton picked up the reins. There was a volley of good nights. The buggy drove off toward "Charlbit way," toward the future, toward the unknown, under the stars—a golden chariot freighted with dreams, with hope, with love and life.

Stanhope knew that the curtain had fallen—that there would be no curtain-call. He was indeed an expatriate—a figure of the past.

He went to his room. There he sat down and wrote two letters. One of them was addressed to Mrs. Pelton. He hoped dear Sophie would wear the brooch he would send her from New York in memory of him. The second was addressed to Ralph Bunton, and contained a check for five hundred dollars—a wedding-gift for Elsie and himself—and much pitiless, pessimistic censure of the stage as a career in comparison with the noble, healthy, and profitable pursuit of agriculture.

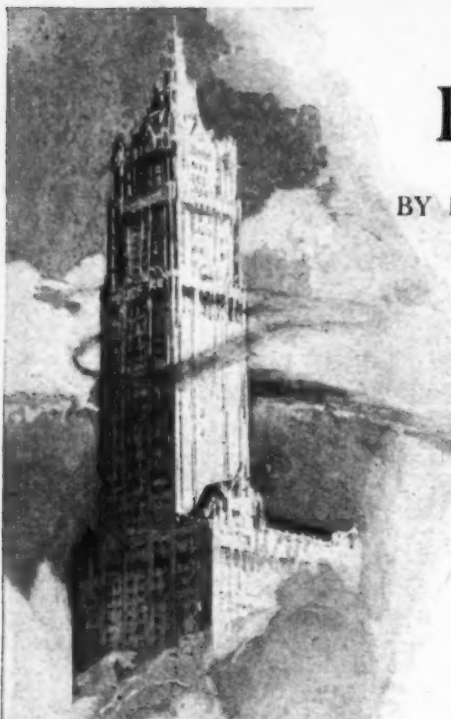
The next morning Mr. William Choan, ne'er-do-weel, Mr. Harold Stanhope, expatriate English tragedian, and Mr. Frederick Martyn, amateur actor and philanthropist, escaped from Clacker's Hill for the second time in his life.

LIES

You say, with such a sweet, cold smile,
You loved me once—that all the while,
Where'er you are, your memory strays
Back to those dead and buried days;
That every scent of musk and rose
Straight to your heart, remembering, goes,
And whispers of that garden close;
That in those days of sweet surprise
Your memory lies!

Ah, yes, no doubt, in idle hours
You lazily recall youth's flowers,
And first love prostrate at your feet,
For triumph still to you is sweet;
While I—God knows what poignant pain
Comes with those memories once again!
And when you say you loved me then,
Self-pity lurking in your eyes,
Your memory lies!

Wright Field



Romance

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

Illustrated by F. W. Small

"Oh, several people have told me. The story's going about."

So it was common talk! They had been discovered, their secret betrayed in the same old way—he had been unable to conceal his agitation when she spoke to him! Love is ever the same, however modern it may seem.

One wonders how they had kept it secret so long, for it must have been going on for a long time, right over our noses, so to speak. And what a pair of aristocrats they are, those two! How perfectly mated, now that we come to think of it!

Why, it was inevitable that they should fall in love: She, eternally restless, longing always for far places, for dangers, for freedom, strange faces; yet yearning forever toward the safe harbor again, and, reaching it, never content to stay more than a few days together. And he, splendidly poised, his feet firm upon the earth, strong and dependable and sure, towering high above his fellows, more upright and far more beautiful than they, waiting always there in his place for her to return.

It is easy to see how it must have been on that first day when, coming home from distant lands, she caught sight of him, while she was yet far out at sea, standing straight and white, like a heroic miracle against the sky; caught sight of him first, before any of the familiar figures of home, as if he stood forth to welcome her. He was like a strange young prince in white satin, with silver armor flashing in the sun. And it is easy to understand how it was with him, when, from his proud height, he looked far out over the waters and beheld her, a creature of marvelous grace, all exquisite, buoyant life and delicate curving line, coming toward him across the blue breast of the distant sea.

When, conscious of his gaze upon her, she had reached the entrance to the har-

I HEARD the gossip last night, in that half-hour just after dinner when such things get about. A pretty, dark-haired woman in a yellow gown leaned toward me, brushing aside with an impatient hand a smoke-ring which she had just blown from her Russian cigarette, and which, floating slowly in the air between us, seemed determined upon intercepting our confidence.

"Have you heard," she asked, "that interesting thing about the Woolworth Building and the Mauretania?"

"No," said I. Her manner suggested scandal. "What interesting thing?"

"They say that the siren of the Mauretania is in exact vibration with the Woolworth tower, and that when the Mauretania sounds her siren the building vibrates—you know, *en rapport*."

Now, however much one may dislike to listen to gossip, still, when it comes to one of our very best sky-scrapers and one of our most famous ocean-liners—

And why not? Why not a romance between those two—the love-story of the Woolworth Building and the Mauretania?

"Where did you hear it?" I asked.

bor, and sent forth her full-throated greeting to the shore, the sound thrilled to the innermost fiber of his heart, stirring him as he had never been stirred before; though no one, save those learned in the secrets of love—mechanics and poets and engineers—would have been aware that a romance had begun.

When all the little craft had hurried to welcome her, and he saw how graciously she paused to receive them, how triumphantly they brought her in, he knew that she was a personage.

And when she lay at rest in her dock, touching the shore, they regarded each other all that long bright afternoon, he looking down at her from his princely height, and she, woman-wise, looking up at him, worshiping. For there is no doubt that it was love at first sight with them.

"You shall stay with me forever, now that you have come," said he.

She nestled closer in to the shore, and for that day and the next and the next they thought of nothing but their happiness. She believed with all her heart that she would never wish to go away again.

But there came a night when he saw that she had veiled herself in a mist, and he divined that her thoughts were turned outward to the sea. He was not surprised when the next morning she said to him:

"I must go!"

"You would leave me?" he cried.

"You will go with me," said she. "I will show you strange lands and strange cities, and you shall protect me from the dangers of the sea."

"But we have no need of strange lands, no need of any strangeness other than the strangeness and beauty of our love. Dangers shall no longer beset you, for you shall stay safely here by my side."

"I must go!" she said again.

"You have ceased to love me, then."

"It is because I love you that I must go, that I may the sooner return."

"That is illogical," he said. "For why do you go at all, if already you wish to return?"

"I cannot tell you why, for I do not know myself. It has always been the same. An urge comes upon me, mysteriously, suddenly, and I know that I must go."

"It is unreasonable!"

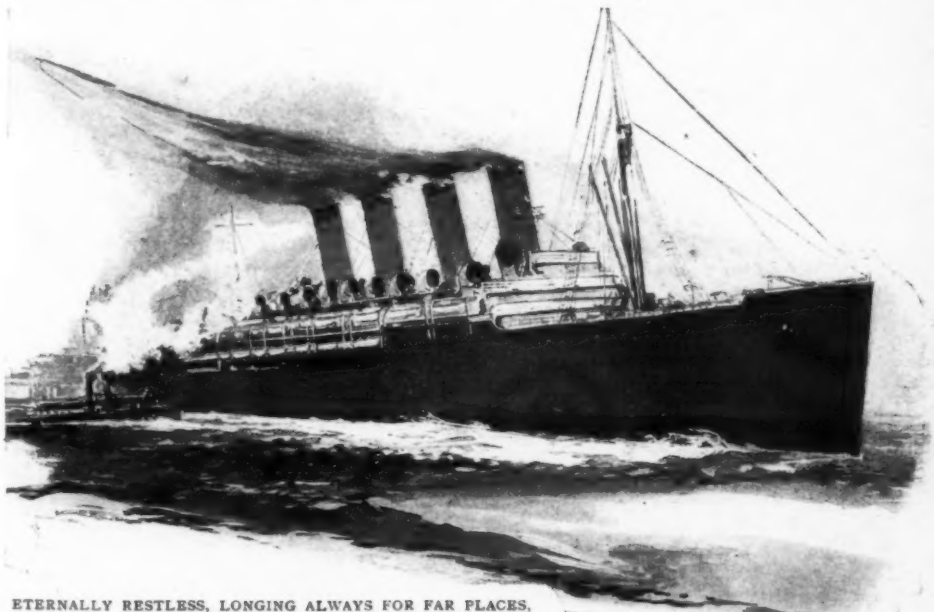
"It is my nature," said she; "and I cannot so quickly change. Come with me, for my sake!"

"I cannot."

"Why not?"

"Because of business—" he began.

"Business! You plead business as an excuse? You no longer love me!" she cried passionately.



ETERNALLY RESTLESS, LONGING ALWAYS FOR FAR PLACES,
FOR DANGERS, FOR FREEDOM, STRANGE FACES

"You do not understand," said he. "These affairs of mine are important affairs. I cannot put them off."

"Then I must go alone."

"Our love is not enough?"

"It is more than all the world to me."

"Yet you would leave me—go away!"

This was so palpably irrational that it is no wonder his suspicions were aroused, and that he began to believe that there were reasons for her going which she did not care to tell.

"There is some one else," he said.

"There are other buildings where you go?"

"There are other buildings, yes; but none so marvelous as you—none so brave, so strong, so tall and beautiful!"

Her praise was so sweet that he began to feel sorry for all the other buildings in the world, and to think how they would envy him because he had won her love.

"She wishes to tell them," he said to himself, "and to take leave of her friends and her old manner of life. It is only natural."

Since he had found an excuse which seemed logical to him, he accepted it at once without noticing that he had made it up himself, and she had had nothing whatever to do with it.

"Go then, if you must," he said; "and you will come back to me satisfied."

Although she wondered greatly at his sudden consent, she accepted it gratefully, for she knew that the time was near when she must go.

So he put no further objection in her way, and the next morning he stood out clear and hopeful against the sky to watch her out of sight. And he thrilled again to the sound of her voice as she called her farewell; for it had in it not only farewell, but the promise of her return.

Yet when she was really gone, he began to be afraid, and to tell himself that he had been wrong to let her go.

"She will never come back to me!" he thought.

As the days passed, he grew more and more distraught. It was with the greatest difficulty that he kept his mind on business at all; and the other buildings noticed it, and whispered among themselves. They did not know that day and night he listened and watched for her.

At last, just when he had begun to despair of ever seeing her again, in the light of a crystal-clear dawn he saw her—far,

far out, where the sky-line meets the sea. It was then, I think, in the joy of seeing her safe once more, that he must have betrayed his love; for he believed that this time she had come to stay.

And indeed she believed it herself; although, without knowing exactly why, she refrained from saying so.

"It is good," she said, "to be at home; it is good to rest in his love and strength!"

For days nothing could have surpassed their happiness; but the inevitable moment came when her restlessness returned, and he divined again that her thoughts were turned away from him.

"It is as if something inside me, stronger than I am, bids me go. And why not? Surely there is nothing to prevent your going with me now?"

"Impossible!" he said. "My affairs—"

"What affairs," she cried, "can be so much more important than I?"

"They concern matters you could never comprehend. They are not mere fancy, or an unreasonable whim, such as yours."

And she, suddenly ashamed of what she could not explain, and never seeing that he had made no better explanation, but had merely accused her, said:

"I wish I were strong and wise and reasonable like you; but I am only a poor ship, and ships are both foolish and weak."

Now it is a curious thing, but this confession pleased him so much that he said to himself:

"I should be a brute to oppose so adorable a creature!"

And he consented to let her go a second time; for she let him believe that her going depended upon his consent.

II

AND so began the long series of partings and reunions, during which they learned to say to themselves: "It is the way with buildings," and "It is the way with ships." Yet she never ceased hoping that he would go, and he never ceased hoping that she would stay. And always, just when he was beginning to despair of seeing her again, he would descry her, slender and curved and beautiful, coming toward him swiftly across the blue water; and she, seeing him, would call out her greeting joyously, and, gliding unerringly into her slip, would nestle again for a few days contentedly in the home harbor—until the urge came upon her once more.

Because she could never understand it herself, she was always trying to explain it to him.

"I have heard," she would say, "a theory that there is no such thing as free will for ships; that our every act is controlled by something outside ourselves."

"Idleness breeds such notions," he would answer. "If you were busy, as I am, if you had responsibilities, you would have no time for such superstitious foolishness."

The fact is that she was very much given to superstitious fancies and beliefs. They came out in all sorts of unexpected ways.

"How long have you loved me?" she asked him one day; for she was a woman, and given to asking questions for the sake of flattery in the reply.

"Always," he declared.

"When we were trees in the forest, do you remember loving me then?"

"Trees? Why, my dear, we were never trees, you and I."

"Ah, yes, in another life, long ago, we stood side by side in the forest. I can almost remember at times."

"What ever put that into your head?"

"I have heard the old ships talk, and the old buildings, down by the wharves. They speak of it often—of their other lives when they were trees."

"But ships and buildings are made of steel and concrete," he declared. "They were never made of wood."

"I have seen many ships made of wood. We ourselves are made of it."

"Nonsense! You are steel and concrete like me. That is why we love each other," said he. "You have listened too much to the old ships' tales. They indulge in a great deal of silly talk, those old women of the sea."

"But it is not only the old ships who tell strange things," said she. "It is the young ships as well. There is a little brig in the harbor—a trim, up-to-date little brig, much younger than I—who says that every building and every ship was once a mere thought in the brain of a man."

At this he almost tumbled over with amusement.

"Poor mad little brig!" he said, and added that it was really worth while being mad when one had such entertaining ideas as that.

"Why mad?" she asked.

"Because men themselves are merely *our* thoughts—the thoughts of buildings

and ships. Without us they would not exist. Men have no being outside of things."

Now she had been inclined to believe what the little brig had said; but he was so very tall, and spoke with such authority, that surely he must be right. Still, she had instinctive doubts about it.

"How can you prove that men are merely thoughts?" she asked.

"Facts do not need to be proved," he said. "It is well understood among buildings. Men have no substance; they are not made of steel and concrete—nor even of wood, for matter of that. They are made of we know not what elements, vague, impermanent. We order them hither and yon to do our will. I send a man with a message to you; he receives your reply and brings it back to me. What is that but a process of thought? It is nothing more. We alone are immortal. We alone endure."

"I suppose that is true," said she; and for some time she was silent, thinking to herself. "How, then," she asked presently, "do you explain us, since you say we are none of these things?"

"It is idle," he said, "to seek explanations. We have never been explained."

"Then we are mysteries!" she cried.

That would have pleased her almost as much as being trees, or a thought in the brain of a man; but he said no, that neither were they mysteries, nor could they be explained. They were simply themselves, as they had always been.

And then, because she said no more, he thought she was convinced.

But no more than two days later she began to tell him a tale of a phantom ship, and he saw how hopeless a task it was ever to make her see things as they actually are.

Strangely, he found that he loved her more because of her vagaries; and she loved him more because of his lack of them. He was, after all, as he was fond of saying to her, "a plain business building, and no foolishness."

But surely one would never guess it to look at him! No more princely structure was ever built out of the treasure of a king. Often she said to him that he was as beautiful as a poet or a musician, and his answer was that that was as it should be, since poets and musicians had sold themselves to business, and now they were his slaves.

"What work," she asked, "can poets and musicians do?"

"They dream," he said. "We traffic in their dreams, and make fortunes of them, but the poets and musicians never know. We are generous masters, and they contented slaves."

She never quite succeeded in believing this, though he repeatedly proved it to her; but it made her just as sad when she thought of it as if she had believed.

But these were only lovers' differences, the things about which all lovers disagree—nothing really serious at all. For they made themselves philosophies, in which she said: "One must not expect too much of buildings," and in which he said: "One must remember, after all, that she is only a ship." And each felt a little superior, and consequently very magnanimous.

The truth is that these two admire each other more than either of them will admit. She is proud of his uprightness, towering high above all the buildings of the earth; proud of his strength, his princely majesty. And although she pleads with him to go, telling him constantly of all the many wonders he has missed, there are times when she herself grows weary of her endless quest, and would gladly come to anchor for the rest of her earthly life. But, somehow, she has never quite succeeded in making her anchorage hold.

It is the same with him. He is proud of her beauty, her swiftness, her grace. He is proud of the homage paid to her by all the lesser ships. For he cannot help seeing how they flock to meet her when she returns from her journeyings; and how, when she is in port, there is a great agitation in the harbor—interlacing, passing, calling one to another, hurrying to and fro of every kind of craft. And when she is ready to depart again, they are loath, as he is, to let her go, and follow after her—which fills him with jealousy.

"Who are they?" he demands. "Who are they, who dare to compete with her?"

And he glows and trembles with pride to see how they fall back, one by one, and she outstrips them all!

Once, when she was scarcely out of the harbor, he saw her hesitate and pause; and although he had always hoped that one day she would turn about and come back to him, he found himself seized by a secret and inconsistent fear. What if her spirit were broken?

When she shook herself free, and he saw her, queenly and unafraid, sweep proudly into the open sea, he knew a great relief.

"Is it possible," he said to himself, "that I prefer her as she is? That her instability is her charm? That I do not really want her to become like me? At any rate," he added, "I must never admit it to her."

So he continues to charge her with instability, and with thinking only of frivolous things; though there are times now and then, if the truth were known, when he grows a little tired of his own sobergarbed thoughts—which are always of business, and always the same—and says to himself that after all there is something attractive in those sprightly, bright-colored ideas she always brings back to him from her wanderings. And he wonders about the sea, and the shores beyond it, and promises himself that some day he will see for himself those far mysterious lands.

But, somehow, he never yet has found it quite convenient to leave.

III

AND so their story will continue to the end; and we who watch will find it beautiful, and a little tragic, too, as all love-stories are. He will never follow her, and she will never be content to stay; and in their deepest hearts they will blame each other for it, never knowing that their missions were set for them, and that their creators made them so.

Yet, since ships and buildings are superior to men, they may find a way to circumvent the law. Already there have been days—those dazzling bright days—when, looking at him, he has seemed just on the point of escape; when he seemed to partake so much of impermanence as to be even, in those moods, more impermanent, more immaterial, than she. There have been days when one expected almost to see him rise up and float away. There have been mornings when he has had the look of having actually been away—of having just set foot on the earth the moment before you turned; and she, in her dock, is so self-consciously asleep. But that is their own affair.

But if, one day, we should wake to find him gone—the spot empty where he stood—we shall know that at last she has had her way. At last her beauty has overcome him, and he has followed her out to sea.

No Defense*

BY GILBERT PARKER

Author of "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Right of Way," "You Never Know Your Luck,"
"The Judgment House," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

XXIII

AN instant later Dyck Calhoun plunged into the woods to the right of the road, by which he would approach the ruins from the rear. He held a pistol as he stole carefully yet quickly forward. He was anxious there should be no delay, but equally anxious not to be foolishly rash.

At last, without meeting any one, he came near to the crumbling walls. They showed serenely in the shade of the trees.

Then, suddenly, he saw come from the ruins a maroon of fierce yet not cruel appearance, who laid a hand behind his ear, and looked steadfastly toward that part of the wood where Dyck was. It was clear that he had heard something. Dyck did not know how many maroons there might be in the ruins, or near them. It was essential that he should find out the strength of his foe; and he remained quiet.

Presently the native turned, as if to go back into the ruins, but changed his mind, and began to make a tour of the stony building. A moment later several other natives came from the ruins, followed by three more. These last three were having an argument of some stress, for they pulled at one another's arms and legs, and even caught at the long cloths of the head-dresses they wore.

"They've got the ladies there," thought Dyck; "but they've done them no harm as yet."

He waited some moments longer, to see if more natives were coming out.

"I'll try for it now," he said to himself, at length. "It won't do to run the risk of going back to bring my fellows up. It's a fair risk, but it's worth taking!"

With that he crept stealthily forward to the entrance of the ruins from which he had seen the men emerge. Looking in, he saw only darkness. Suddenly he gave a soft call, the call of an Irish bird-note which all people in Ireland—in the west and south of Ireland—knew. If Sheila was alive and in the place, she would answer it, he was sure.

He waited a moment, and there was no answer. Then he called again; and in an instant, as if from a great distance, there came the reply of the same note, clearer and more bell-like than his own.

"She's there!" he said, and boldly entered the place.

It was dark and damp, but ahead was a break in the solid monotony of ruined wall, and he saw a clear stream of light beyond. He stole ahead, got over the stone obstructions, and came to a biggish room which once had been a refectory. Looking round it, he saw three doors—one evidently led into the kitchen, one into a pantry, and one into a hall.

It was clear that the women were alone, or some one would have come in answer to Dyck's call; but who could tell when their captors would return? There was no time to lose. With an instinct which proved correct, he opened the door leading into the old kitchen, and there, tied, and with pale faces, but in no other sense disordered, were Sheila and her mother.

Dyck put his fingers to his lips, then hastily cut them loose from the ropes of bamboo and helped them to their feet.

"Can you walk?" he whispered to Mrs. Llyn. She nodded assent, and braced herself. "Then here," he said, "are pistols for you both. Come quickly! We may have to fight our way out. Don't be afraid to fire, but take good aim first. I have

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WHO COULD TELL WHEN THEIR CAPTORS WOULD RETURN?

some men in the wood beyond where you shot the native," he added to Sheila. "They'll come at once if I call, or a shot is fired. Keep your heads, and we shall be all right. They're a dangerous crew, but we'll beat them this time, I think. Come as quickly as you can."

Presently they were in the refectory, and a moment after that they were over the stones, and near the entrance of the ruins.

Then a native appeared, armed, and running in. Without an instant's hesitation, Dyck ran swiftly forward. As the maroon entered, he plunged his sword into the man's vitals. The native gave one cry before he fell lifeless.

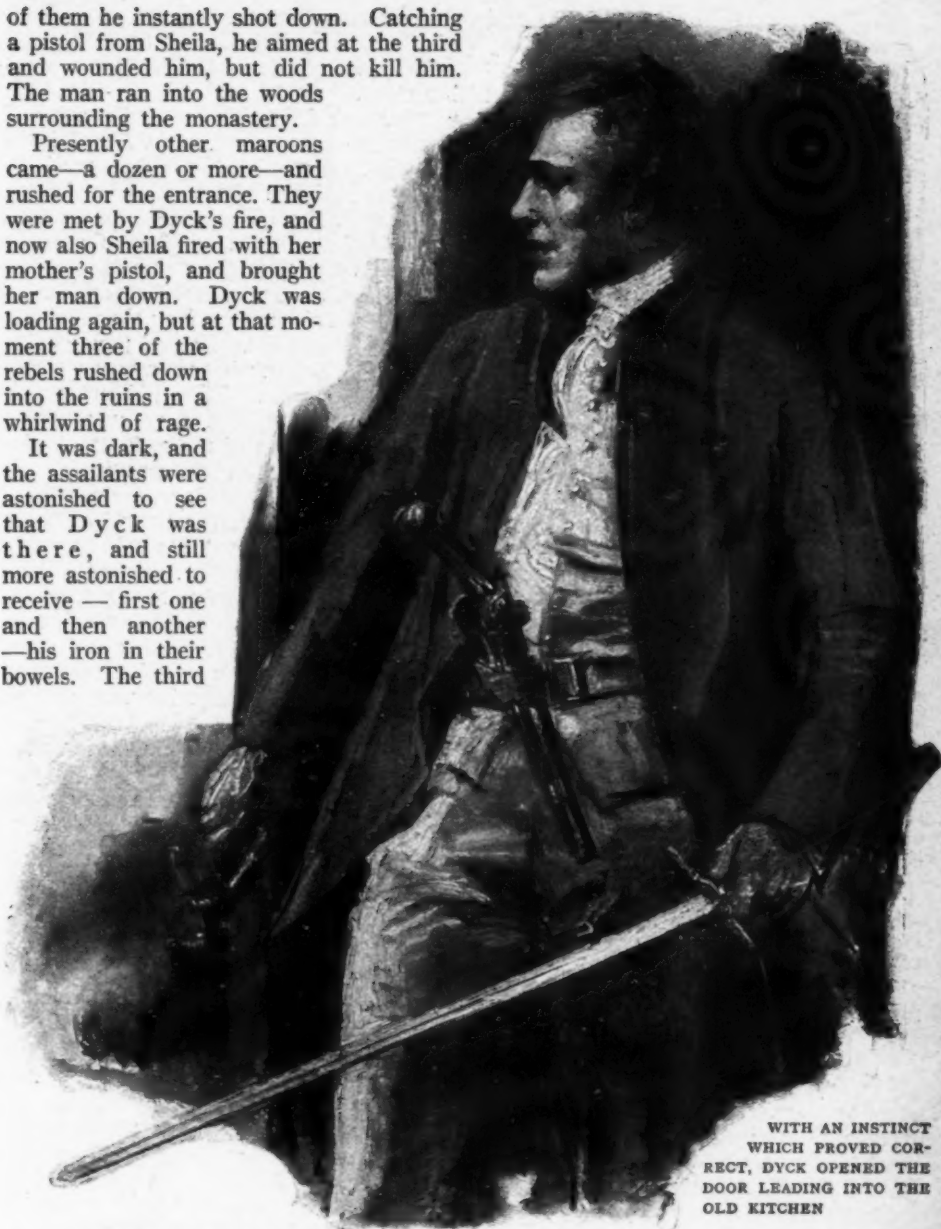
"The rest will be on us now," said Dyck. "We must keep going!"

He was about to issue from the place when three more natives appeared. Two

of them he instantly shot down. Catching a pistol from Sheila, he aimed at the third and wounded him, but did not kill him. The man ran into the woods surrounding the monastery.

Presently other maroons came—a dozen or more—and rushed for the entrance. They were met by Dyck's fire, and now also Sheila fired with her mother's pistol, and brought her man down. Dyck was loading again, but at that moment three of the rebels rushed down into the ruins in a whirlwind of rage.

It was dark, and the assailants were astonished to see that Dyck was there, and still more astonished to receive—first one and then another—his iron in their bowels. The third



WITH AN INSTINCT WHICH PROVED CORRECT, DYCK OPENED THE DOOR LEADING INTO THE OLD KITCHEN

man made a thrust with his lance, but did no more than gash Dyck's left arm. Then he turned and fled out into the open.

He was met by a half-dozen others, and all the surviving natives were about to rush the entrance, when suddenly four shots behind them brought three of them down, and the rest fled into the woods, shouting. In another moment Dyck and the ladies were

in the open, and making for the woods, the women in front, the men behind, loading their muskets as they ran, and alive to the risks and chances of the moment.

The dresses of the ladies were stained and soiled with dust and damp, but otherwise they seemed little the worse for the adventure, save that Mrs. Llyn was shaken, and her face was ashen gray.

"How did you know where we were, and why did you come?" she asked, after they had mounted and got under way, having secured the horses that she and Sheila had been riding.

Briefly Dyck explained how, as soon as he had dealt with the revolt of the maroons at his own place, he came straight to Salem to protect Mrs. Llyn and Sheila.

"I knew you were unused to our sort of native, and I felt sure you would not refuse to take help—even mine, at a pinch. But tell me, dear ladies, what happened to you?" he added.

Sheila was troubled at seeing Dyck, for it was only yesterday that she had almost determined to cut him out of her life by promising to marry Lord Mallow. She could scarcely bear to look into his face. He was shut off from her by every dictate of human reason. Those were days when family feeling was deeper than now, when the traditions of family life were more intense, when to kill one's own father was not so bad as to embrace, as it were, him or her who had killed that father.

Sheila felt that if she were normal she ought to feel abhorrence against Dyck; yet she felt none at all, and his saving them had given a new color to their relations. If he had killed her father, the traitor, he had saved her and her mother from death, or had freed them from a shameful captivity which might have ended in black and terrible disaster. She was distressed, but she kept herself in hand, and did not show confusion. She was well poised, and carried herself with courage.

"We had not heard of the rising of the maroons," she said. "The governor was at Salem yesterday, and a message came from his secretary to say that he was needed to deal with a critical incident. Lord Mallow went. If he suspected the real trouble, he said naught to us. The hours went by, night came and passed; then my mother and I, this morning, made up our minds to take a ride to the monastery, and to return to Salem by the road along which you traveled."

"There are maroons now on that hill above your place. They were there in ambush when we passed to-day, but we took no notice. It was not wise of us to invite trouble. Some of us would have been killed; but—"

He then told what had been in his mind, and what he thought might be the outcome

—the death or capture of the whole band of rebels, and safety for all at Salem.

When he had finished, Sheila continued her story.

"We rode for an hour unchallenged, and then came the maroons. At first I knew not what to do. We were surrounded before we could act. I had my pistol ready, and there was a chance of escape—a faint chance—if we drove our horses on; but there was also the danger of being fired at from behind. So we sat still on our horses, and I asked the natives how they dared to assault white ladies. I asked them if they had never thought what vengeance the governor would take. They did not understand my words, but they grasped the meaning; and one of the men, the leader, who understood English, was inclined to listen to reason. As it was, we stopped what might have been our murder by saying that it would be wiser to hold us as hostages, and that we were Americans. That man was killed—by you; but he took care of us as we rode along, and when I shot one of his followers for laying his hand upon me in the saddle, he would allow no retaliation. I knew that boldness was the safe part to play.

"In the end we were bound with ropes, while they waited for more of their people to come—those, no doubt, whom you found ambushed on the hill. As we lay in the kitchen, as you saw us, the leader said to us that we should be safe if he could have his way, but there were bad elements among the maroons, and he could not be sure of it. Yet he knew the government would pay for our release—would no doubt give the land for which they had asked with no avail. We must, therefore, remain prisoners. If we made no efforts to escape, it would be better for us in the end. 'Keep your heads steady, missy, try no tricks, and all may go well; but I have a hard lot to control, and they may fly at you'—that was the way he spoke. It made our blood run cold, for he was but one man, and we knew that he had around him an ungovernable mob of wild and cruel savages. Black and ruthless, they would stop at nothing except the sword at their throats or the teeth in their flesh!"

"The teeth in their flesh!" said Dyck with a stern smile. "Yes, that is the only way with them. Naught can put the fear of God into them except hunting them with bloodhounds, and that Lord Mallow will

not have. But this business will teach him. He may change his mind when what he cares for is in danger—his place and his ladies!”

Mrs. Llyn roused herself.

“No, no, Mr. Calhoun, you must not say that of him. His place may be in danger, but not his ladies. He has no promise of that. And see, Mr. Calhoun, I want to say that in any case you have paid your debt, if you owe one to us. For a life taken you have given two lives—to me and my girl. The account is squared, if it were ever in doubt. Believe me, I speak as one who has a right to say it! Erris Boyne was naught to me; but he was my daughter’s father, and that made everything difficult. I could make him cease to be my husband, and I did; but I could not make him cease to be her father.”

“See, all’s well still at Salem,” said Dyck, waving a hand forward, as if to change the talk. “All’s as we left it.”

There, in the near distance, lay Salem, serene. The tropical landscape about her seemed throbbing with life and soaking with leisure.

“We are in time,” he added. “The maroons are still in ambush. The sun is beginning to set, though, and the trouble may begin soon. We shall get there about sundown—safe, thank God!”

“Safe, thank God—and you,” said Sheila.

XXIV

IN the King’s House at Spanish Town the governor was troubled. All his plans and prophecies had come to naught. He had been convinced that there would be no rebellion of the maroons, and he was sure that his career would be made hugely successful by marriage with Sheila Llyn—but the maroons had revolted, and the marriage he desired was not settled!

Messages had been coming from the provost-marshal general that the maroons were ravaging everywhere in the middle and the west of the island, and that bands of slaves had joined them. Planters and their wives and children had been murdered, and in some districts the natives had destroyed, robbed, and ravaged.

The governor had summoned his commander of the militia forces, had enrolled special constables and armed them, and had sent a ship to the Bahamas to summon a small British fleet there. He had also

mapped out a campaign against the maroons, which had one grave demerit—it was based on the methods of European warfare, and not on the special conditions of a native rebellion in Jamaica. The provost-marshal warned him of the futility of his plans, but he persisted in them. He had been shocked, however, by news that the best of his colonels had been ambushed and killed, and that others had been made prisoners and treated with barbarity. From every quarter, except one, had come news of defeat.

One good thing he immediately did—he threw open King’s House to the wounded and set the surgeons to work, thereby checking bitter criticism and blocking the revolt rapidly rising against him. For it was well known he had rejected all warnings, and had insisted that trust in the loyalty of the maroons and fair treatment of the natives and the slaves were all that was needed.

As he walked in the great salon, or hall of audience, where the wounded lay—a lofty room more than seventy feet long and thirty wide, to which beds and other conveniences had been hastily brought—it seemed to him that he was saving, if barely saving, his name and career. Standing beside one of the Doric pillars which divided the salon from an upper and a lower gallery of communications, he received the custos, or warden, of Kingston. As the official told his news, the governor’s eyes were running along the line of busts of ancient and modern philosophers on the gilt brackets between the Doric pilasters. They were all in bronze, and his mind had the doleful idea that they were brown slave heroes, placed there in honor for services given to the country.

The doors at the south end of the great salon opened, now and then, into the council-chambers beyond, and Lord Mallow could see the surgeons operating on the cases returned from the plantations.

“Your honor,” said the custos, “things have suddenly improved. The hounds have come from Cuba in charge of twenty men—twenty men with sixty hounds. That is the situation at the moment. All the people at Kingston are overjoyed. They see the end of the revolt.”

“The hounds!” exclaimed the governor. “What hounds?”

“The hounds sent for by Dyck Calhoun—surely your honor remembers?”



THREE MORE NATIVES APPEARED.
TWO OF THEM HE INSTANTLY
SHOT DOWN

Surely his honor remembered, and he also recalled that he forbade the importation of the hounds; but he could not press that prohibition now.

"The mutineer and murderer—Dyck Calhoun!" he exclaimed. "And they have come!"

"Yes, your honor," the custos told him, "and they have gone with Calhoun's man, Michael Clones, to Salem."

"To Salem—why Salem?"

"Because Calhoun is there, fighting the maroons in that district. The maroons first captured the ladies of Salem as they rode in the woods. They were beaten at that game by Calhoun and four men, who freed the prisoners and took them back to Salem. Then the storm burst on Salem—burst, but did not overwhelm. Calhoun saved the situation there, and when his hounds arrive at Salem he will range out over the whole

country. It is against the ideas of the pious people of England, but it does our work in Jamaica as nothing else could. It was a stroke of genius to send for the hounds, your honor!"

Lord Mallow was at once relieved and nonplused. No doubt the policy of the hounds was useful, and it might save his own goose, but it was, in a sense, un-English to hunt men with hounds.

Yet was it un-English? What was the difference between a sword and a good, sharp tooth, save that the sword struck and let go, and the tooth struck and held on? It had been said in England that to hunt negroes with hounds was barbarous and cowardly; but criminals were hunted with bloodhounds in many civilized countries. As for cowardice, the man who had



THE LADIES WERE NEAR THE
ENTRANCE OF THE RUINS

sent for the hounds was as brave as any old crusader. No, Dyck Calhoun could not be charged with cowardice, and his policy of the hounds might save the island and the administration.

They had arrived in the very hour of Jamaica's and Lord Mallow's greatest peril. They had gone to the man who had been sane enough to send for them, and it had proved the invincible intelligence of his Irish mind.

"Tell me about the landing of the hounds," said the governor.

"It was last night, about dusk, that word came from the pilot's station at Port Royal that the Vincent was making for port, all sails standing, and that she came from Cuba. Presently Michael Clones, the servant of Dyck Calhoun, came to say that the Vincent was the ship bringing Calhoun's hounds from Cuba, and asking permit for their delivery in Jamaica. This he did because he thought you were opposed to the landing. In the light of our position here, we decided to grant the delivery, and it was done.

"When the vessel came to anchor, the hounds and their drivers were landed. The landing was the signal for a great display on the part of the people and the militia—

yes, the militia shared in the applause, your honor. They had had a taste of war with the maroons and the slaves, and they were well inclined to let the hounds have their chance. Resolutions were then passed to approach your honor and ask that full powers be given to Calhoun

to pursue the war, without thought of military precedent or of Calhoun's position in the colony. He has no official place in public life here, but he is powerful with the masses. It is rumored, your honor, that you have an order to confine him to his plantation; but with your permission, I will say that to apply it would bring revolution in Jamaica. There are great numbers of people who admire him for his courage, for what he did for the king's navy, and for his commercial success here; and they would resent harsh treatment of him. They are aware, your honor, that

he and you knew each other in Ireland, and they think you are hard on him. People judge not from all the facts, but from what they see and hear. Is not that so, your honor?"

During the narrative of the custos, Lord Mallow was perturbed. He had the common sense to know that Dyck Calhoun, ex-convict and mutineer as he was, had a personal power in the island which he, as governor, had not been able to get, and that Dyck had not abused that power as he might have done. He realized that Dyck's premonition of an outbreak, and his forethought in sending for the hounds, were a stroke of genius.

He recalled with anger Dyck's appearance in trousers at the king's ball, in spite of regulations, and his dancing with a black woman; and he also realized that it was a cool and careful insult to himself. It was then he had given the home authorities information which would poison their minds against Dyck; and from that had come the order to confine him to his plantation.

He also felt that the time had come when he might use Dyck for his own purposes. That Dyck should be at Salem was a bitter dose; but that could amount to nothing, for Sheila could never marry the man who



IF HE HAD KILLED SHEILA'S FATHER, THE TRAITOR, HE ALSO HAD SAVED HER AND HER MOTHER FROM DEATH

had killed her father, however bad and mad her father was. Yet it graveled the governor's soul that Dyck should be doing service for the lady to whom he had offered his own hand and heart, and from whom he had had no word of assent. It angered him against himself that he had not at once sent soldiers to Salem to protect the place against the rebels. He wished to set himself right with Sheila and with the island people, and how to do so was the question which troubled him.

First, clearly, he must not think of enforcing the order to confine Dyck to his plantation; also, he must give Dyck authority to use the hounds in hunting down the maroons and slaves who were committing awful crimes. He forthwith decided to write, asking Dyck to send him an outline of his scheme against the rebels for comment and approval. That he must do, for the game was with Dyck.

"How long will it take the hounds to get to Salem?" he asked the custos presently, in his office, with deep-set lines of anx-



SHEILA FELT THAT SHE OUGHT TO FEEL ABHORRENCE AGAINST DYCK ; YET SHE FELT NONE AT ALL

iety in his face and a new look of determination in his eyes.

He was an arrogant man, but he was not insane, and he wanted to succeed. It could only be success, if he dragged Jamaica out of this rebellion with flying colors, and his one possible weapon was the man whom he had reason to detest.

"Why, your honor, we sent them by wagons and good horses, and they should be in Salem, and in Dyck Calhoun's hands, this evening. If they press, they should be there by now almost, for they've been going for hours, and the distance is not great."

The governor nodded, and began to write. A half-hour later he handed to the custos what he had written.

"See what you think of that, custos," he said. "Does it, in your mind, cover the ground as it should?"

The custos read it all over carefully, weighing every word. Presently he handed back the paper.

"Your honor, it is complete and masterly," he said. "It puts the crushing down of the revolt into the hands of Mr. Calhoun, and nothing could be wiser. He has the gifts of a leader, and he will do the job with no mistake, and in a time of crisis like

this that is essential. You have given him the right to order the militia to obey him, and nothing could be better. He will organize the business like a master. We haven't forgotten his fight for the navy on the *Ariadne*. Didn't the admiral tell at the dinner we gave him how this ex-convict and mutineer, by sheer genius, broke the power of the French at the critical moment and saved our fleet, though it was only two-thirds that of the French?"

"You don't think the French will get us some day?" asked the governor, with a smile.

"I certainly don't since our defenses have been improved. Look at the sixty big cannons on Fort Augusta! The Frenchmen would be knocked to smithereens before they could get into the harbor. Don't forget the narrows, your honor. Then there's the Apostles Battery, with its huge shots, and the guns of Fort Royal would give them a cross-fire that would make them sick. Besides, we could stop them with sand-bags in the shoals and reefs and narrow channels before they got near the inner circle. It would only be the hand of God that would get them in, and that doesn't work for Frenchmen these days, I observe. No, this place is safe, and King's House will be the home of British governors for many a century."

"Ah, that's your gallant faith, and no doubt you are right; but go on with your tale of Calhoun and his hounds," said Lord Mallow.

"Your honor, as the hounds went away with Michael Clones there was greater applause than I have ever seen in the island, except when Rodney defeated De Grasse. Imagine a little sloop in the wash of the seas, and the buccaneers piling down on it, and no chance of escape, and then a great British battle-ship appearing, and the situation saved—that was how we were placed here till the hounds arrived. Your honor, this early morning's exit of the hounds was like a procession of veterans to Valhalla. There was the sun breaking over the tops of the hills, with a crimsonish, grayish, opaline touch of soft sprays or mists breaking away from the onset of the sunrise; and all the trees with dew-wet lips sucking in the sun and drinking up the light like an overseer at a Christmas breakfast—you know what that is—and all the shore, rocky and sandy, rough and smooth, happy and homely, shimmering in the radiance; and

hundreds of creoles and colored folk beating the ground in agitation, and slaves a plenty carrying boxes to the ships that are leaving, and white folk crowding the streets, and bugles blowing, and the tramp of the militia, and the rattle of carts on the cobblestones, and the voices of the officers giving orders, and turmoil everywhere.

"Then, suddenly, the sharp sound of a long whip and a voice calling, and there comes a procession from the landing-place—the sixty dogs in three wagons, their twenty drivers with their whips, but keeping order by the sound of their voices, low, soft, and peculiar; and then the horses starting into a quick trot, which presently would become a canter—and the hounds were off to Salem! There could be no fear with the hounds let loose to do the hunting for us."

"But suppose that when they get to Salem their owner is no more?"

The custos laughed.

"Him, your honor—him no more! Isn't he the man of whom the black folk say, 'Lucky buckra, morning, lucky newcomer!' If that's his reputation—and the coming of his hounds just when the island most needed them is good proof of it—do you think he'll be killed by a lot of dirty maroons? Ah, Calhoun's a man with the luck of the devil, your honor! He has the pull, and as sure as heaven's above he'll make success. If you command your staff to have this posted as a proclamation throughout the island, it will do as much good as a thousand soldiers. The military officers will not object; they know how big a man he is, and they have had enough. The news is not good from all over the island, for there are bad planters and bad overseers, and things are wrong; but this proclamation will put things right. So, if you'll give me your order, keeping a copy of it for the provost-marshal, I'll see it's delivered to Dyck Calhoun before morning—perhaps by midnight. It's not more than a seven hours' journey in the ordinary way."

At that moment an aide-de-camp entered, and with solemn face presented to the governor the last report from the provost-marshal general. Then he watched the governor read the report.

"Ten more of our people killed and twenty wounded!" said the governor. "It must be stopped."

He gave the custos the letter to Dyck

Calhoun, and a few moments later handed the proclamation to his aide-de-camp.

"That will surely settle the business, your honor," said the aid, as he read the proclamation.

XXV

"THEN tell me, please, what you know of the story," said the governor to Sheila at the King's House, one afternoon two weeks later. "I only get meager reports from the general commanding; but you, being close to the intimate source of events, must know all."

Sheila shrank at the suggestion in the governor's voice, but she did not resent it outwardly. She wanted to get from Lord Mallow a pledge concerning Dyck Calhoun, and she must be patient.

"I know nothing direct from Mr. Calhoun, your honor," she said, "but only through his servant, Michael Clones, who is a friend of my Darius Bolland, and they have met often since the first outbreak. You know, of course, what happened at Port Louise—how the maroons and slaves overpowered and murdered the garrison, how barbarism broke loose and made all men combine to fight the rebels. The natives fixed their camps on high rocks, and by blowing of shells brought many fresh recruits to join them. It was only when Mr. Calhoun came with his hounds that anything decisive was done. For the rebels—maroons and slaves—were well entrenched and hidden, and the danger was becoming greater every day; but he set the hounds to work, and the insurrection in that district was soon over. Elsewhere, however, it was gathering strength, with increasing tragedy. Some of the rebels took refuge in hidden places, and came out to steal, rob, and murder. In one place, after a noted slave, well known for his treachery, had been killed—Khoftet was his name—his head was cut off by slaves friendly to us, and his heart roasted and eaten."

Sheila shuddered.

"Slavery is doomed," she said, speaking insistently and sympathetically. "Its end is not far off."

"Well," returned the governor, "they still keep slaves in the land of George Washington. They are better off here, at any rate, than in their own country, where they were like the animals among whom they lived. Here they are safe from poverty, are cared for in sickness, and have no

fear of being handed over to the keepers of carrion, or of becoming the food of the gallinazo."

"But they are not free. They are atoms in heaps of dust. They have no rights—no liberties."

Sheila was agitated, but she showed no excitement. Her tragedy had altered her, in one sense. She was paler and thinner than ever she had been. Lord Mallow had also gone through much since they had last met, and he had seen his own position in the balance—uncertain, troubled, insecure. He had realized that he had lost reputation, which had scarcely been regained by giving Dyck Calhoun a free hand as temporary head of the militia. He could not put him over the regular troops, but as the general commanding was, in effect, Dyck's subordinate, there was no need for further anxiety.

Calhoun had smashed the rebellion, had quieted the island, had risen above all the dark disturbances of revolt like a master. He had established barracks and forts at many points in the island, and had stationed troops in them; he had cowed and subdued maroons and slaves with his hounds. He commanded by more than official authority—by personality and achievement. There was no one in the island but knew they had all been saved by his prudence, foresight, and skill.

Fortunately they now showed no strong feeling against Lord Mallow. By placing King's House at disposal as a hospital, and by gifts of food and money to wives and children of soldiers and civilians, the governor had done something to expunge his record of neglect.

Lord Mallow had a way with him, when he chose to use it. He was not without a gift for popularity, and he saw now that he could best attain it by treating Dyck Calhoun well. He watched troops come and go, he listened to grievances, he corrected abuses, he devised a scheme for nursing, he planned security for the future. This was a time for broad policy—for a large and perhaps a rough display of generosity and power. He thought that by discreet courses he might favorably impress his visitor, Sheila Llyn.

He looked at her now with interest and longing. He loved to hear her talk, and she had information which was no doubt truer than most that he received—was closer to the brine, as it were.



THE REBELS HID, AND CAME OUT ONLY TO STEAL,
ROB, AND MURDER

"What more can you tell me of Mr. Calhoun and his doings?" he asked presently. "He is lucky in having so perfect a narrator of his histories—yet so unexpected a narrator!"

A flush stole slowly up Sheila's face, and spread a glow even to the roots of her hair. She could not endure these references to the dark gulf that lay between her and Dyck Calhoun.

"My lord," she said sharply, "it is not meet that you should say such things. Mr. Calhoun was jailed for killing my father—let it be at that. The last time you saw me you offered me your hand and heart. Then the news of this trouble was brought to you, and you left us to ourselves and our dangers!"

The governor started.

"You make me draw my breath thick, as the blackamoors say. I did what I

thought best in the circumstances," he urged. "I did not think you would be in any danger. I had not heard of the maroons being so far south as Salem."

"Yet it is the man who foresees chances that succeeds, as you should know by now, your honor. I was greatly touched by the offer of marriage you made me—indeed, yes," she added, seeing the eager look in his face. "I had been told what had upset me—that Dyck Calhoun was guilty of killing my father—and all the world seemed dreadful. Ever since I first saw Mr. Calhoun, he had been the one man who had ever influenced me. He was forever in my mind, even when he was in

prison—oh, what is prison, what is guilt even, to a girl when she loves? He was ever in my mind, and I came here to Jamaica—he was here—for what else? Salem could have been restored by Darius Bolland, or I could have sold it. I came to Jamaica to find him here—unwomanly, perhaps you will say."

"Unusual only, when dealing with a genius—like you."

"Then you do not speak what is in your mind, your honor. You say what you feel is the right thing to say. I will be wholly frank with you. I came here to see Dyck Calhoun, for I knew he would not come to see me. If he had been a lesser man than he is, he would have come to America when he was freed from prison; but he did not and would not come. He knew he had been found guilty of killing my father, and that for him and me there could be no mar-

riage. Indeed, he never asked me to marry him; yet I know he would have done so if he could. When I came to know what he was jailed for doing, I felt that there was no place for him and me together in the world; yet my heart kept crying out for him. There was but one thing left for me to do, and that was to make it impossible for me to think of him, or for him to think of me. Then you came and offered me your hand. It was a hand most women might have been glad to accept from the standpoint of material things. You were Irish like myself, and like the boy I loved. I was sick of the robberies of life and time, and I wanted to be out of it all in some secure place. What place so secure from

the sorrow that was eating at my heart as marriage? So I listened to you. It was not because you were a governor or a peer—no, not that; for even in Virginia I had offers from one higher than yourself, and younger, and a peer also. No, it was not material things that influenced me, but your own intellectual eminence; for you have more brains than most men, as you know well."

The governor interrupted her with a gesture and a burst of emotion.

"No, no! I am not so vain as you think me."

"Yet you know well that you have gifts, though you have made sad mistakes here. Do you think it was your personality, your



DYCK'S POLICY
OF THE HOUNDS
MIGHT SAVE THE ISLAND
AND THE ADMINISTRATION

looks, that induced me to listen to you? Others handsomer than you have offered themselves, but I would not listen, for there was a man I remembered—an ex-convict, but a man of men, and always I thought him a real man. So it was that when he told me the truth, and gave me a letter he had written to me—

"A letter—to you?"

There was surprise in the governor's voice—surprise and chagrin, for the thing had moved him powerfully.

"Yes, a letter which he never meant me to have. It was a kind of diary of his heart, written even while I was landing on this island on Christmas Day. It was the most terribly truthful thing. When I read it, I saw there was no place for me in the world except a convent or marriage. The convent could not be, for I was no Catholic, and marriage seemed the only thing possible. If I was well married—to the right kind of man—how much easier it would all be! Therefore, the day you came, I saw only one thing to do—one mad, hopeless thing."

"Mad and hopeless!" burst out Lord Mallow. "How so? Your very reasoning shows it was sane, well founded in the philosophy of the heart."

He was eager to win her yet, and he did not see the end at which she aimed. He felt that he must catch her hand and tell her all the passion and love he felt; but her look gave no encouragement, her eyes were uninviting.

Sheila smiled painfully.

"Yes, mad and hopeless, for be sure of this—we cannot kill in one day the growth of years. I could not cure myself of loving him by marrying you. There had to be some other cure for that. I never knew and never loved my father; yet he was my father, and I could not marry Mr. Calhoun if he was Erris Boyne's slayer. But I came to know that your love and affection could not make me forget him—no, never! I realize that now. He and I can never come together, but I owe him so much—I owe him my life, for he saved it; he must ever be to me more than any one else can be. And now I want you to do something for him."

"What do you wish?"

"I want you to have the sentence of the British government removed from him. I want him to be free to come and go anywhere in the world—to return to England,

if he wishes it—to be a free man, and not a victim of outlawry. I want that, and you ought to give it to him."

"Why?"

Indignation filled her eyes.

"You ask why? He has saved your administration and the island from defeat and horrible loss. He prevented most of the slaves from revolting, and he conquered the maroons. The empire is his debtor. Will you do this for one who has done so much for you?"

Lord Mallow was angry and disconcerted, but he did not show it.

"I can do no more than I have done," he declared. "I have not confined him to his plantation, as the government commanded. I cannot go beyond that."

"You can put his case from the standpoint of a patriot."

For a moment the governor hesitated.

"Because you ask me—"

"I want it done for his sake, not for mine," she returned with decision. "You owe it to yourself to see that it is done. Gratitude is not dead in you, is it?"

Lord Mallow flushed.

"You press his case too hard. You forget what he is—a mutineer and a murderer. No one should remember that as you should."

"He has atoned for both, and you know it as well as I do. Besides, in any case, he was not a murderer. Even the courts did not say he was that. They only said he was guilty of manslaughter. Oh, your honor, be as gallant as your name and your place warrant!"

He looked at her for a moment with strange feelings in his heart. Then he said:

"I will give you an answer within twenty-four hours. Will that do, sweet persuader?"

"It must do," she answered.

She had a sure feeling that he would say yes, in spite of her knowledge that in his heart of hearts he hated Calhoun.

As she left the room, Lord Mallow stood for a moment looking after her.

"She loves the rogue in spite of all!" he said bitterly. "But she must come to me, for they are far apart as the poles. Yet I shall do what she wishes, if I can win her."

Now that the revolution was over, a striking thing happened. There arrived from another portion of the West Indies a British man-of-war. It had responded to

the call Lord Mallow had made for help when the maroon revolt began. It found the island at peace—the troops being returned to their quarters and the militia to their homes.

The captain of the war-ship was not in good mood. As he approached the harbor of Kingston, his face was forbidding. He spoke almost sharply to his first lieutenant, and that was rare, for he was a man of even temperament. Something serious had put him out.

As he neared the Apostles Battery, he took from his pocket a letter that had lately come to him from England, and read it with an ominous look in his eyes. The letter had reached him when at Barbados, and he had begged the admiral to let him go to Jamaica when the appeal of the governor arrived.

As the captain looked at



"IT IS THE MAN
WHO FORESEES
CHANCES THAT
SUCCEEDS, YOUR
HONOR"

the cannon on Fort Augusta, he had a savage wish that he was fighting now; for then he might be able to turn his guns not only on the cannon of the fort, but on an official building in Spanish Town, where was a man whom he wished to see.

"I'll have my way with him, if I have to leave the navy!" he said fiercely. "Does he think he can play these tricks and get out of it all safely? He's clever enough in his head, but if he thinks he can squeeze

through the gate I'll open for him, he'll have to be thinner than a purser's shirt on a handspike!"

He looked at the picturesque town through his telescope.

"All seems quiet—as if the revolt were over; but I can't imagine *he* has done it. He's a bottle with no cork, with a hole in the bottom. Sober—oh, yes, of course! He never saw the sun shining into the bottom of a pint pot; but wise—no, sir, never

wise, and sometimes no better than a wicked fool. Damned rogue to treat a helpless woman so! But we'll see if he can face it. A negro points with his chin; well, I'll point with something else, the wretched gallinazo that he is!"

He gave orders to answer the guns of welcome from the shore.

"All's well!" he said, as he drew near to where he must drop anchor, and touched his cap to a British flag that he saw flying on the shore. "*That* revolt is over, but there's another to come, though a different sort, and it'll need some handling at King's House. I wonder if Calhoun is having a hand in this business. If he has fought against the maroons, I don't doubt that success has come; for he's a man among men, whatever he may have done. So mad and yet so sane a man I've never known. He's not bad—not at all; and I'm glad I

was some help to him. He ran the *Ariadne* like a first-class captain, and when I gave it up I was sorry, for he had combined judgment and discipline so that all was well on the ship. We might learn a lot from him."

It was Captain Ivy who spoke. He had given up the *Ariadne* when she returned to England, and had been transferred to another man-of-war, the *Ardent*, which he was now commanding.

When he had brought his ship to anchor, he made his way, amid the cheers of a crowd, to Hanover Street in Kingston, and there saw the custos, who told him all that had happened—how Calhoun had played his part in the revolt, and how Lord Mal-low had come to terms with him. Then, in a ketureen, he went to Spanish Town and to King's House, to pay his respects to the governor.

(To be concluded in the September number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

THE MESSENGER

I SENT a rose on an errand flying,
I sent a rose on a tender quest—
A single rose, in the hope relying
That she might count it a welcome guest.
I said: "Oh, rose, by the sun caressed,
Unfold to her with true lover's art
The story your fragrance and beauty suggest—
Under your petals is hidden a heart!"

"Perchance, when never an eye is prying,
To her sweet lips your petals are pressed;
The blush of her cheek your red outvying,
Oh, then your mission to her attest!
Whisper to her the words that are best
In the dear secret I would impart.
Oh, red rose, make it manifest,
Under your petals is hidden a heart!"

Back came my rose, and soft as the sighing
Of summer winds when the sun's in the west
Were the honeyed words it breathed in replying,
And this is the secret my rose confessed:
"I lay close in a white, warm nest
Where there is healing for every smart,
Tenderly gathered against her breast."
Under your petals is hidden a heart!

ENVOI

"Rose, with the fragrance of heaven possessed,
Never again will I let you depart.
Here I shall hold you forever blessed—
Under your petals is hidden a heart!"

F. L. Montgomery